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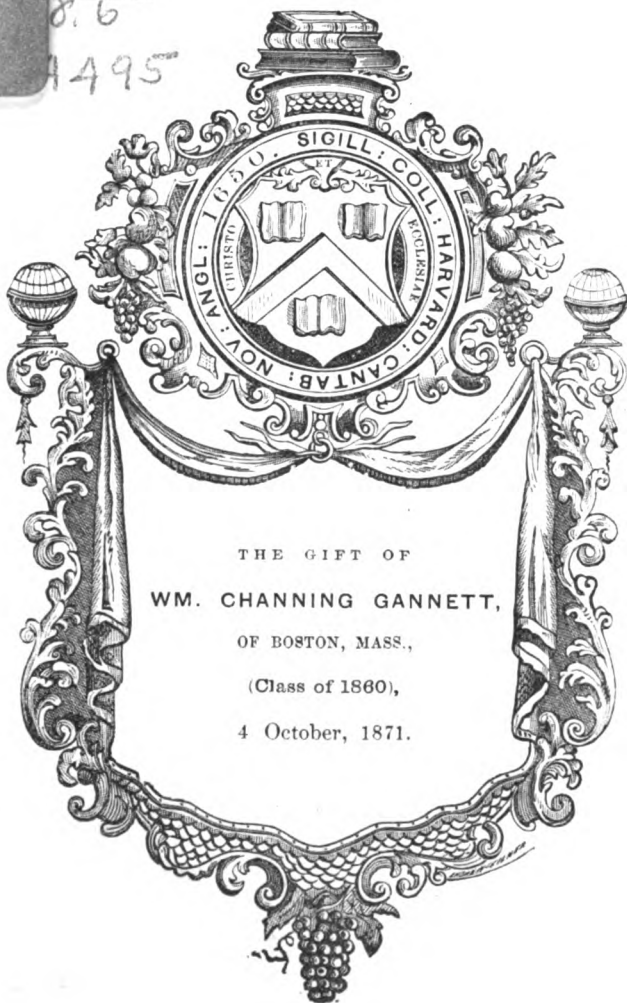
The Child's friend

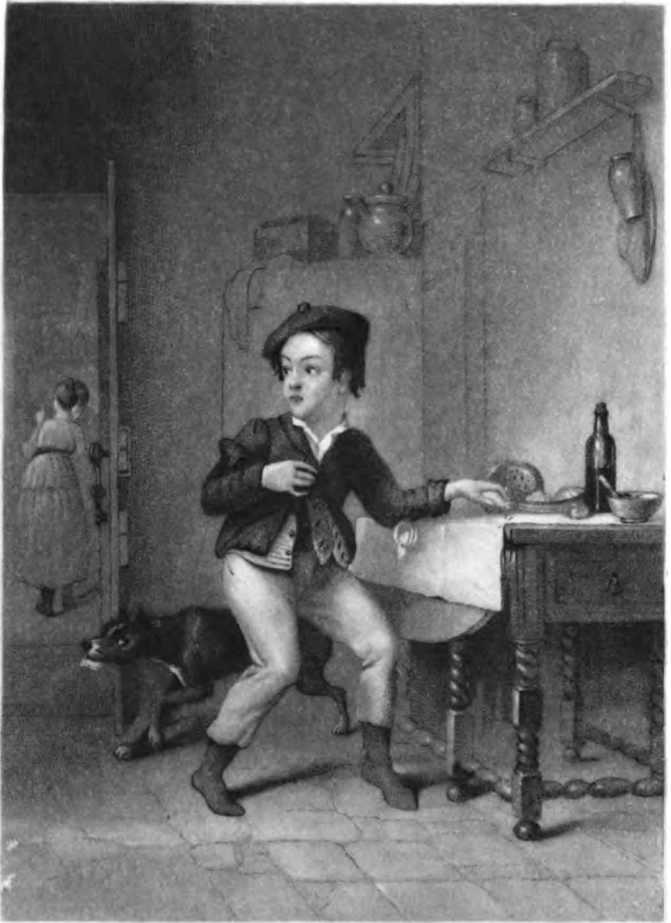
Eliza Lee Cabot Follen, Harriet L. Brown, Anne Wales Abbot

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THE
CHILD'S FRIEND

AND
FAMILY MAGAZINE.

*Edited by
Harriet L. Brown.*

VOL. XXVI.
FOURTH SERIES, VOL. III.

^cBOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
1856.

1871, Oct. 4.
Gift of
Hm. Channing Gannett,
of Boston.
(H. 26.1860.)

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,
22, SCHOOL STREET.

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THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

THE NEW YEAR.

WE never wish you a "happy New Year" without a fresh feeling of affection towards you all, — to those whom we know and meet day by day, no less than to those who are scattered over our dear New England, or listen to us by ones and twos from some western prairie or southern plantation. What can we say that we have not already said in the five years of our acquaintance? Our highest wish is that you may be all Christian children. This, as we have so many times told you, is no impossible desire. We believe that one reason why Jesus came on earth in the form of a child was that he might be an example to children. In order to be Christian children, you must think of Christ. You must read often about him, and you must picture him to your minds, — the holiest being that ever lived on earth, and yet reviled, scoffed, and ill treated by those he came to bless. Ah! you think, if Jesus were only here now! If he could speak to us and tell us our duty, if he could lay his

hand on our heads, we should never wish to do any thing wrong again.

He is here now. You do not see him, for we cannot see spirits; but we know he is with those who love him and try to serve him, because he declared to his disciples when he left them, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Let the thought of this heavenly presence be, then, to you a constant guide. You may as certainly feel that his smile of approval meets you, when you have done right, as if you had lived when he was on earth. The remembrance of his pure life can urge you on to greater purity as well as if that life were led, from day to day, by your side, if you will only realize it. Make it a reality.

In this way the greatest saints have attained to their virtues. They have felt that by alone taking him for their guide could they learn and obey the commands of Him who is over all things; they have felt their Saviour far dearer than any earthly friend; they have felt that he could lead them to the Source of all comfort when they were distressed, to the Fountain of all light when they were perplexed; and that the thought of God and his blessed Son would render more deep and abiding the greatest joy.

But we fancy we hear you say that our New Year's greeting is as sober as our Old Year's retrospect. Sober it may, but not sad. These are the most beautiful, the most precious, truths in the world; and the child who is most like Jesus is the happiest child, and he who tries most to be like him will have the happiest New Year. No matter what his outward lot is, even if hunger and cold are pressing round him: he knows that Jesus

hath said, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger;" and the rich and abundant food for the soul will always be provided for those who seek it.

That God may so enable you to overcome all your sins, that your own approving conscience shall make this indeed a happy year, is the sincere wish and earnest prayer of your unknown friend the

EDITOR.

LETTER TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

MY DEAR JULIA, — Will you consider me an "ugly old spy" if I bestow upon you the result of some observations I made while staying at your house lately? You may think it a poor return for hospitality. You, as well your mother, were full of kind attentions to me, and made me very happy. One source of my happiness, however, was that I saw so much to love in you, the only daughter of my early friend; and, at my time of life, to form a new attachment is an unexpected fountain of innocent enjoyment.

But no attachment is worth much, unless some moral good springs from it. You did me good by breaking up a morbid melancholy into which I was sinking through ill-health; you tempted me to exercise out of doors, and made me laugh, using the fine flow of spirits which God has given you, as he meant you should sometimes, for the best of purposes. Now, it remains to be seen if I can do you any good, so that the benefit of our friendship may be mutual. I think I can; for I have observed the can-

dor of your disposition : the humility it indicates is one of the chief Christian graces ; and this it was which first charmed me. I saw you listen, not only patiently, but cheerfully, eagerly, when told of a fault by your mother ; I saw the ingenuousness with which you acknowledged it as soon as convinced, — how few young people can be convinced of an error ! — and then I witnessed your sincere and successful efforts to correct the habit that grieved her so justly.

So I am encouraged to try if I can requite your hospitality in the stern, old-fashioned way, — of doing you good by an exhortation.

That against which I would warn you is a tendency very common at your age, and in your sex ; and it is most common, I think, among the best girls : it is the worship of a human being, — a sort of idolatry, which, in your case as in many others, has chosen your Sunday-school teacher for its object.

The first reason I shall give you for protesting against this idolatry will startle you ; but you ought to consider that it is not good for the *object* of your enthusiastic attachment. Sensible and good as Miss Taylor may be, both her sense and goodness may not be proof against the indirect adulation of such homage as she receives from you. She is human, and has frailties ; she is a young woman still, and her character is still forming ; her judgment is fallible, and no one should trust to it implicitly. I have seen many a fine young woman seriously injured by the excessive devotion of her Sunday scholars, — looked up to until she forgot to look up to any one else, and, quite unconsciously, walked about among her family and friends as an oracle ; judging the

conduct, and advising the proceedings, of those as competent as herself, and suffering from surprise if her opinions were not received with the deference to which she was accustomed in her class. Nothing can do a young woman more good than to become a Sunday-school teacher: its difficulties and discouragements are good for her, as well as the kind of study necessary. But the pleasing danger of which I speak is one evil of the position against which neither teacher nor pupil is apt to place sentry, and it comes unperceived. Do not expose that excellent Miss Taylor to it. Respect and love her; ascertain and *weigh* her opinions; compare them with those of other judicious friends; beware of being influenced in the comparison by a blind partiality; and let your affectionate heart chasten itself into a love that bears exact proportion to what is right. Nothing that injures its object can be right. As I am not sure I can persuade you that it is possible to injure Miss Taylor by worship, let me remind you that there is the risk of injuring yourself.

As no human creature deserves to be worshipped, you throw your character out of balance when you indulge such a mental habit. I know that young people usually underrate that excellent attainment which is called *balance* of character, looking upon it as uninteresting, tame, and unsatisfactory to the imagination: yet it implies the complete, beautiful, equal development of all that is noble and good in mind or heart, and is, in reality, the most lofty, difficult, and rare of acquisitions. We suspect that many pretend to despise it, when, in reality, they have a dim consciousness that it is above

them; that it requires effort they are not willing to make, sacrifices of which they are not capable.

• She who idolizes, therefore, is self-indulgent, and throws herself back from the perfection at which all should aim. We have actually heard young persons boast of it, or at least confess their tendency to it, with an air which showed how little they understood the weakness it betrayed. It is a matter of shame, a thing to be struggled against and put away, as an offence against God, a wrong to your fellow-creatures, and a debilitating influence in your own moral system.

It may offend God, because you make yourself likely to think more of the approbation of an imperfect creature than of *his* who is the only perfect. Have I not heard you weep and distress yourself through a whole week, because you had, by some thoughtlessness, brought on yourself a word of reproof from Miss Taylor? Were you not in extravagant spirits after she had forgiven and kissed you? And, if *she* had not known of your misdemeanor, would a sense of God's disapprobation have affected you so? It is a terrible thing to let a mortal come between you and God, either in reverence or love. You will see it so as you pass out of the flesh. God is not selfish, of course, as might be inferred from the simple statement that it must offend him to be placed second to any created being. It grieves rather than offends him, because he loves you better than mortals can, and knows that nothing can so truly help you towards complete goodness and happiness as the love of Him who is perfect goodness. To love a fellow-creature blindly and supremely will infallibly set up too low a standard in your mind, and you will never rise above it.

God sees that fact distinctly, and therefore cannot approve your idolatry.

It is a wrong to your fellow-creatures to idolize one among them, because you will be sure not to give others all that they deserve. You will neglect to observe real excellences in others, or will pass them over slightly; you will omit some opportunities of giving pleasure and doing good, because not prompted to them by the one whom you adore. Do you remember absenting yourself from a sewing-meeting, when a poor family was to be fitted out, because your beloved Miss Taylor could not go? Do you remember quitting your little brother one morning, when your mother had been up with him all night? He was very sick, and she quite unwell: but she could not lie down to rest till you came home from Sunday school; for you could not be absent from dear Miss Taylor's class. I do not think Miss Taylor would have justified either of these incidents, had she known of them; but, on reflection, you will see that they grew out of something unwise, unsafe, and wrong.

In speaking of the wrong to God and to your fellow-creatures, I have perhaps sufficiently indicated the wrong to yourself in indulging this idolatrous propensity. It is a lazy, debilitating practice: you will be apt to take opinions on trust; so that, for want of exercise, your judgment will not become active and healthy, and your affections will become sentimental and morbid for want of sufficient variety in their objects. It is a charming and wholesome study to look about among all the characters which God throws in your way, seeking beauties and excellences to admire and copy. The world

of character, like that of nature, is full of loveliness, most marvellously varied; and you are in danger of losing more than he would who should fix his attention exclusively on a fair white lily, and refuse to contemplate the moss-rose in the next bed, or the violet among the grass.

Love, respect, admire, strive to equal, all that you see good in any human being, my dear young friend; but highest and dearest of all let Him stand who is wisest and best of all; and, if you do that, he will keep you in the right way as to all things else. Parents, teachers, friends, the world with all its duties, will all fall into their proper places. Christ, who worshipped no man, and would suffer no man to worship him, will be a living and beloved presence with you; and the growth of your character will go on, deriving nourishment and strength from every good influence around you, while it acquires an independent power of resisting evil.

Your true friend,

L. J. H.

THE FIRST THEFT.

(See Engraving.)

THE eighth commandment was repeated among the others, every Sunday evening, by Frank Walker, or one of his brothers or sisters, as they all sat round the table after the lamps were lighted. Sometimes Mr. Walker told a little story to illustrate one of them, and to show how it might be applied to their daily life. Frank had often heard his youngest sister recite, "It is a sin to steal

a pin," and he knew perfectly well that stealing leads often to lying and its whole train of vices.

.Thanksgiving Day drew near; and Frank's mother, with his two older sisters, were often in the kitchen, making cake and tarts, pies, puddings and jellies, the very thought of which made Frank's mouth water.

One morning, as he went, at his mother's desire, to bring some water from the well, on his way through the kitchen he saw a most tempting collection of cakes, just drawn from the oven; and, as he returned, he saw they were placed on a table in the outer kitchen to cool. He must have one of them! It did not occur to him that the best way was to ask for one, or to wait till his mother chose to give him one; so our silly boy — it was vacation with him, dear readers — loitered round the kitchen and the wood-shed, watching for an opportunity to steal from his own mother.

He thought they would never have done going from one room to the other. He never was so tired of waiting in his life. First, something was wanted from the drawer of the identical table on which the cakes stood, and Jane came to get it. Then Mary brought a bottle, and put it beside them; and, oh! worse than all, his mother took her station at the table, and began to beat eggs. He had almost made up his mind that he had wasted time enough, when he heard the servant call his mother. She left the eggs, and went into the inner room; and Frank saw that all were intent upon what was going on there.

He crept softly into the door, and, with one eye fixed on the group in the adjoining apartment, stretched out his hand for the cake. In so doing, he did not observe a cup of milk which stood near the edge of the table, and

which he threw down in his haste. His mother turned, and, seeing Jowler come out of the room with something in his mouth, she supposed that he had been guilty of the mischief, and, again turning her head, went on with her directions. Frank had crept behind the door; but, when he heard his mother begin to talk again, he stole out again, and ran into the barn, where he thought he might eat his cake in safety. Just as he opened the door, he took a bite. His brother Joe called out, "Who's there?" and Frank answered, with his mouth full.

"Oh! you took some lunch, did you? Give me some, for I am as hungry" —

"Plenty more in the house," returned Frank, hiding the cake in his pocket.

"Let's see what it is. Ho! you need not be so choice; I shan't take any of it. Any thing good, eh?"

"Not especially."

Off went Joe. Frank knew that he would ask directly for what he desired. He finished the cake; but, to his surprise, it did not taste nearly so good as he expected. His conscience troubled him too; and a troublesome conscience is a very bad companion. Presently Joe came back.

"There!" cried he, exultingly, "see what Jane gave me! She was just putting these into the cake-box, and she gave me one. Now, if you hadn't been such a stingy fellow, I'd give you a taste. Think I must as it is. Here!" And he broke off a large piece.

Frank took it; he did not know what else to do: but he only tasted it, and gave the rest back to Joe, saying he had eaten enough luncheon before.

Joe was as gay as a lark, swinging round the beams and hiding in the hay. But Frank was out of sorts: he hid once or twice, but soon gave that up. He would not walk round the barn on one of the great beams, nor would he try to climb up to the ridge-pole. Joe said there was no use in trying to play with him: he meant to go and find Jem Bently. Frank left the barn, too, and went to his own room.

He was reading "Sinbad the Sailor;" and, the night before, his mother had to take the book away from him before he could be persuaded to go to bed. To-day, however, he did not understand a word he was reading, and finally laid aside the book. So it went on all day. He was uncomfortable, hard to suit, and froward. He was glad when night came, that he might go to bed, and hide his shame from himself in sleep. But even this he could not do. He was haunted all night by dreams, from which he woke in affright; and he rose in the morning looking almost ill, and with a headache, — a pain from which he had never suffered before. His mother was occupied with her plans for the day, and did not observe him; but when he came up stairs, just before dinner, she called him into her room to speak to him.

"Why, my son, you look sick!"

The kind tone touched Frank's heart, and the miserable boy began to cry bitterly. As well as his sobs allowed, he confessed the theft to his mother, and told her how much he had suffered, and begged her to punish him, and make him a better boy.

"You will not be happy, Frank, until you have asked your heavenly Father's forgiveness too," said his mother. "As for punishment, I think you have been punished

sufficiently by the unhappiness you have felt ; and I trust it will teach you that the slightest wrong deed brings untold misery in its train."

"O mother ! it will ; I am sure it will. But, indeed, I had rather you would punish me."

"Name your own punishment, then, Frank. I think I can trust sufficiently to your present sorrow for your making it a real one."

"Well, then, mother," said Frank, after some deliberation, "I think I will go without any of all the nice eatables you have been cooking lately. I will give up the pies, and the cakes, and the puddings, till these all are eaten ; and by that time I hope I shall feel happy again, and not ashamed to show my face."

"You will before that time, my son ; for true repentance of a sin always brings peace of mind. I shall not regret all you have suffered, if your first theft is also your last."

EDITOR.

UP AND DOING, LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

UP and doing, little Christian, —
Up and doing while 'tis day :
Do the work the Master gives you ;
Do not loiter by the way.
For we all have work before us ;
You, dear child, as well as I :
Let us seek to learn our duty,
And perform it cheerfully.

Up and doing, little Christian :
Gentle be, and ever kind ;
Helpful to thy loving mother, —
E'en her slightest wishes mind.
Let the little children love you
For your care and harmless play ;
And the feeble and more wilful, —
Help them by your kindly way.

Patience, patience, little Christian ;
No cross look or angry word :
Follow Him who died to save you ;
Follow Jesus Christ your Lord.
Help the suffering and the needy ;
Help the poor whom Jesus loves ;
Tell the sinner of the Saviour,
Who still lives to bless, above.

Up and doing, little Christian ;
Trust not to thyself alone,
But work out thine own salvation
Through the blood of God's dear Son.
Jesus loves you, little Christian ;
Turn not from his love away ;
But go forth and do his bidding,
Up and doing while 'tis day.

Child's Paper.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SHOT.

ONE of the earliest modes of making lead-shot consisted in cutting up sheet-lead into narrow strips; cutting these strips again into little cubes, or fragments, and working them about between two flat stones, until the fragments had assumed somewhat of a globular form. Another method bore some resemblance to the plan on which boys' marbles are made: the small pieces of lead, after being cut in any convenient way from the sheets, were shaken together in a bag, whereby each fragment was enabled to rub off the irregularities of its neighbor. A third plan, better still for larger shot, was that of casting in a mould, — a process still adopted for musket-bullets. For this purpose a mould is employed, formed of two oblong pieces of brass, hinged together at one end. In each half are several hemispherical cavities, so arranged, that, when the mould is closed, the cavities form spherical hollows, just the right size and shape for the shot: small channels are left open to communicate with these cavities, and melted lead is poured through the channels until the cavities are full. On opening the mould, the shot are extricated, and are soon finished by cutting off the roughnesses of the surface. The small shot, however, are required to be made by some process more expeditious than that of casting; and hence the importance of the present remarkably quick process of manufacture.

A person named Watts has the honor of a place in all descriptions of the shot manufacture. The story runs thus: Once upon a time, somewhat more than seventy

years ago, a plumber named Watts, residing in or near Bristol, obtained a patent for the manufacture of shot by a process which is said to have been suggested to his mind in a dream. The method consisted in pouring molten lead from a considerable height, in order that, while falling, it might cool into separate globules, or shot. He is further reported to have made an experiment, from the tower of the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, at Bristol, which was satisfactory. He obtained a patent, which he was fortunate enough to dispose of for ten thousand pounds (nearly fifty thousand dollars).

The very remarkable system whereby shot — that is, small shot for pistols and muskets and fowling-pieces — are now made, whether devised originally by Watts or not, requires a great perpendicular height for its due management. On the banks of the Thames there is a lofty tower, originally built for this purpose, near Waterloo Bridge; but, in the north of England, another contrivance of a curious kind is adopted. The shafts of coal-pits are occasionally abandoned, when the old seams of coal are worked out, and the shaft remains, although useless for its original purpose. Now, such a shaft, if not too deep, will constitute a capital shot-shaft, as a substitute for a shot-tower. Newcastle-upon-Tyne happens to be well located in respect to this matter; for it is the place from which all the rich lead is brought from the Alston district — on the confines of Yorkshire, Durham, and Cumberland — for conversion into salable forms; and it is surrounded on every side by coal-pits, some of which are abandoned for their original purpose, and are available in aid of shot-making. Some of the large establishments in and near this town have the

requisite working apparatus for extracting silver from lead, for casting or rolling sheet-lead, for making white-lead, for making red-lead, for making shot, and for other manufacturing processes wherein lead is the principal material operated upon. But the little shot are the only products here demanding notice.

Supposing that a deserted coal-pit be available, and that this pit is sixty or eighty yards deep by six or seven feet in diameter, — the mouth of the pit closed over for safety, with the exception of a small square hole in the centre. Over this opening a tripod is supported, at about a yard from the ground; and, in its turn, this tripod supports a kind of colander, or perforated metal pan, the perforations in which correspond in size with the kind of shot to be made. The smallest holes, for the smallest shot, are about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter; from which minimum there is a gradation of twelve or fifteen sizes, up to the shot one-fifth or one-sixth of an inch in diameter. The shot are not made entirely of lead: a small percentage of arsenic is added, to harden the lead, and to enable the shot more readily to assume a spherical form. Near the tripod is a small furnace, in which the two metals are melted. A little of the scum or dross from former meltings is laid over the holes in the colander, to separate the molten metal into distinct little streams. A workman, provided with a ladle, pours molten metal from the furnace into the colander; and presently a bystander will see a brilliant shower of silvery rain descending from the holes in the colander into the abyss below. Now, it is just at this juncture that the philosophy of shot-making presents itself for notice. The object in view is to granulate the lead; that is, to separate the

fluid mass into a number of little globules, all distinct, and all spherical. When this system was first adopted, the drops of molten lead fell into a vessel of water almost close to the under-surface of the colander; but it was found, that, although the drops were cooled into shot by this sudden immersion in cold water, the shot were distorted, and sadly misshapen. It was here that Watts's dream, if it was a dream, gave him the advantage: he dreamed, that, by greatly increasing the distance between the colander and the water, the drops, revolving in various directions as they fell, might assume a spherical form before the instant when the sudden chill made them solid. By adopting a descent of some two hundred feet or so, this object is attained. Every little circumstance connected with the process affects the probability or improbability of the drops reaching the water in the right shape: the ratio of arsenic to lead, the temperature of the melting, the nature of the layer placed over the holes in the colander, the thickness of this layer, the quantity of molten metal poured into the colander at one time, the depth of the pit, — all are important.

But, with all the care that can be taken, imperfect shot make their appearance; and these must be separated from the good shot; for the direct course of a missile depends intimately on the symmetry of its shape. In the first place, when several hundred-weights of shot have collected in a pool of water at the bottom of the pit, a man is lowered by ropes, and he sends up the shot in baskets or other vessels. The shot are spread out on iron plates heated from beneath, and are speedily dried; and a series of siftings bring them into groups according to their

sizes, sieves being employed whose perforations correspond with the sizes of the respective shot. Then ensues one of the prettiest and most singular processes which we know in manufactures, — the separation of the good from the misshapen shot. An iron table is prepared, the bed of which is as flat and smooth as possible; and this table can be tilted up at one end to give any desired angle to the surface. A handful or a shovelful of shot are placed on the upper end of the table, whence they can roll down to the lower end. The shot which have a true spherical shape roll in a straight course down the inclined surface of the table, and fall into a box at the bottom; but those which are not round descend irregularly, tending now to one side, and now to the other, and reaching the lower edge of the table after a somewhat winding course. Now, the consequence is this: the good shot, descending regularly, acquire increased momentum, and dart off into a box at some distance from the lower end of the table; while the bad shot, descending irregularly, gain very little momentum, and fall into a nearer box. The angle of inclination given to the table is just sufficient to insure this separation between the good and bad shot. If too much inclined, many of the bad shot would dart off to the distant box; if too little inclined, many of the good shot would drop into the near box.

A little more has yet to be done. The shot have a kind of dead silvery-white appearance; but sportsmen and other shooters have a liking for a neat, polished, blackish appearance. This is imparted by means of black-lead; which, by the way, is no lead at all, — only carburet of iron. The shot, with a little powdered black-

lead, are put into a kind of churn : they are shaken about for some time, until they become still more spherical, and the black-lead rubbed into their surfaces. Finally, they are tied up in bags containing twenty-eight pounds each ; and thus they reach the market.— *Chambers's Journal*.

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NO. I.

“Thou shalt have no other god before me.”

THE sabbath sunset-light was streaming in, rich and soft, through the western window, and tinging with crimson the snowy page of my open book. I was not reading now, — only *dreaming* ; and I turned round to listen idly, as my little sister Annie broke the silence with a long yawn, and a pettish —

“Mother, I never *shall* learn this Catechism !”

“Why, what’s the trouble now, Annie ?” asked my mother, pleasantly.

“Oh ! I don’t know, — it’s all so hard. I’m sure I never should undertake it if Mr. Whitney hadn’t offered all the Sunday scholars such a *lovely* ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ bound in black and gilt, if we would learn it ; and I like to have books so much. And besides, I don’t want the rest to think I *couldn’t* get it.”

“I’m sorry, dear, you have no better motive for learning such a good and useful book : you should study it for its *own* sake too. But what is your difficulty now ?” said my mother.

"Oh! these *Commandments*, with the 'what is required,' and 'what is forbidden,' and 'what is the reason annexed,' to say nothing of the 'Scripture proofs.' I've studied *hard* ever since I came from church, and I haven't learned the first yet!" exclaimed poor Annie, despairingly. "I could do better with it, mother, if I could just see the *use*. Of course it is right, since God gave it to us; but then, mother, we are Christians: there is no danger that *we* will ever have *any other god*, like the heathen, — is there?"

"Cannot you imagine any other gods than those of wood and stone, which pagans worship, Annie?" asked my mother, gravely.

The child looked up doubtfully. "I don't know: won't you tell me?" she asked.

And mother said, "Suppose you come and sit by me, Annie, and I will tell you a story of a little girl who worshipped another god than the true and living God; and, if it makes your Catechism any pleasanter, I will do the same with the other commandments."

"Oh, that will be elegant, mother! I dearly love stories," exclaimed the child, eagerly, as she drew her ottoman to mother's side; and I, who, although I numbered six years more than Annie's eleven, was as fond of "stories" as she, seated myself in the low window-sill, where I could at once watch the sunset-gold fading into twilight-gray, and listen to the sketch I now transcribe for you.

"Charlotte Staunton was a schoolmate of mine, a long time ago, Annie, when I was not much older than you; but although we were in the same classes, and lived very near to each other, we were never very intimate; indeed,

I do not remember that she was ever very intimate with any one. And yet she was pretty and intelligent, and had a sister whom we all loved dearly, — little Lizzie Staunton, a quiet, gentle child, who never was unkind to anybody or any thing. Charlotte knew very well that Lizzie was much more popular with the girls than herself; and she wondered vainly why it was, when she was older, and had more pocket-money to buy dainties with, and was much more amusing a companion. But we girls had often discussed the difference between the sisters, as children will talk over their playmates; and we had decided quite positively that Charlotte was very, *very* selfish, and loved no one but herself, while Lizzie was gentle and generous almost to a fault, and ‘loved her neighbor as herself.’

“I remember very well, one day, when, as a group of girls, of whom I was one, were sitting under the catalpa-trees behind the schoolhouse, eating their lunch and chatting schoolgirl gossip, one of our set, named Ellen Lloyd, came up to us, and commenced to tell us, hurriedly, what ‘a very selfish girl Charlotte Staunton was. Do you believe it, just now, as I was passing through the schoolroom to put my dinner-basket away, I heard her say to Lizzie, who stood by her side holding their satchel, while Charlotte was lying luxuriously on a pile of wrappings she had heaped upon the desk, “There, Lizzie, let me have both those slices of cake: you know I am devoted to plum-cake, and you are not specially fond of it; and you don’t want any chestnuts, do you? There, I thought not. Now take the basket away; there are some sandwiches in it for you: I ate the chicken.” And so that dear little Lizzie went away, without a word, to eat her

ham and biscuit; when presently Charlotte called her to bring her a glass of water; and she did it at once, only saying, playfully, "You lazy sister!" Ellen stopped, breathless and indignant; and we all exclaimed, 'For shame!'

"'But it's not the first time she has done so,' said one: 'she always makes Lizzie bring the basket and take it home, and then eats her dinner first; and Mrs. Staunton never knows it.'

"'Yes; but at home it is almost the same, only she manages to deceive her mother; and Lizzie loves her so, she never thinks she does wrong. The girls have a room together; and Charlotte always persuades Lizzie to dust the furniture, and arrange the books on their shelves; and she makes her get into bed first, so as to warm the sheets in the winter nights; and she never allows her to sit in the rocking-chair when she wants it herself; and she barely gets ready in time for breakfast, and allows her mother to think that she has performed her devotions, and done all she ought to do. I know all these things, because I spent a vacation with them; and though it isn't right to talk about one's entertainers, still Charlotte is dreadfully selfish!'

"'Poor girl! she worships *herself*, — she has another god before HIM,' said Lucy Selwyn, the *good* girl of our school, very sadly: 'but then, girls, we ought not to judge another so, indeed. And there is the bell!' And so we went in, and dropped Charlotte for that time.

"That very evening, as it happened, while we were all in the schoolroom, studying busily, a thunder-cloud rolled up black and heavy, and, before the hour for dismissal came, burst in a storm of rain. Now arose a

dilemma about getting home : some of us decided to wait until the storm subsided, or until our parents sent for us ; others, who lived near, to run home as fast as possible. Among these was Charlotte ; and she persisted in going, though Lizzie, who with her gentleness was very timid, and dreaded a thunder-storm, implored her to wait till it had ceased.

“ ‘I have no patience with such a little coward ; and you only pretend you have a cold, and feel sick,’ said Charlotte, angrily ; ‘so just come along, or I shall leave you to come alone, and then you *will* be afraid.’ And away she ran ; while Lizzie, frightened and distressed, hurried after her. The thunder burst in fearful crashes, and the lightning was intensely vivid. It was almost as dark as night in the wood through which they had to pass ; and at last, poor Lizzie, completely overcome with terror and exhaustion, sank upon the ground, declaring she could go no farther.

“ Charlotte only said, carelessly, ‘As you please,’ and hurried on : so the child, nerved by her fear, sprang up, and, bounding on amid the storm, rushed past her, and fell, half-fainting and sobbing bitterly, into the arms of her father, who was starting to bring them home. He reproved them for being so imprudent as to come out in such a storm ; and Lizzie said nothing of Charlotte’s obstinacy, — only complained of a headache, and said she would go and lie down. The next morning she awoke shaking with ague ; and, when the physician came, he said she would have a severe bilious fever. Still Charlotte did not seem to care, or to feel in the least self-reproached, and paid grudgingly any little attention her mother required for her sister.

“One day, Mrs. Staunton was obliged to be absent for several hours, and left Charlotte to administer Lizzie’s medicine: it was to be given in very small quantities at intervals of half an hour; and Charlotte thought this was a useless trouble. Besides, the sick child’s moaning and tossings were annoying to her selfish sister; and she presently took a book, and, going to her own room, lay down to read, thinking she could remember when to give the medicine. Her position was so comfortable, however, that she fell asleep, and, springing up after a long nap, ran into Lizzie’s room, and persuaded the child that it was time to take all her medicine; which she unsuspectingly did.

“Charlotte thought that her carelessness would thus remain undiscovered; but, alas! it was only too plainly revealed. The powerful dose acted almost as a poison; and, on his next visit, the physician gave little hope of her recovery. I haven’t time now, Annie, to tell you how bitterly Charlotte, at last awakened to a sense of her self-worship, deplored her conduct, how wildly she prayed that Lizzie’s life might be spared, how fervently she promised amendment. I will only say that the God whom she had never worshipped heard her prayer, and taught her, by this merciful lesson, to ‘love her brother whom she *had* seen, and then her God whom she had *not* seen,’ — to have no other god before *Him*.

“And now, daughter, can you see that *selfishness* is idolatry? and will you ever be guilty of it? But the tea-bell is ringing: we will talk more of this another time. Come!”

SISTER KATE.

A REMINISCENCE OF MEHEMET ALI, THE FAMOUS VICEROY
OF EGYPT.

It was a fine day of spring. Our ship, a man-of-war, was riding at anchor in the harbor of Alexandria. It was the first American ship-of-war that had ever visited that port, — at least, it was the first for many years. The vessel lay on the water like a sleeping infant, beneath the pure sky and bright sun of Egypt. Every thing about her spoke faultless cleanliness and perfect order; for we were in hourly expectation of a visit from the renowned Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali. At an interview with our captain, the day before, he had expressed great interest in our nation, and a curiosity to see an American man-of-war. He was, of course, invited on board, and had accepted the invitation.

I must describe to you this personage, to whom we were about to render the honors of a sovereign and the hospitalities of a sailor.

Mehemet (or Mohammed) Ali was born in Cavalla, in Roumelia, Turkey, in 1769, — the same year in which Napoleon, Wellington, and Chateaubriand were born. He began life as a tobacconist; but soon became a soldier, and served against Napoleon in the pachalic of Egypt. He here contrived to seize the sovereignty of the country, which he secured to himself by treacherously murdering all the Mamelukes, who tyrannized over it. He governed Egypt for a long time, quite independently of his nominal sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey: in fact, he once went to war with him, and conquered Syria, and was prevented from taking Constantinople only by the European sove-

reigns' joining against him, and driving him back to Egypt. He had previously conquered Nubia, Dongola, Kordofan, and part of Arabia.

Like Peter the Great of Russia, he had the virtues and vices of a semi-barbarian despot. He found Egypt a poor, miserable, misgoverned province, where neither life nor property was safe; he left it an empire, abundant in resources, with a large, well-disciplined, and well-appointed army and navy, full of the products of civilization, and so well regulated, that the life and property of the traveller were, and are, as safe there as in France or England.

He died, in 1849, an imbecile idiot, leaving the vice-royalty of Egypt hereditary in his family.

I will describe this personage as I saw him at the interview above spoken of, to which I had accompanied our captain. We were received and conducted into a large, plain, straw-carpeted hall, which, on two of its sides, had a *divan*, or *diwan*, that is, a stuffed seat against the wall, with a stuffed back. Mehemet Ali was seated in the corner where the two seats met, — the place of honor. He was a man of Turkish form, that is, rather stout than tall, with a large, full eye; a wide, rather than a high, forehead; and broad, dark, overhanging brows. His beard and mustaches were black, large, and sprinkled with gray; for he was more than sixty years of age. His turban was ample, and his dress and whole air not remarkable. As he talked, he occasionally smiled, or rather grinned, and showed a fine set of white teeth.

Our captain sat at his side, and near him the American consul. In front, within three or four feet, stood Booghoo Jooksoof, his prime-minister. This gentleman

was a tall, lank Armenian, with a fine, noble face beneath his high, Armenian cap. His long, black, close robe reached his feet. Around his waist was a plain girdle, with a pen and inkstand attached, something like a bayonet-sheath.

Our captain, an American, spoke English to the consul, an Englishman, who spoke Italian to the Armenian, who spoke Turkish to the Egyptian viceroy. The viceroy replied in Turkish, which the Armenian translated into Italian, and the consul into English.

Ten feet in front of the viceroy stood a row of attendants, arranged in a quarter of a circle, from divan to divan. Their hands were crossed in front, and their heads were bowed in Oriental submission.

The viceroy asked our captain if he would suggest any thing to improve the harbor of Alexandria; and our captain recommended that black and red buoys should be placed to indicate the channel, which is difficult and dangerous. The viceroy said it should be done. After some conversation, the presentation and acceptance of a couple of North-Carolina bears, and mutual compliments, — coffee, or rather coffee-grounds-soup, unsweetened, was handed round in tiny cups, each held in a tiny silver, filigree basket. We then took leave; the presentation of coffee, in the East, being the usual indication that the audience is at an end.

Our good ship was sleeping on the water, as I said, in her best rig, awaiting, like a proud lady, the visit of Mehemet Ali. He came, and passed over the side to the quarter-deck, with his pipe-bearer and other attendants, and the tall Armenian, of the dark, piercing eye. Both were dressed as before; the viceroy in an ample robe,

like a long morning-gown, of rich, but well-worn, green cloth, with costly, but plain, trimmings. This was belted around his middle by a sash, in which were pistols and a dagger.

As he stepped on the deck, the crew, neatly dressed in their straw hats, blue-collared and blue-bosomed white shirts, and white trousers, "laid out" at a given signal, and stood at equal distances on all the yards of the ship, aloft and aloft. As the viceroy advanced towards the capstan, where I was standing, the officer of the deck gave a signal; and at once there burst from more than two hundred stentorian throats, aloft on the yards and masts, nine startling cheers, given with a sailor's hearty good-will.

The viceroy was within three feet of me at the moment. The salute was so new and unexpected, and the roar of many voices so tremendous, that the wily Turk seemed, for an instant, to suspect treachery. Alas! he had played too many such wicked tricks himself. A sudden change came over his countenance; the lion look of defiance lit up his fierce eye. He cast a glance up into the rigging, as if to say, "If I am entrapped, I will sell my liberty dearly." His right hand rose towards his dagger.

It was all done in an instant, so that I believe I was the only person who observed it. The brave old viceroy, however, at once perceived his error; his countenance relaxed into a gracious smile. As his hand fell, he waved it, and bowed with a great deal of dignity and suavity in answer to the strange salute of the "Frangy Dooneeainee Noo," the "Europeans of the New World," as the Turks call Americans. As he entered the ship's cabin, twenty-one guns were fired, — the naval salute due to a sovereign.

I remained on deck, full of reflections. I thought of the remark of Eliphaz, in Job xv. 20-22. The little incident showed me what a life of suspicion a despot, especially an unscrupulous one, ever leads. "A dreadful sound is in his ears;" he cannot rest day nor night. The thought occurred to me, of how little worth is power that is purchased at the expense of peace of mind. The despot who has the lives of millions of his subjects in his hand, and has freely used them for his own glory and emolument, yet fears, at each instant, lest the assassin take his own life. The sword of retribution, like that over the head of Damocles in the story, hangs, as it were, over the crown of the sceptred murderer, suspended but by a single hair.

President Washington slept in peace, without ever thinking of a midnight dagger. He walked serenely in the broad light of noonday, without fearing the pistol-shot of the avenger. He was never obliged to raise a finger to defend his person against the hand of violence. His life, his happiness, and his person, were sacred and secure, enshrined as they were in the heart of a grateful nation as in a sanctuary. — *New-Church Magazine*.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

WHEN the heats of the summer came on, Dr. Gilbert thought Gertrude well enough to bear the fatigue of a journey to the seaside; and, as the whole family could not go, it was decided that Mrs. Maurice and Jessie

should accompany her. Jessie's delight was unbounded. The sea, so often talked of, and read of, but never seen! She petitioned only for stout shoes, and a broad hat to shade her face. She declared she wanted neither books, work, or even her great doll, for which, though her mother thought it too childish a toy, she still retained a great affection. At Gertrude's suggestion that it sometimes rained by the seaside, she consented to allow a very few books and a very little sewing to be placed in her trunk.

Gertrude bore the journey remarkably well. The motion of the cars, and of the rattling coach which conveyed them from the station to their temporary home, did not fatigue her more than her companions, and she was as much delighted as Jessie with her first view of the ocean.

For a week at least, Jessie lived on the beach. It mattered not to her that she had no companions. She made playmates of the waves; and the tiny room which she called her own was littered with shells, pebbles, and seaweed. As she was setting off one night, after tea, Gertrude called her back.

"Can you not take me to your favorite rock that juts out into the sea?" she asked.

"You, Gertrude? You are joking."

"No: I feel quite strong enough to reach there, if you will carry my camp-stool for me to sit upon."

If any of my readers have ever been ill for a long time, they can imagine Gertrude's delight at walking once more, without fatigue or pain. She paused at every step to admire some beautiful flower or some gorgeous cloud; but when she reached the rock, and the whole

grandeur of the ocean burst upon her view, she sat in perfect silence. The moment the sun set, she rose to return home; and then Jessie saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "O sister!" she exclaimed, in consternation, "you ought not to have come so far: you are completely tired."

"My dear Jessie, I am not at all tired; only my heart is so full of thankfulness that it must find relief in tears. You cannot possibly know, dear, how delightful it is to be able to go forth once more and see all these glories around me. Truly, it is alone almost worth my invalid years to enjoy as I am enjoying now."

Jessie walked quietly along beside her sister, thanking God in her heart for her returning health.

Every day of Gertrude's stay at the beach was marked by some improvement in her health; and, at the end of six weeks, she was able to walk a mile without fatigue. Mrs. Maurice remained as long as the advancing autumn permitted, unwilling that Gertrude should leave a spot so favorable to her health. The bracing autumn weather still continued to benefit her after her return home; and she was able to mingle in all the domestic amusements and occupations of the family, and to take her seat once more in the house of God. At first, Jessie missed the quiet conversations in her sister's room; but, as Gertrude still spared to her the morning hour, she was somewhat consoled.

"I wish you would play with me oftener," said Rose Enfield to Jessie one day. "I know I am a great deal better when I play with you; for you always stop to consider what is right or wrong, and I never do. I know you don't love me as well as you do Lucy Ayres

and Mary Henshaw ; but, once in a while, won't you play with me ? ”

Jessie promised that she would.

A few days afterwards, there arose at school a question of right and wrong which was difficult to decide.

“ We'll leave it to Jessie Maurice,” said her school-fellows, “ because she is the best girl in school.”

“ You're the best little soul that ever was,” said John Maurice, one evening, when his sister gave up some work, in which she was much engaged, to play with him his favorite game of jack-straws.

And so it happened, that, as the winter months passed by, Jessie was gradually learning to consider herself a piece of perfection, and a little disagreeable air of conceit was growing upon her. Gertrude perceived this with much anxiety, and sought in various ways, other than direct reproof, to lead her sister to the true estimate of herself ; but in vain.

One evening, at length, when Gertrude and Jessie were alone in the parlor, the latter began with much self-complacency to enumerate the various good deeds she had performed during the day. Gertrude asked, with her old grave look, “ And, now, where are the evil deeds ? ”

Jessie seemed surprised. “ I don't remember any,” she said : “ I have not done any thing wrong for a long time.”

“ When you left your own dinner to carry the warm soup to Mrs. Dane, were you not thinking of the praises she would give you ? Were you not making a parade of your own goodness ? When you asked papa's leave to give up the concert to-night, and to receive the price of a

ticket to buy something for poor sick Julia, did you not think how pleasant it would be to hear papa call you a self-denying little girl? When you came to sit down by my side to-night, and to tell me the account of to-day's doings, did not you think of the approval I should give?"

Jessie's cheeks burned as Gertrude thus seemed to penetrate into the very recesses of her heart. She hid her face in her hands.

"This is bitter medicine, my little one," resumed Gertrude, stroking her sister's hair, "but it is a necessary one. You have been growing vain of your own goodness; your schoolmates have praised you, and looked up to you; papa and mamma, and we all, have done our part in spoiling the simplicity of your conduct. I am very, very sad to think of the share I have had in the work. You are not as good as you were when you came from the beach; you are not as careful in little things. Those which were to be observed by others you have taken care should be correct; but has it been so with those which no eye but God's could perceive? how often have you neglected to pray lately? How often have you omitted that quiet quarter of an hour's thought before you retired? how often have you forgotten to read in your Bible?"

"O Gertrude! no more! I see how wicked I have been: pray, pray don't speak of it again!"

"It is best for me to say all now, and make the cure a thorough one, if I can. Jessie, you have forgotten your Father in heaven and your Saviour lately. You have trusted in yourself that you were righteous, and you have fallen. If you had compared your conduct

day by day with that of Christ, you would never have thought yourself good. I do not think it will be best for you, now, to tell me all the events of the day. I fear I have encouraged you, in that way, to speak of yourself more freely than you ought. I will still read with you and pray with you in the morning; but to God alone must you tell the evil and good of the day."

"Don't say that, Gertrude! *Do* let me tell you all, just as I used! I shall be so unhappy if I cannot come to you."

"I think it is best otherwise, Jessie. I will help you at any time when you are in doubt; and you must try every night to recall your evil deeds, and not your good ones."

Jessie's hardest struggle now began. Only they who have wrestled with a similar fault know how difficult it is to overcome it. It seemed to stain her purest motives, and mingle itself with her best deeds. Many a night her pillow was wet with her tears; and she longed to throw herself on Gertrude's neck, and confess all her struggles and all her discouragements. But she learned in this way, what perhaps she would have done in no other, that there is a better than any earthly friend, who can give the greatest encouragement and the greatest consolation. And now again she began really to pray, and to compare every act with the example of Jesus. She started, as if afraid, when any one praised her, and seemed so much distressed, that her companions, who loved her very much, at last forbore their commendations.

The spring found her still going on in her path of duty, and Gertrude herself longed for the old familiar

confiding intercourse. She entered Jessie's room one evening, and found her, not preparing for bed, but with the window opened, and gazing at the setting moon.

"I will be confessor to-night, Jessie, if you like," she said; "or rather you may talk to me, and tell me any thing about yourself that you like. You have so far overcome your fault, that I think an occasional conversation will not injure you." Gertrude listened to Jessie's account, and contrasted it strongly in her mind with that of four months past. She seemed to have learned to submit even her thoughts to the test of the Christian, and she mourned over faults which then she would not have perceived.

"And now, do you not see that I was right, dearest?" Gertrude asked. "Is it not best that you should have been taught of the heavenly Friend who is nearer than a brother? What should you have done, had you depended on me always, if I had gone away? You would have been like a ship without a rudder, — driven to and fro at the mercy of every wind."

"Gone away? O sister! are you going to Europe with Aunt and Uncle Stanhope? I thought you had given up that plan."

"So I have, Jessie; but Europe is not the only place."

Gertrude's smile puzzled Jessie. "I don't think you have had any other invitation, I'm sure," she replied.

"Mr. Bernard has asked me to go and live with him; and I have promised him that I would," answered Gertrude.

"Mr. Bernard? He has no house. Why, Gertrude!" And Jessie looked more puzzled than ever, till the light flashed upon her, and she cried out, "O

Gertrude! Gertrude! don't be married! We cannot spare you! Stay with us! stay with us!" And hiding her face on Gertrude's shoulder, she wept bitterly.

"Don't cry so, dearest! I am not going yet, — not before next fall; and not then, unless I should be quite well and strong; and, even then, I shall not be far away. We shall not go out of the town; and you can come and see me every day."

Still Jessie wept bitterly; and it was at least an hour before Gertrude succeeded in making her see any thing pleasant connected with the new arrangement. Her face, the next morning, was as sorrowful as possible, to the infinite amazement of John, who thought the prospect of a wedding in the family an uncommonly fine thing. She was destined to have her sorrowful thoughts speedily changed, however. That very day, as she was sauntering up the long avenue, on her return from school, at a melancholy pace, she heard a quick step behind her, and a voice called her name. She turned, and Mr. Bernard stood before her, with so kind a smile, that she felt it impossible to continue to wish him at Jericho.

"Will you be my little sister now?" he asked, as he held out his hand, "or must you wait a while?"

Jessie gave her hand, and soon found herself laughing and talking as merrily with him as if he were not the Giant Grim who was to appropriate Gertrude.

But we have somewhat digressed from our subject. We only have done so to show our little readers how it happened that Jessie was at last deprived of the power of going to Gertrude upon every emergency. She still had, at times, most unfriendly thoughts of Mr. Bernard; but he, at last, completely won her heart. Above all, when

she found that he could talk with her, as even Gertrude could not, of the "deep things of the spirit;" when she found that he would have been a minister, had his health permitted, — she became entirely reconciled to the change.

Gertrude's marriage took place in the early autumn. Her other sister, whom we have not found it necessary to mention in the course of this story, took Gertrude's position, as eldest daughter, in the eyes of the world; but she who really took her place was our little friend Jessie. She became the very light of her father's eyes. Her Christian education taught her those little acts of self-denial, that quiet, unobtrusive attention to little things, which contribute so much to the happiness of home.

And Jessie was happy herself. After the first few months were over, she no longer missed Gertrude at home; and Gertrude was as much interested as ever in what concerned the little one she had been the means of leading to God. John, too, outgrowing his schoolboy ways, was, in many things, led and guided by her gentle influence; so that, as Mrs. Maurice said to Gertrude, about a year after the marriage of the latter, "You will never cease to be of our household, as long as Jessie is with us. She has learned so much from you, that I could sometimes shut my eyes when she is speaking, and fancy you with us. I cannot be sufficiently thankful to you for aiding her to become what she indeed is, — a little Christian."

EDITOR.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

ONE day, when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled, and wrestled, and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that it was a war between two races of ants; the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard; and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging. On every side, they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, — now, at noonday, prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself, like a vice, to his adversary's front, and, through all the tumblings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already amputated the other; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was, "Conquer, or die."

In the mean while, there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle: probably the latter; for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield, or upon it. He saw this unequal combat from afar; for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red. He drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants: then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented, which put all other locks and cements to shame. I was myself excited somewhat, as if they had been men.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw, that, though he was assiduously gnawing at near the fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler; and, when I looked again, the black soldier had severed

the heads of his foes from their bodies, and their still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever; and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers, and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity, and carnage of a human battle before my door. — *Thoreau's Life in the Woods.*

REFLECTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

Now that I have been spared to begin a new year, I will this day record resolutions, which, with God's help, I trust I may be enabled to perform. This year may be my last; and I pray God that it may be my holiest, and then assuredly it will be my *happiest*.

1st. With the return of each day, I will lift my heart gratefully to God, praying for his blessing through the

day, and that he will guide and lead me in the "strait and narrow way" which leadeth to eternal life. I will never go forth to the duties and pleasures of the day before offering to God my humble prayer.

2d. I will make it my chief aim in life to do good to all around me; to make all happy, as far as it lies in my power; like the flowers, shedding fragrance all about me. I will sacrifice my own wishes for the happiness of others, remembering that our holy Saviour inculcated self-denial, both by his example and in his teachings.

3d. I will always speak the truth, and not exaggerate, but try always to give a true impression; remembering that all deceit, however trivial it may seem, is a violation of the great law of truth.

4th. I will try to spend my hours profitably and usefully. I may be called away from my home on earth at any moment; for we "know not what a day may bring forth." Oh, may I so improve each hour, that, when the angel of death comes to bear me hence, I may be ready!

5th. I will live with this thought ever before me: "Thou, God, seest me." If I bear this ever in my heart, I must live a holy life. This thought will keep me from all mean, base, and degrading sin; from all that will injure and pollute my soul, which is made in "the image of God." Thus I shall live holy and happy; and, when death comes, I shall hear its summons with joy.

A. L. L.

CAMBRIDGE.

PASQUINADES.

AMONG my readers, I suppose there are many who know the meaning of *pasquinade*. At all events, if you don't know, I am sure you will consult your dictionary at once, and find out. But it may not be quite so easy a matter to ascertain how this term first came to be used; and, as I think it will be interesting to you to learn, I will see if I cannot enlighten you. Among the objects of interest which I visited in the city of Rome, is a statue, or rather the mutilated trunk of a statue, of very great antiquity, which, whatever name it originally had, has long known no other than the statue of *Pasquin*. We are told that it is designed to represent Menelaus supporting the dead body of Patroclus; though that is a mere surmise. It is the work, however, of no ordinary artist, and it is universally admired. By some, it has even been called the finest piece of antique sculpture in Rome. When I saw it, some three years since, it was shockingly maimed: it looked as if it had been an actor on half a dozen battle-fields. This statue derives its modern name from a tailor by the name of *Pasquin*, who once kept a shop on the same piazza. *Pasquin's* shop was the rendezvous of all the wits and the gossips of the city. From his premises, the satirical witticisms of these idle men, on the manners and foibles of the day, obtained a ready circulation. These witticisms were placarded on this antique statue; and, in course of time, they took the name of *pasquinades*. The term has long been an almost universal one among all civilized nations; but it is

in Rome only, where the thing originated, that it flourishes. The statue of Marforio, in another part of the city, was made the vehicle for replying to the attacks of Pasquin; and, for years, the two kept up a continual fire of wit and repartee. Marforio was removed from the place where it stood, near the Arch of Septimus Severus, to the Museum of the Capitol. The pope, at that time, expressed his wish to have Pasquin removed too; but the wealthy and independent duke to whom the statue belonged would not permit it. His holiness himself used sometimes to be the butt of these *pasquinades*; so he made up his mind that he would cut short the career of the wicked Pasquin, by having his statue burned and thrown into the Tiber. But one of the pope's friends saved the old veteran, by suggesting, that, in the event of its destruction in the manner determined on, its ashes would turn into frogs, and croak more terribly than before. It is said that its owner is compelled to pay a fine, whenever the statue is found guilty of exhibiting a placard that is positively scandalous. The modern Romans think a great deal of their Pasquin: it has become an *institution* with them. The press in the city is under such a rigid censorship, that nothing in the shape of satire on prominent men ever finds its way into the public journals; and this system of witty placards supplies, in some measure, the want of a free press. It is almost incredible what liberties are tolerated in the shape of *pasquinade*. There is scarcely a public matter upon which Pasquin is not allowed to express his mind.

“ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU.”

MATT. VII. 7.

WHAT shall be given us, if we ask? First, and chiefly, spiritual blessings. If we ask God to help us in the performance of our duty, we have this assurance, — that he will do so. If we are perplexed, and know not whether a proposed step is right or wrong, he will aid us in the decision; and he will forgive us our sins, if we ask his forgiveness. What a blessed assurance this is! Even very little children often feel that they have offended against God, and broken his holy laws; and, if they are taught to ask for pardon, how happy and peaceful they are after the prayer!

But what else may we ask of God? Are we to pray only for ourselves? No: Jesus prayed for his friends, and has taught us that we may pray for ours: we may ask for them the same blessings that we need ourselves. If we know in them some prominent fault, we may pray that God will enable them to overcome it: if we know that they are exposed to temptation, we may pray that they may have strength given them to resist it. And, above all, if we have friends, who have proved themselves really such by their disinterested kindness, but who are living without God in the world, then we may pray that God will turn their hearts to himself. It may be that these prayers will be long unanswered: it may be we shall never know that they are answered. Still, God will grant them. We may not see how or when: but he has promised; and St. John declares, “Faithful is he that hath promised.”

But are we never to ask for any earthly blessings? Yes: we may ask for earthly blessing, or release from earthly trial and suffering, if we ask it in the spirit of submission, and say, with the holy Saviour, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt;" and, if God withholds these earthly blessings, his true and loving child knows that they were withheld in mercy to him, and that his Father had some higher good for him in view which he did not see.

We should not pray to God as to a being who is so far from us that our desires and petitions scarcely reach him; but as to the dearest earthly parent, whose greatest delight is to grant our wishes. It is the prayer of faith that wins an answer from on high. The unbelieving heart does not see that God sometimes grants a prayer in a different way from that which we expected; and it grows careless in its requests, and draws down no blessing from above. Let no child be of this number.

Let each one feel that God is very near him, very ready to help him, and more ready to grant than he to ask. Let each child pray often to God. Which one of you would go in the morning to your earthly father, and ask him at one time for every thing you desired through the whole day? Not one. Yet we often do so by our heavenly Father. But let us with the new year resolve that His aid shall be asked at all times, and that the prayer shall arise to Him in the midst of our work or our study, with the full assurance that it shall be accepted and granted by him.

EDITOR.

THE SUNDAY STONE.

IN a coal mine, in England, there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine; and, as the water passes off, these become hard, and form the limestone. This stone would always be white, like white marble, were it not that men are working in the mine; and, as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime; and in that way a black stone is formed.

Now, in the night, when there is no coal-dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed; and so on, alternately white and black, through the week, until Sunday comes. Then, if the miners keep holy the sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole day and night of the sabbath; so that, *every seventh day*, the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But, if they work on the sabbath, they see it *marked against them* in the stone. Hence the miners call it "the Sunday stone;" and do you not think they must be very careful how they observe this holy day, when they would see their violation of God's command thus written down in stone? Perhaps many who now break the sabbath would try to spend it in a proper manner if there was near them a "Sunday stone," where they could see their unkept sabbaths with their *black marks*.

But God needs no such record on earth to know how

all our sabbaths are spent. His record is kept above; and all our other sins, as well as our unholy sabbaths, are written there, and we shall see them at the last day. Will you not, dear children, be very careful to keep your sabbaths pure and white, and not allow the dust of sin to tarnish the purity of that blessed day? It is our heavenly Father who says, "Remember the sabbath-day, and keep it holy." — *Child's Paper*.

EARLY VOYAGES TO GREENLAND.

As early as 988, Errick Rande, an Icelandic chieftain, fitted out an expedition of twenty-five galleys at Suefell, and, having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared a more congenial climate. They sailed upon the ocean fifteen days, and they saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach, and but a few galleys escaped destruction. The morning of the seventeenth day was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm; and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of ice-fields reflecting on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage; but the galley of Errick Rande was not there. The crew of a galley, which was driven farther down than the rest, reported that, as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that had covered the ocean were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Errick Rande borne with resistless force, and with the speed of the wind, before a tremendous field of ice: her crew had lost all control over her; they were tossing their arms in wild agony. Scarcely a

moment elapsed before it was walled in by a hundred ice-hills; and the whole mass moved forward, and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrators escaped was wonderful: it remained, however, uncontradicted; and the vessel of Errick Rande was never more seen. Half a century after that, a Danish colony was established upon the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessels which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward: they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills, they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes. They saw, not far from the shore, a figure in an ice-vessel, with glittering icicles instead of masts rising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, when they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck; but they were icy things: one figure alone stood erect, and with folded arms, leaning against the mast. A hatchet was procured, and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed, pallid and deathly, and free from decay. This was doubtless the vessel, and that figure the form, of Errick Rande. Benumbed with cold, and in the agony of despair, his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean, and the fogs, had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe, which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling: they knew not but the scene might be their fate. They knelt down upon the deck, and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew; then hurriedly left the place, for the night was approaching. — *Selected.*



R. WESTALL RA.

J. SARTON.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CHAMOUNI.

(See Engraving.)

IN the village of Chamouni, at the foot of the monarch of the Swiss mountains, there stood, somewhat apart from the rest, a little neat cottage. Here dwelt Jean Didier, with his three children, — Marie, Jean, and Marguerite.

Marie, the eldest of the three, was a strong, well-grown girl of fourteen. Exercise and the mountain air had given her a complexion as fresh as the rose, and a step as elastic as that of the chamois on the glaciers which stretched above their village. Jean was a hardy little mountaineer of almost thirteen years. He delighted in the active sports of his village companions; but, more than all, he delighted, when a party were about to ascend Mont Blanc, to accompany it to the first stopping-place. Fain would he have gone farther, to the Grands Mulets, if his father had permitted; but this had been strictly forbidden.

Jean Didier, the father, was himself one of the most famous of the Alpine guides. He knew the surest routes, and his prudence and foresight enabled him to guard against many dangers. He had stood at the summit of Mont Blanc full ten times, and had been snatched from the jaws of destruction when his companions had perished around him. Often and often, by the winter fireside, did he relate these hair-breadth escapes to his children, — always, with the piety which marks the Swiss mountaineer, adding, "My children, others call me fortunate and brave; but I see too clearly the hand of

Providence in these things to claim any merit for myself. I can only say, God has preserved me."

The greatest delight of the young Marguerite was in these stories of her father. The poor little child was blind; she had been born so; and though Jean had himself taken her to Geneva, and even to Milan, no doctor could cure her: she must always remain blind. She had a dog, her own peculiar property, who would obey no one else, and who led her from place to place by a string which fastened to his collar. It was one of her few pleasures to be allowed to bring vegetables from the market-place of the village, or to carry thither eggs when they could be spared from the use of the family. Our engraving shows her going upon one of these expeditions.

The good Marie, the wife of Jean the elder and the mother of his children, had been dead for six years. The rustic cross marked where she slept in the village churchyard; and her children went every Sunday morning to place a garland upon her grave. One other inmate was sheltered under Jean's comfortable roof: this was his old mother, infirm, and scarcely able to move from her chair, but whose life had been full of good deeds, and whose old age was full of peace, and of wise counsels to her grandchildren.

Marguerite, from her peculiar deprivation, had been much in the society of her grandmother. Marie, the painstaking, cleanly little housewife, was always occupied, either in preparing the simple repasts of the family, in cleaning the cottage, or in washing and mending the clothes of herself or her father, brother, and sister. Marguerite had not been allowed to follow her sister,

lest some accident should befall her; so she was placed by the side of the old grandmother, who taught her to knit, and related to her stories of long ago. At nine years old, Marguerite was quite a little wonder in the village. She could sing more and sweeter songs than any of the peasant-girls, be their age what it might; and her needles rivalled her grandmother's in swiftness of motion.

"Joy! joy!" cried Jean, one day, bursting into the house: "my father will make the ascent to-morrow! There are some Englishmen in the village, and they asked the landlord of the great inn who were the best guides; and the landlord answered, Jean Didier and Jaques Collet. And then I stepped forward, and bowed, and said I was sure Jean Didier was one of the best guides, because he was my father. You should have heard them laugh. Then they asked me if I should not be a guide when I was a man. And I told them that I went now to the Pierre de l'Echelle; and that I longed to go to the Grands Mulets, but my father had forbidden it. They said they would ask my father to let me go to the Mulets to-morrow."

"If my father is going to-morrow, I must prepare his clothing: his gloves were very much torn on the last ascent. See, now! if I could but remember where I put that piece of dressed chamois-skin!

"I remember, sister," cried Marguerite. "Did you not yourself say you would place it beneath the Bible, in our large chest, and then no harm could possibly come to it?"

"Ah, yes! you are a good little darling. Now, then, after dinner we must attend to the gloves."

When Jean the elder came home, he was in fine spirits. He said the weather never promised to be finer; and then it was a good thing to go with Englishmen, for they were generous as princes. He liked Collet, too, for a companion. Of the two other guides who were considered as good as himself, Fleter was too rash, and Auber too cowardly. After dinner, Jean sent his boy to have the ring of metal at the bottom of his *alpenstock*, or walking-stick, fastened more securely; and, when Jean had gone, the father said, "These Englishmen have persuaded me to take Jean to the Grands Mulets. The weather is so fine that I have promised to do it, if we can make him comfortable. Say nothing to him, Marie; but, if you can give him an outfit from any of my old garments without too much trouble, he may go. I have an old *alpenstock*, which I shall adapt to his height."

Bustle and confusion reigned in the little Alpine cottage. Young Jean had a pair of gloves of chamois-skin; but the grandmother and the little Marguerite began immediately a pair of very thick woollen mittens to draw over them, and a long and warm scarf for his neck and ears. Marie sat up until far into the night to make ready her brother's equipment, and fancied his joy when he should learn that he was to be one of the party.

At four o'clock, every one in the house was stirring, for the expedition was to set out at six. "Dress yourself in these clothes," called the father to the son; "for you will go as far as the Grands Mulets." Jean capered, hallooed, snapped his fingers, and went into a thousand wild extravagances. After the breakfast was over, Marie said, —

"As this is Jean's first ascent, I think I must go to the village, and see them start."

"Let me go too," said Marguerite; and soon the happy party set off. The Englishmen shook hands cordially with the boy, and gave him a glass of wine, as they did to the guides. In a few moments, they were all in motion. The guides now went in advance, — six besides those already mentioned; then followed the Englishmen and Jean; and lastly came the porters, with the large hampers of eatables. "What a glorious day!" cried Marie: "I almost wish I was going myself." And she returned with little Marguerite to the cottage.

On the afternoon of the second day, the clouds began to settle on Mont Blanc, and, before night, the whole upper part of the mountain was shrouded in mist. Marie watched it anxiously. She would not speak of her fears to her grandmother or the timid Marguerite; but, as she needed something at the village, she resolved to go thither before nightfall, and inquire whether the guides thought the mist dangerous. They assured her, that a guide of her father's wisdom and prudence would undergo much worse weather than that to which the present state of the atmosphere would subject him; and Marie returned home with a light heart.

At noon, on the third day, the travellers returned. Marie had prepared the noonday meal, when her brother rushed into the cottage. "Where is my father?" asked Marie, with a quick presentiment of evil.

"He became separated from the rest in the mist of yesterday afternoon," answered Jean, "and will probably be here by night. I wished the guides to go back and search for him yesterday; but they said that was useless,

and that so experienced a climber as he would easily find his way when the mist cleared.

Marie sighed, only half comforted, and tried to listen to her brother's glowing account of his exploits and enjoyments. Afternoon wore on, and no father's step was heard. Evening came, and still he was not there. Marie was in despair; but she strove to quiet the fears of her grandmother and Marguerite. In the night, the little one was awakened by her sister's weeping. She heard her say, "Oh, if he should be lost!" and she slept no more during the night.

When at last, towards daybreak, Marie had sobbed herself into an uneasy slumber, Marguerite arose. She knew where Jean had placed the garments which he had worn on the ascent, and she hastily equipped herself in them. Then, feeling her way to one corner of the cottage, she drank a draught of milk; and, taking a large slice of bread in her hand, she gently unfastened the door. She took down an old coat of her father's, which hung just beside it, and made the dog smell of it. He barked, and darted forward, followed by his little blind mistress. The east was reddening as they left the village of Chamouni.

Marguerite was a strong and hardy child, and the walk to the Grands Mulets is not considered a difficult day's work; but she was obliged to stop many times in the course of the day to rest, and she was very hungry at nightfall, and, as yet, no signs of her father. She knew they had come to the Grands Mulets, by the eager barking of the dog; and soon she heard him push open the door of the wooden building.

And here let us inform our readers that the dangers

of the ascent of Mont Blanc commence at the Grands Mulets ; so that our poor little Marguerite, though weary and hungry, had, as yet, been in no actual peril. She was roused from a sound slumber by the faithful dog ; and, taking her stick in her hand, she again set out.

It was now midnight ; but that made no difference to the blind girl. Through what unseen and unknown dangers she safely passed, only that Being knew who protected her. She trusted in the instinct of her dog, who avoided the dangerous places, and, with his nose to the ground, trotted on before his mistress. When they had walked a long time, and Marguerite had oftentimes stumbled and fallen, the dog uttered a short, joyous bark, and began to leap up on Marguerite's dress. She kneeled down, and, carefully feeling along the ice, soon became aware that a human figure was lying before her. She felt his features : it was her father. She placed her hand on his heart : it still beat feebly, and the dog began to lick his face.

She felt in her father's belt for the little vial of brandy which he always carried with him, and, uncorking it, poured the contents slowly into his mouth, having first raised his head, and placed it on her knee. What joy to hear him utter a faint sigh ! She rubbed his hands and his feet ; and at length a faint voice asked, "How came you here, Marguerite ?"

"Thank God ! you can speak, papa ! I came to find you."

"But it is night, my child."

"Ah ! well, I did not know that. Fidèle woke me."

"But you will perish with the cold."

"Ah, no! I have Jean's dress. Here is some bread. Eat it, papa: I saved it till I should find you."

Jean ate the bread, and found himself a little strengthened by it; and, to his joy, the first faint streaks of dawn began to appear. He shuddered when he beheld that they were all on the edge of a most frightful crevasse. They were not more than a mile distant from the Grand Mulets. Jean had been stunned by a fall, but now felt himself able to proceed. They reached the Grands Mulets before sunrise; and there Jean found some fragments of provisions that had been left by their party in coming down. These were speedily eaten by the father and daughter, who did not forget Fidèle. Before they reached the Pierre de l'Echelle, on their homeward route, Jean discerned figures coming up the mountain, and soon perceived his son, with a party of guides, who had come out to search for him. As soon as their joy at meeting him, and surprise at finding Marguerite with him, was a little over, they begged him to relate what had befallen him.

"When I became separated from you by the mist," he said, "I thought I knew the direction in which the Grands Mulets lay, and I was sure it did not exceed two miles. I therefore went carefully, feeling my way before me with my alpenstock. At last, I reached an enormous crevasse. I followed its course for a long distance, but saw no way of crossing it; and suddenly the night set in. I took my blanket from my knapsack, and sheltered myself from the cold wind behind a rock. I feared to sleep, however, lest I should become benumbed, and never wake; and, when I felt drowsiness stealing over me, I rose, and beat my arms violently against my sides.

"When morning dawned, I was on a part of the mountain where I had never been before, and I could not see the Grands Mulets. I thought it wisest, therefore, to follow back the crevasse by which I had come the night before. I did so; but a new one had opened during the night, in a contrary direction, which I could not cross, and I was occupied for many hours in walking around it. At last, near nightfall, I saw the Grands Mulets, scarcely a mile distant, and was cheered with the thought of reaching them, when my foot slipped; and I knew no more until I felt something poured down my throat, and the rough tongue of Fidèle against my face. If I had lain much longer insensible, I should have perished with the cold. Truly, my friends, we cannot fail to acknowledge the mysterious ways of Providence, who has chosen a blind child to save me from death." He paused, overcome by his emotions, and again and again clasped Marguerite to his heart.

She, in turn, related her simple tale. "I knew I should not be in any danger," said she, "for Fidèle was there to guide me; and I knew God would lead me to my father."

What a joyful meeting was there with Marie and the old grandmother! both of whom had divined where Marguerite had gone, and had sent men in all directions as far as the Pierre de l'Echelle, — the farthest point to which they supposed she would go. All Chamouni resounded with praises of the courage and filial love of the blind child. She was often sent for to the hotel to tell her story to the many travellers; and, as each one gave her a piece of money, she had the satisfaction of not feeling entirely useless. She could not see the admiring glances of

her hearers ; and, as most of them had the good sense to refrain from open admiration, her childlike simplicity was not spoiled ; and she long lived in Chamouni, and told the tale to many nieces and nephews round the winter fire.

EDITOR.

NOTE. — The Grands Mulets is a collection of rocks, about a day's journey from Chamouni, on the ascent of Mont Blanc. Near them is a wooden building, which serves as a resting-place for the night. The Pierre de l'Echelle is the last point of land, all above being ice and snow. A *crevasse* is an opening in the ice or glacier, sometimes hundreds of feet deep, and often too wide to be crossed. In this case, travellers are obliged to go a long distance out of their way to reach the other side.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND.

WHEN the grave had closed over the Emperor Rodolph, founder of the house of Austria, his less popular son, Albert, aspired, as hereditary sovereign of several Swiss cantons, to erect the various provinces into a principality for one of his children. The inhabitants, a Gothic race, offered so resolute a resistance, that the imperial potentate, in revenge, appointed them rulers characterized by their tyrannical spirit ; and, among these, none was more unreasonably despotic than Geisler, the Governor of Ury.

In the market-place of Altorf, the hat of Geisler was placed aloft on a pole ; and, in the exercise of unbridled power, he ordered every passer-by to bow down before it on pain of death. He soon, however, found that there were in the canton men bold enough to defy his utmost

wrath; and conspicuous among the recusants was a peasant, — the famous William Tell. For refusing to perform the ridiculous homage, that brave man was forthwith sentenced to be hanged; but he was subsequently promised pardon on the cruel condition of striking with an arrow, at a given distance, an apple placed on the head of his son. The trial was accepted; the boy was brought out; and Tell, who was a most expert archer, managed to cleave the apple without injuring the lad. At that moment, the Austrian governor, perceiving that his victim had a second arrow, inquired with eagerness for what it was intended; and Tell answered, with the frank sincerity of his country, "It was to have killed you if I had killed my child." Enraged at such a reply, the governor ordered the patriot to be fettered, and conveyed in a boat to the dungeon of his castle; but, a storm coming on, the boatmen declared that they should inevitably be lost, unless Tell, the most skilful navigator on the lake, was intrusted with the helm. Geisler then ordered him to be unbound; and the captive-peasant, steering for a point of land since known as the Rock of Tell, leaped ashore, and made for the mountains. Soon after this escape, he shot the obnoxious governor; and, under the impulse of his daring courage, the Swiss prepared to throw off the Austrian yoke.

Twelve patriotic men, indignant at the cruelties perpetrated, vowed to emancipate their soil; and, in 1308, they surprised the Austrian governors of the cantons of Schewitz, Ury, and Underwalden, conducted them to their frontiers, and made them swear an oath never to serve against Switzerland. The three cantons, having bravely won their freedom, were joined by the other ten;

and thus sprung into existence the Helvetic Republic. The Swiss fought with heroic patriotism for their national independence; and, in 1315, the battle of Morgarten, where sixteen hundred Swiss defeated twenty thousand Austrians while the latter were attempting to cross the mountains, fully established their liberties. They speedily effected a change in the condition of their formerly depressed country. The neglected soil was carefully cultivated, the barren heath converted into a fertile plain, and the craggy rocks decked with fruitful vines.

Victorious, against terrible odds, over the imperial forces, the Swiss had next to contend, limited as were their resources, face to face with the martial array of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy. That haughty personification of feudal pride, baffled in his ambitious wish to be recognized as a king by the emperor, attempted to wrench Lorraine from Rene, its last sovereign; and the latter solicited the aid of the Helvetic Republic. Nor were the Swiss insignificant allies. During their struggle for freedom, they had learned much from experience. Having to encounter heavily armed cavalry, they gave their soldiers breastplates and helmets as defensive armor, with long spears, halberts, and heavy swords, as weapons of offence, and ranged them in battalions so deep and close that the men-at-arms could make no impression.

The Swiss now poured from their mountains, and met the duke's army at Neuss, where the fiery magnate sustained a bloody defeat; and though abandoned by the King of France, who had appeared as their ally, they were again successful in the fields of Granson and Morat. The decisive engagement took place, in 1477,

before Nanci, where the shield of Burgundy was broken, her chivalry routed, and her duke slain.

The Swiss, having thus proved their warlike prowess, became famous as mercenaries to Louis XI. and his successors, and signalized their valor in the Italian wars. But Swiss peasants, allured to the banks of the Po and the Rhone, lost much of their primitive simplicity, while foreign intrigues were creating discord in the pastoral hills and valleys of their native country.

While affairs were in this untoward condition, Ulric Zwingle was born, in 1484, of an ancient race of Alpine herdsmen in high esteem among the mountaineers of Tockenbug; and, evincing marks of superior intelligence, he was destined to the priestly office. After narrowly escaping the precincts of a convent, Zwingle became, in his twenty-second year, pastor of Glaris, and in 1515, having previously protested against his countrymen selling their swords for foreign pay, fought, sword in hand, for Rome, in the battle of Marignano.

The Reformation was just dawning in Switzerland, when, in 1518, Zwingle was elected as preacher at Zurich, where he speedily distinguished himself by the enunciation of religious doctrines which had all the charm of novelty to people who had long been kept in darkness. In 1520, the civil power in that canton interfered to fulfil the work of the Reformation, and the monks were enjoined to preach only what they found in the Old and New Testaments. But, while the truth was gaining ground in Zurich, the warlike canton of Lucerne rushed to the rescue of the imperilled church of Rome, and a diet held at Baken urged the confederated provinces to extirpate the new religion. The Swiss, there-

upon, seemed to rise as one man against the gospel. At Lucerne, Zwingli was burned in effigy; at Friburg, his writings were consigned to the flames; and, in other districts, the populace clamored for his being summarily dealt with. Nevertheless, the Reformation gained ground; and Farel, a Frenchman, driven from his native soil, decided the western cantons in favor of the new faith. The Franciscans, intrusted with the sale of pardons and indulgences in Switzerland, and guilty of the utmost rapacity, were attacked by Zwingli at Zurich; but, in 1531, that intrepid reformer, placing himself, with characteristic courage, at the head of a Protestant army, fell before the victorious Papists, who quartered and burned his lifeless corpse. Subsequently, John Calvin took up his residence at Geneva; and, under the inspiration of that reformer's haughty gloom and mighty intellect, the city on Lake Lemman became the asylum for the persecuted, and the cradle of revolt against half the powers of Europe. The result of the struggle was that about one-half of Switzerland embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, while the other adhered to the church of Rome. — *Selected.*

(To be concluded.)

"GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

"ALICE," said Mrs. Conway to her daughter, "will you run over to the store, and get me a skein of silk? Here is the pattern. I should like to finish Charley's dress this afternoon."

Alice instantly laid aside her book, and went to get

her bonnet, murmuring as she did so, "I do hate to be called off always!" A young lady, sewing by the window, looked up as Alice spoke, and saw a slight shade of pain or sorrow cross Mrs. Conway's face; but nothing was said until Alice returned.

"Bring the silk here, Alice, and I will wind it; then Aunt Mary need not leave her work."

"But you will leave yours, Louisa," said Alice, pleasantly, as she came to hold the skein.

"Oh! mine is of no consequence," answered Louisa, smiling; and when the silk was wound, instead of resuming her sewing, she came to look over Alice, and offer her assistance in the preparation of the difficult lesson. When the younger children came in, shortly after, Louisa took charge of them too, and so effectually amused them, that neither Alice's lesson nor Mrs. Conway's work was interrupted.

The next morning, as Alice and her sister were playing in the sitting-room, their mother entered. "Charley has just waked," she said. "One of you can run up and dress him, and the other must help me about breakfast. Jane has a sick headache, and is not able to work."

"I'll dress Charley," said Rose; and she was off in an instant.

"Can I help you, Aunt Mary?" asked Louisa, coming forward.

"No, thank you. Alice will set the table, and do all I wish. Come, my dear."

Alice went. She did, and did well, all that was asked, but accompanied her labors with so many murmurings, so many complaints of "I can't find this,"

"I'm sure I can't do that," and "I don't like to do such things," that her mother felt her own work made heavier, instead of lighter, by her daughter's assistance; and her Cousin Louisa observed her with surprise and sorrow. Rose came down, merry and happy, with little Charley. Papa returned from his morning walk, and they sat down to breakfast. Alice seemed as pleasant as the rest, until her father, turning to her, bade her bring a pitcher of water.

"Oh, dear! that pump goes so hard!" she said, fretfully, as she rose from her seat.

Alice Conway was a good child, on the whole; she was neither ill-tempered nor idle nor selfish; she was obedient, kind, and studious; and, as Louisa Vernon noticed her conduct from day to day, she felt more and more grieved that so many good qualities should be obscured by the habit of complaining, which Alice had allowed to gain possession of her. Louisa loved her young cousins very much, and was desirous to be of use to them; and she determined, if an opportunity offered, to speak to Alice regarding this fault. She had not long to wait.

One afternoon, as she was sitting in her chamber, writing, Alice came to the door. "Are you busy, Louisa? May I stay with you a while?"

"Stay and welcome, Alice. I am not very busy, — only writing to Milly."

"Milly is my age, — isn't she? I was thirteen last month."

"And Camilla will be thirteen in December, I believe. I think she is hardly so tall or strong as you are, Alice; but she is a great help to mother and me."

"How? What does she do?"

Louisa smiled at the eagerness of the question, and gave an account of her sister's duties and employments.

"I could do all that," said Alice, thoughtfully; "I am sure I could. Is Milly a *very* good girl, Cousin Louisa?"

"Pretty good: she has improved greatly within a year. On her twelfth birthday, she made a serious resolve to correct all her faults; and she has persevered very faithfully. She says one thing has helped her very much. On the first day of every month, she has chosen, or some one has chosen for her, a motto for the month, having reference to some fault to be corrected, or some virtue to be acquired. Sometimes the mottoes are taken from the Bible, sometimes from other books; sometimes a remark in the Sunday's discourse, or something her teacher may have said, furnishes the precept for the month; but, wherever it is found, Camilla tries to keep it in mind, and obey it."

Alice was interested. "Cousin Louisa," she said, with some hesitation, "I suppose I have a great many faults; but I think I should like to correct them. Will you choose a motto for me for this month?"

"Certainly, Alice, if you wish it." Louisa took the Bible from the table, and turned over its leaves for a minute or two. "Here is your motto, Alice," she said. "'God loveth a cheerful giver.'"

Alice slowly repeated the words. "I don't think I quite understand it, Louisa," she said. "I never have much money to give away, but I hope I always give it cheerfully."

"I dare say you do, Alice: indeed, I have seen you deny yourself some gratification, that you might aid the

needy. But I was not thinking of money. Children like you have many things to give that are far better than money, — their time, their services, their bright smiles, their pleasant words: they can, and often do, give a great deal of happiness to their parents and friends. But I have known instances of children who would not give the assistance and obedience which their parents required, which they had a *right* to demand. Have not you seen such cases, Alice?"

"Yes; but I don't think I am one of them, — am I? I mean always to obey my father and mother."

Louisa drew her young cousin closer to her. "Alice dear, I don't wish to pain you; but tell me, is your obedience *cheerful*? Are the services you render to your mother so performed as to show her that you take pleasure in lessening her cares? or are her requests complied with reluctantly and murmuringly? When she asks some little sacrifice of your time, or of your own wishes and pleasures, do you willingly, joyfully, do what she desires; showing, by your happy face and pleasant tone, gratitude for her unvarying, unwearied love? or does she see a discontented look, and hear complaints and fretful repinings? Only ask yourself, dear Alice, have I witnessed in you, since I have been here, a cheerful compliance with your parents' desires?"

The tears had slowly gathered in Alice's eyes while her cousin was speaking, and a crimson flush mounted to her temples; but she did not speak. Louisa continued: —

"I have seen in your mother's face, many times, pain and sorrow, when your obedience, instant as it is, has been accompanied by murmurs and repinings. I have noticed that it saddened her to see her eldest child appear

unwilling to give her the slight assistance she asks. I have seen her anxiety lest this carelessly indulged habit of fretting should become so fixed as to render you permanently unhappy, — lest the spirit of discontent and repining should take entire possession of your heart. Alice, you love your mother; you would not willingly grieve her: but did you ever think how your apparent reluctance to aid her must pain her loving heart? I say *apparent*, because I do not believe it is a real unwillingness: I think your manner is more in fault than your feelings. But did you ever think of this?"

No, Alice had not thought of it at all: but she saw her fault now; and, entreating her cousin to help her, she promised to try to correct it.

"I know you will try, darling," said Louisa, tenderly; "and, when you are tempted to fret because you are asked to leave an interesting book or an amusing game, or to perform some unpleasant duty, you will remember the motto we have chosen, and bring a cheerful heart and a cheerful countenance to the performance of the task, whatever it may be. Will you not?"

Are there any Alice Conways among our young readers, — any, either girls or boys, who comply ungraciously and unwillingly with their parents' requests? Let them remember that all they can do to assist their father or mother is but a slight return for the kind cares lavished on them ever since their birth; and let them remember, too, that, in small duties as well as in great, in little acts of kindness to brothers or sisters, little attentions to parents or friends, the spirit they bring to the work gives it all its worth. "*God loveth a cheerful giver.*"

A. A.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows gather
 Over all the starry spheres,
 And a melancholy darkness
 Gently weeps in rainy tears,
 'Tis a joy to press the pillow
 Of a cottage-chamber bed,
 And to listen to the patter
 Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tingle on the shingle
 Has an echo in the heart ;
 And a thousand lively fancies
 Into busy being start,
 And a thousand recollections
 Weave their bright hues into woof,
 As I listen to the patter
 Of the soft rain on the roof.

There, in fancy, comes my mother,
 As she used to years by-gone,
 To survey the infant sleepers
 Ere she left them till the dawn.
 I can see her bending o'er me,
 As I listen to the strain
 Which is played upon the shingles
 By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph-sister,
 With her wings and waving hair,
 And her bright-eyed, cherub-brother, —
 A serene, angelic pair, —

Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise of mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is nought in Art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountain,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of Nature, —
That subdued and softening strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Selected.

“BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR: THE LORD
SHALL HELP HIM IN TIME OF TROUBLE.”

CONSIDERATION, thoughtfulness for others, is a virtue upon which the Bible says a great deal. It is a very difficult virtue to attain, because it springs from an unselfish state of the heart. A selfish person is never considerate. He does not think whether those about him are comfortable and happy, if he is only so himself.

The Bible does not mean here, only, “Blessed is he who gives to the poor;” but he who has kind thoughts for them, — he who accompanies his gift with a pleasant smile, or an encouraging word, or a bit of wholesome advice, uttered in a friendly spirit. Some persons are like a character in one of Dickens's famous stories, who says, “What a comfortable thing it is to pull the blankets

about your ears in a cold winter's night, and think how many people there are who have none!" They realize their own comforts, and contrast them with the wants of others, but never seem to feel that they must step out of their way to relieve them.

Who are the poor? They who are in need. There are many poor, then, who do not need food, clothing, warmth, or shelter. There are many who are lonely. God has taken away their friends into his nearer presence, or they are in distant lands. And here children may be considerate. Often a child's smile, a child's attention, a child's thoughtfulness, will beguile many a lonely hour, and will find a way to a heart which the kindness of older persons has failed to touch.

The sick are poor: and how many little offices of affection can a child perform for a sick friend! How carefully can he close the doors! how gently can he tread! He can fan the fevered brow, or smooth the twisted pillow, or stroke the aching head, as well as an older person; and he is blessed in so doing.

"God shall help him in time of trouble." Yes, God will help him in a twofold way. He will himself speak to his heart; he will breathe into his ear all the heavenly promises of his word; he will ease his pain in sickness, and in sorrow he will give him consolation. But, through those he has considered, God will help him too. Those friends whom he has relieved and comforted will be near him with human sympathy; their love will smooth the couch of pain; their kindly whispered words will bring a balm to his grief.

Little things make the sum of life; and little things can be done by little hands and little hearts. God

intends that our training for heaven should begin almost from our birth ; and he has work for the small as well as for the great. Every little good deed as surely helps the soul forward in its heavenly path as the noblest a saint can perform. Learn, then, while you are young, to be considerate. Selfish habits, like all others, grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength ; but if you begin now a life of kind thoughtfulness for others, — a life of love, — many a rough place will be made smooth, and many an hour pass pleasantly which selfish thoughts would have filled with repinings and regrets ; and, more than all, you will have the consciousness that the blessing of God is upon you.

EDITOR.

AN ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL.

A PERSON in the employment of the telegraph-company in England had been engaged in the inspection and repair of the telegraph-wires and their fastenings, which are subject to many accidents, and require constant looking after to insure their integrity and efficiency. Even when carried through tunnels, in gutta-percha casings, embedded in leaden tubes, they are liable to accidents from passing wagons, or, in winter, from lumps of ice falling down the sides of the shafts, and damaging the tubes. It appears that one day the door of a coal-wagon had got loose in the long tunnel of one of the railways, and, dashing back against the sides of the tunnel, had torn the tubes, and even cut across the wires in many places. The telegraph was therefore broken : it could

not be worked ; and several workmen were sent into the tunnel to execute the necessary repairs. The person who related this adventure acted in the capacity of inspector ; and it was necessary for him to visit the workmen, ascertain the nature of the damage that had been done, and give directions on the spot as to the repairs, the necessity for completing which was of the greatest urgency. This is his story : —

I knew very well that the tunnel was of great length, — rather more than two miles long, — and that the workmen, who had set out in the morning from the station nearest to the tunnel, had entered it by its south end ; so I determined to follow them, and overtake them, which I would doubtless be able to do somewhere in the tunnel, where they would be at work. I was accompanied by a little dog, which trotted behind at my feet. After walking about a mile, I reached the tunnel entrance, over which frowned the effigy of a grim lion's head, cut in stone.

There were, as usual, two lines of rails, — the up-line and the down-line ; and I determined to walk along the former, that I might see before the approaching lights on any advancing train, which I would take care to avoid by stepping on to the opposite line of rails, at the same time that I should thus avoid being run over by any train coming up behind from the opposite direction, and which I might not see in time to avoid. I had, however, taken the precaution to ascertain that no train was expected to pass along the *up*-line, over which I was proceeding, for about two hours ; but I was aware that that could not be depended upon, and therefore I resolved to keep a good lookout ahead. Along the opposite *down*-

line, I knew that a passenger-train was shortly to pass; indeed, it was even now due: but, by keeping the opposite line of rails, I felt I was safe so far as that was concerned.

I had never been in a tunnel of such length as this before, and confess I felt somewhat dismayed when the light which accompanied me so far into the tunnel entrance began to grow fainter and fainter. After walking for a short distance, I proceeded on in almost total darkness. Behind me, there was the distant light streaming in at the tunnel mouth; before me, almost impenetrable darkness. But, by walking on in a straight line, I knew that I could not miss my way; and the rails between which I walked, and which I occasionally touched with my feet, served to keep me in the road. In a short time, I was able to discern a seeming spot of light, which gradually swelled into a broader gleam, though still at a great distance before me; and I knew it to be the opening of the nearest shaft: it was a mere glimmer amid the thick and almost palpable darkness which enveloped me. As I walked on, I heard my little dog panting at my heels, and the sound of my tread re-echoed from the vaulted roof of the tunnel. Save these sounds, perfect silence reigned. When I stood still to listen, I heard distinctly the loud beating of my heart.

A startling thought suddenly occurred to me. What if a goods-train should suddenly shoot through the tunnel, along the line on which I was proceeding, while the passenger-train, now due, came on in the opposite direction? I had not thought of this before. And yet I was aware that the number of casual trains on a well-frequented railway is very considerable at particular seasons.

Should I turn back, reach the mouth of the tunnel again, and wait until the passenger-train had passed, when I could then follow along the *down*-line of rails, knowing that no other train was likely to follow it for at least a full quarter of an hour?

But the shaft, down which the light now faintly streamed, was nearer to me than the mouth of the tunnel; and I resolved, therefore, to make for that point, where there was, I knew, ample room outside of both lines of rail to enable me to stand in safety until the down-train had passed. So I strode on. But a low, hollow murmur, as if of remote thunder, and then a distant scream, which seemed to reverberate along the tunnel, fell upon my ears; doubtless the passenger-train, which I had been expecting, entering the tunnel mouth. But, looking ahead at the same time, I discerned through the gleam of daylight, at the bottom of the shaft toward which I was approaching, what seemed a spark of fire. It moved: could it be one of the laborers of whom I was in search? It increased! For an instant, I lost it. Again! This time it looked brighter. A moaning, tinkling noise crept along the floor of the vault. I stood still with fear, for the noise of the train behind me was rapidly increasing; and, turning for an instant in that direction, I observed that it was full in sight. I could no longer disguise from myself that I stood full in the way of another train, advancing from the opposite direction. The light before me was the engine-lamp: it was now brilliant as a glowing star; and the roar of the wheels of the train was now fully heard amidst the gloom. It came on with a velocity which seemed to me terrific.

A thousand thoughts coursed through my brain on the instant. I was in the way of the monster, and, the next moment, might be crushed into bleeding fragments. The engine was almost upon me! I saw the gleaming face of the driver, and the glow of the furnace flashing its lurid light far along the lower edge of the dense volumes of steam blown from the engine-chimney. In an instant, I prostrated myself on my face, and lay there, without the power of breathing, as I felt the engine and train thundering over me. The low-hung ash-box swept across my back: I felt the heat of the furnace as it flashed over me, and a glowing cinder was dropped near my hand. But I durst not move. I felt as if the train was crushing over me. The earth vibrated and shook, and the roar of the wagon-wheels smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. I clutched the earth, and would have cowered and shrunk into it if I could. There was not a fibre of my body that did not feel the horrors of the moment, and the dreadfulness of the situation.

But it passed. With a swoop and a roar, the break-van, the last in the train, flew over me. The noise of the train was still in my ears, and the awful terror of the situation lay still heavy on me. When I raised my head, and looked behind, the red light at the tail of the train was already far in the distance. As for meeting the passenger-train, it had also passed; but I had not heeded it, though it had doubtless added to the terrific noise which for some time stunned me.

I rose up, and walked on, calling upon my dog. But no answer, — not so much as a whine. I remembered its sudden howl. It must have been crushed under the

wheels of some part of the train. It was no use searching for my little companion ; so I proceeded, anxious to escape from the perils of my situation. I shortly reached the shaft which I had before observed. There was ample room at either side of the rails to enable me to rest there in safety. But the place was cold and damp, and streams of water trickled down the sides of the shaft. I resolved, therefore, to go on upon the *down*-line ; but, the tunnel being now almost filled with the smoke and steam of the two engines which had just passed, I deemed it prudent to wait for a short time, until the road had become more cleared, in case of any other train encountering me in my further progress. The smoke slowly eddied up the shaft, and the steam gradually condensed, until I considered the road sufficiently clear to enable me to proceed in comparative safety. I once more, therefore, plunged into the darkness.

I walked on for nearly half an hour, groping my way : my head had become confused, and my limbs trembled under me. I passed two other shafts ; but the light which they admitted was so slight, that they scarcely seemed to do more than make the "darkness visible." I now supposed that I must have walked nearly the whole length of the tunnel ; and yet it appeared afterward that I was only about half-way through it. It looked like a long day since I had entered. But, by and by, a faint glimmer of lights danced before my eyes ; and, as I advanced, I saw it was the torches of the workmen, and soon I heard their voices. Never were sight and sound more welcome. In a few minutes more, I had joined the party. But I felt quite unmanned for the moment ; and I believe that, sitting down on one of the workmen's

tool-boxes, I put my hands over my eyes, and — I really could not help it — burst into tears.

I never ventured into a tunnel again without an involuntary thrill of terror coming over me. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

OUR little city readers know that a large building standing back from Washington Street, with a pretty courtyard in front, is the Female Orphan Asylum. There, a great number of little girls, who have lost one or both parents, are taken care of, fed, clothed, and taught, not only to read, write, and cipher, but to sew, to knit, and to take care of the house, until they are able to support themselves. There are at present, in this excellent institution, ninety children, from three to fourteen years of age. Not one of these had ever seen a Christmas-tree, and very few had ever heard of one.

Some of the ladies who have the charge of the institution determined that they would give these children the pleasure of seeing one. There is a large playroom in the upper story of the house, where the children play in stormy weather. In this room the tree was placed, and hung with some little gift for each child, and with a bag of sugar-plums for each. It was then lighted with colored candles. The children came marching in, to the sound of a piano, and made three large circles around the tree. It was a pleasure to see the delight and surprise expressed in their countenances. Their teacher

played a lively tune ; and they danced around the tree, singing as they went. Then they stood still, and sang another song ; and then the distribution of the gifts begun.

The smaller children had theirs first. Some of them did not know what to do when their names were called, and stood, looking very much surprised, until they were pushed forward by the older children toward the lady who was distributing the gifts. Then it was beautiful to see them showing to each other what they had obtained, or hugging up the book or toy, and dancing for joy. One little girl, about twelve years of age, had a pretty copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with which she was overjoyed. They all sat down at length, under the tree, and examined their gifts. Not one dissatisfied voice was heard ; no one said, "Yours is prettier than mine ;" but every child was entirely pleased and happy.

But these children had another pleasure too, and even a better one than the presents they had received. They gave away a present too. They had knit their singing-teacher two nice warm pair of socks and pair of woollen gloves. Some kind friend had sent in a pretty little image of a sheep and some lambs. This, too, they thought must be given to him ; and I have no doubt he values these gifts more than any he received.

There were doubtless a great many Christmas-trees and parties in Boston that night, — trees where the gifts were most costly, and parties where the little guests were dressed in gay clothing ; but we know there was not one more beautiful than this. We know there was not one where the spirit of Him whose faith was thus joyously

commemorated was more truly in the midst, and where the Christ-child, if the old German fable were true, would so readily have folded his glittering wings, and taken up his abode.

EDITOR.

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NO. II.

“Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.”

THE sabbath evening had come round again, bringing with it as sweet a feeling of *rest*, and as lovely a sunset, as the last; and I was in my accustomed seat, watching the changeful sky, and as ready as Annie to listen to our mother's pleasant voice, as we had listened a week before. Papa had not returned from church; the children were with nurse; we had the library quite to ourselves; and Annie lost no time in proffering her petition.

“I know the second commandment quite by heart, mother,” said the eager little voice; “but I *can't see* what it means. Why, *we*, mother, you and father, — and I know *you* wouldn't do any thing wrong, — have pictures and busts, and seem to think so much of them; and Kate draws every day; and all my books have engravings in them, and *they* are ‘likenesses of things in heaven and earth;’ and the statuettes are ‘graven images.’ ”

Mother smiled. "Yes, certainly, dear: I should be very sorry to do without such pleasant and refined things as pictures, and be still more sorry to 'do wrong.' But you have mistaken the meaning, Annie. Our wise and kind Father never intended to deprive us of the enjoyment of so pure and elevating a thing as art, but that we should not bow down and worship things *created* instead of the *Creator*, — that we should not desert the living God, and hew out for ourselves idols from wood and stone. You have read how displeased God was with the Israelites when they set up a golden calf in the wilderness, and worshipped it; and you remember what Mr. Corcoran, the missionary who lectured to your sabbath school last winter, told you of the deplorable condition of the millions of heathen in different parts of the world, who have never heard of the true God, and the good and gentle Jesus, whom little Christian children love, but who bend the knee to idols which are the work of their own hands. This is what our Father meant in uttering this command that we should not *worship* these images, not that we should not create them to adorn our homes, and elevate our taste by the presence of beauty and genius which he himself inspires."

Annie sat very still for a few moments; then she said, earnestly, —

"Mother, it seems *very strange* that any one should worship any other god than the one you have always taught me to love. Did you ever *see* any one who worshipped any other, — I don't mean *loved* any thing else better than God, as the girl you told me about last Sunday, but who really *prayed* to any other god?"

Mother paused and sighed deeply before she replied.

"Your question, Annie," said she, "has awakened a memory that has long lain silent in my heart. Yes, I once knew such a one, — an idolater, but a most pure and unconscious one. She was a young girl of my own age (and I was fourteen then), whom I knew at school, and whom I loved next best to the dear ones at home. She was not a native of this country. Her mother died when she was a little baby; and her father brought her to America from Italy a year before I knew her. I remember very well the first day she came to school, — how painfully shy and timid she seemed; and yet how we girls thought her so strangely beautiful, with her great dark eyes and braids of heavy black hair, and her half-foreign dress; that we stared at her pertinaciously, and almost rudely, and made her the sole theme of our recess gossip. The teacher chanced to give her a seat at my desk, and we soon became firm friends and constant companions. My sisters complained, playfully, that I cared for no one now but this Florentine girl, — this Cecilia Carnsi, as she was called. All the school loved her, for that matter; for she was gentle and loving herself, and her talent was as remarkable as her beauty. Such a glorious voice she had! It was our dearest pleasure, as we gathered together under the trees at intermission, to listen to her singing the sweet melodies of her own sunny Italy, as she poured forth the most exquisite music with perfect ease and grace, and with a modest unconsciousness that lent additional charm. She had a real genius for painting too; and her drawings invariably carried off the premium at our examinations. Once, as we walked home together after school, as I was telling her how much I admired a little sketch she had

made that afternoon, she smiled at my enthusiasm, and said, in her musical, broken English, that she did not know how much I loved pictures before, — that hers were poor things; but, if I would go to her father's studio, she would show me some that *were* worthy of my admiration. I assented eagerly; and we hastened down the village street, till we reached her home; and she led me up flight after flight of stairs, quite to the top of the house, into a strange, shadowy skylight-room, which was her father's atelier. The walls were covered with unframed pictures; pencils and palettes were scattered round; a statue of a woman gleamed white from a curtained recess; and at an easel in the midst sat Signor Carnsi, painting. She presented me to him. He was a tall, dark man, with a stern face, that grew very bright when he looked on her. The father and daughter lived together here, and were inexpressibly dear to each other. He saluted me briefly. Cecilia spoke a few words to him in their own language, and, after a while, came up to me, as I stood watching curiously the rapid progress of his pencil, as he added a touch here and there to the unfinished landscape on the easel; and, leading me to a corner of the room, she drew away a curtain, revealing a little inner room, whose walls were hung with beautiful pictures. 'Here, here!' said she; 'look at this, — this, our pride, our love!' I followed her glance, and stopped before a frame, in the centre of which stood what seemed a living, breathing woman, so lifelike was the coloring, so natural the form and attitude. An exquisite child sat on the floor, smoothing, with dimpled hands, the snowy plumage of a dove which nestled to his bosom, and heavenly eyes uplifted to his mother's

tender, holy face. I stood silent with excess of emotion, until Cecilia spoke, almost tearfully.

“ ‘My father intended it for the Madonna and the child Jesus,’ said she: ‘but he painted it from my mother and myself, as copies; and, after *she* died, he always called it *her* likeness. And I, — ah, how I love it! I love my mother and the blessed Virgin both tenfold more from thinking of them always together through this picture. Ah, holy Mary, blessed mother!’ she exclaimed, her face all glowing, and her beautiful eyes suffused with tears, and falling prostrate before the picture. ‘Sweet queen of heaven, bless thy child, and make her love for thee bring her to thee in paradise at last!’ I was shocked, — this was so solemn, yet so wrong; so earnest, yet so sinful. ‘O Cecilia! don’t, I beg of you! *Please get up!*’ I exclaimed, endeavoring to raise her from her knees; but she waved me decidedly away, and poured forth a long, passionate prayer, in which she lavished the most exalted, the most endearing, epithets upon the *mother* — the frail, *human* mother — of Jesus, but made no mention of the Son himself. After a while, she rose; and I said it was growing dark, — I must hasten home, — and bade her good-by. I wanted to be alone to think over it all. After that, there was always a painful feeling blending in the love I felt for Cecilia, which, however, only deepened its intensity. We were always together. She sang for me; she made me sketches, and talked to me for hours of her native Florence on the sunny banks of the Arno. I always longed to speak to her on the one great subject in which I *knew* she had made the grand mistake of her life; and once I did. We had a long, an earnest, talk. I im-

plored her never again to pray to Mary, pure and lovely virgin though she was, ascended saint though she is ; but she heard me with such bitter pain ! I was evidently wounding keenly her holiest, most treasured feelings. She pleaded so passionately, so *commandingly*, that I would never again try to unsettle her childhood's faith, — her equal love for the Son and mother, her holy memory of her *own* mother, — that I ceased, and we only wept together. Poor Cecilia ! she is asleep now in her native land. She has been many years dead, and many years, I trust, in heaven.

“ But, Annie, papa is coming. Shall I stop now ? ”

SISTER KATE.

POLAR REGIONS.

FEBRUARY, the shortest month, is usually the coldest in the year, — so cold, that we love to keep near the warm fire, and listen to pleasant stories. Perhaps it might be interesting to you to hear a little about cold countries, — countries where the winter lasts six or eight months. Dr. Kane, the famous Arctic voyager, who has lately returned from his second Polar expedition, has given us some very strange and beautiful accounts of the different marvels he witnessed there. The long Arctic winter, in which the sun does not appear for months, is lighted with the most beautiful auroras. We have very fine displays of this phenomenon with us ; but, in those Northern countries, the light is often strong enough to read by, and is colored like the rainbow.

Men, in the strong cold, become bleached to the color

of a freshly peeled potato, and present to each other an almost ghastly appearance. Dr. Kane says that it requires a long time to become accustomed to the effect of the cold. A man, for instance, will take off his mitten, and place his hand on the metal of his gun. In an instant, his hand becomes frozen to it; and, if he attempts to pull it away, a part of his skin is left on the gun. So with drinking. If a person touches his lips to the drinking vessel, they become glued to it, so that they are detached with a great deal of difficulty.

The first day on which the sun rises, it remains above the horizon only one minute, and immediately sets again; and, when the days grow longer, the sun does not pursue a path in the heavens, overhead, but seems to go round the horizon.

Only a few Esquimaux inhabit the northern regions of this continent. They live in houses of logs, with a kind of long moss stuffed into the cracks to keep out the cold. A bench runs around three sides of the room, which serves for bed, table, chairs, shelf, and for almost every purpose. The fire is in the centre of the apartment; and a tub, with sealskins curing in it, is always in one corner, and is very offensive in its odor to those who are not accustomed to it.

It sometimes happens that an Esquimaux goes out in his boat, or *kayack*; and, as he steers among the floating ice-floes, suddenly the wind changes, the fields of ice begin to move in another direction, and drive him far away from his home and family, to which, perhaps, he can never return. Again: these ice-fields sometimes close in around his frail boat, and crush him in an instant.

We advise all our young readers, who can obtain the book, to read Dr. Kane's account for themselves. It gave us, when we read it, shortly after its first issue from the press, a more vivid idea of the coldness, the peril, and at the same time of the beauty, of the Polar regions, than any thing we had ever before seen. Any intelligent boy or girl of ten years and upward will find a great deal both to interest and instruct in this well-told narrative; though there are, of course, parts of the book which are beyond a child's comprehension. Not the least interesting portion is that which relates to the action of the ice, but which the shortness of our article will not permit us to speak of. Read it, we beg of you, and especially those who are inclined to grumble at cold weather.

EDITOR.

THE CAMEL.

THE camel forms the principal wealth of the Arab: without it he could never attempt to penetrate the vast deserts where it lives, as its remarkable power of drinking enough water at one draught to serve it for several days enables it to march from station to station without requiring to drink by the way. The peculiar structure of its stomach gives it this most useful power. In its stomach are a great number of deep cells, into which the water passes, and is then prevented from escaping by a muscle which closes the mouth of the cells. When the camel feels thirsty, it has the power of casting some of the water contained in these cells into its mouth. The habits of this animal are very interesting. A re-

cent traveller, the Rev. J. H. Pollen, says of them, "My principal experience in camels has been during my travels through the Arabian desert. I followed, after some interval of time, the route of the Hajji, the Mecca pilgrimage.

"The temper of the camel is, in general, not very amiable. It is unwilling, jealous, and revengeful to the last degree. Of this latter quality curious tales are told: one, which was fully believed by the Arab that narrated it to me, was as follows: A certain camel-driver had bitterly insulted (*i. e.*, thrashed in some ignominious way) the animal under his charge. The camel showed a disposition to resent; but the driver, knowing from the expression of its eye what was passing within, kept on the alert for several days. One night, he had retired for safety inside his tent, leaving his striped abbaya, or cloak, spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent.

"During the night, he heard the camel approach the object; and after satisfying himself by smell or otherwise that it was his master's cloak, and believing that the said master was asleep beneath it, he lay down, and rolled backwards and forwards over the cloak, evidently much gratified by the cracking and smashing of the saddle under his weight, and fully persuaded that the bones of his master were broken to pieces. After a time, he rose, contemplated with great contentment the disordered mass, still covered by the cloak, and retired.

"Next morning, at the usual hour for loading, the master, who had from the interior of his tent heard this agreeable process going on, presented himself to the camel. The disappointed animal was in such a rage,

said my informant, on seeing his master safe before him, that *he broke his heart, and died on the spot!*

"I had once to cross a very high range of rocks, and we had very great difficulty in getting our camels to face the steeper part of the ascent, though any horse would have made very light of it. All the riders had to dismount; and the laden animals made the bare, rocky solitudes ring to the continual and most savage growls with which they vented their displeasure. It is well, on these occasions, to keep out of reach of their long necks, which they stretch out, and bring their teeth within dangerous proximity to the arm or side of any one but their master.

"While being laden, they testify their dislike to any packet which looks unsatisfactory in point of size or weight, as it is carried past them; although, when it is once on their backs, they continue to bear it with the patient expression of countenance, which, I fear, passes for more than it is worth. All camels are loaded kneeling, and can go from twenty-four to sixty hours without rest, or more than a few mouthfuls of food, which they can crop off a thorny bush as they pass, or a handful of barley given them by their master. Parts of the desert are strewn with small, dry, drab-colored plants, thorny and otherwise, which the camels continue to crop as they walk, jerking the rider not a little.

"They are very sparing of drinking. I have taken camels for eleven or twelve days without a drop of water. All of them did not drink even when we came to water; nor did any drink a large quantity, or seem disturbed by the want of it, although the sun was very powerful, and we travelled twelve or thirteen hours daily.

“ At first, they are difficult to ride. The rider mounts while the animal is kneeling, and sits, like a lady, with the right leg round the fore-pommel of the saddle. In rising, the camel suddenly straightens the hind-legs before moving either of the fore-legs; so that, if the rider is unprepared, he will be jerked over its ears. It moves the legs of each side alternately, occasioning a long, undulating motion, which sways the rider to and fro from the loins. The motion, however, is soon learned; and, when fatigued, the rider can change sides, or shift his posture in various ways.

“ Sometimes a traveller places his whole family, wife and children, in one pannier fastened to the saddle, puts himself in another pannier fastened on the opposite side, and then falls in with a caravan, and accompanies it.

“ Dromedaries, the finer and better-bred camels, have sparer frames and more endurance, and are principally led by the Bedouins of the desert. They also object either to going up or down a hill.

“ They are fond of kneeling, at night, just behind the ring of Arabs who squat round the fire; and they stretch their heads over their masters' shoulders, to snuff up the heat and smoke, which seem to content them vastly.” — *Forrester's Magazine*.

THE HIGHLANDS.

DURING our absence the last summer, one of the most agreeable excursions that we made was amid the Highlands of Scotland. To one familiar with the mountain

and lake scenery of America, there is not much of novelty in the mountains and lakes of the Highlands, except that the former appear more bald and bleak, and the latter more clear and tranquil. As you pass over their smooth water, you seem to look into its deepest depth, and discern its pebbly bottom; and you cannot but admire the beautiful images formed on its mirrored surface by the shadows of the surrounding hills. You will also be attracted by the irregular form and bold outline of the lake shores: here is a deep-shaded inlet, and there is a bold headland jutting out into the water.

While we waited one bright July afternoon, at the eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, for the steamer that was to take us up the lake, we strolled along the shore, and soon struck into a bridle-path which winds its way along the general direction of the northern shore, sometimes coming down to the very verge of the water, and then striking off into some glen densely shaded with the white birch and fir, or over some craggy steep, where the toilsome ascent is rewarded with an enchanting view of the lake beneath our feet, and of the solemn hills that perpetually stand as sentinels over it. During our stroll of an hour or two, we were every few moments greeted by the rapturous exclamation of some one of our party, calling our attention to a new-discovered beauty of prospect. We surveyed each little recess and promontory with a childish curiosity.

While some gathered treasures for their cabinet, of minerals or herbarium, and some shouted to the top of their voice that they might hear its oft-repeated echoes among the hills, others, more poetically inclined, repeated stanzas from the "Lady of the Lake," and endeavored,

in what they actually saw, to trace the truthfulness of Sir Walter Scott's scenic delineations. To such, the interest of the occasion was not at all diminished by the appearance, around a jutting crag, of a young lady on horseback, riding at a rapid pace over the uneven and flinty road. A voice exclaimed, "See the Lady of the Lake!" She did not notice us, but rode with an easy grace on an indifferent-looking but easy-paced steed. Her face was flushed from the excitement of the ride; she was plainly but tastefully attired; and her whole bearing was such that it was no unpleasant idea to associate her with the "Lady of the Lake." Were we not in a fairy-land? and did not the fairy-lady preside over the scene that had been made immortal by her presence? From this reverie we were hardly awake, so as to determine whether we were in a land of dreams or of realities, when the lady reined up her steed; and, standing a while to gaze on the laughing lake, she retraced her path, and, returning, again passed near us. To our salutation she returned a graceful acknowledgment, and disappeared from our view. If "*The Lady of the Lake*" rowed her light canoe more skilfully than our lady of the lake rode her black horse, she is justly entitled to her fame.

We had wandered far, but were not weary, when, in the distance up the lake, we saw the approach of the steamer that was to take us up on its return. We hastened back to the place of embarking, and were soon on board and on our way. The sun was still high in the west; and we would have ample time to complete the tour of the lake before nightfall.

The sail up the lake presents a succession of the most

beautiful views that can be imagined. Every hill has its name, and every high rock its story. The eagle circles about the top of Benvenue, while the wild goats climb where there is scarcely room for the soles of their feet. Here and there is a sheltered nook, where the mountain shepherd has built his stone cottage; but, with these exceptions, there are no traces of human abodes. The scene is closed by a west view of the lake, which is ten miles long; and the prospect is bounded by the towering Alps of Arrochar.

Arrived at the west end of the lake, we found that a moorland region, traversed by a rugged path five miles in length, intervened between us and Loch Lomond, on whose shores we wished to spend the night. Shaggy Highland ponies were in attendance, and pony-carts to carry us over. We were soon on our way, — some on carts, some on saddles, and some on foot, their baggage being sent forward. We passed a smoky hut in the valley between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, in which is exhibited a Spanish musket, six feet and a half long, once the property of Rob Roy, whose original residence was in this lone vale. We also saw the hut where it is said that Ellen McGregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born. Near by this hut were men and women, in full Highland costume, at work in a field of hay. After our ride over the moor, which, with the exception of some of the lower valleys, was covered with heather, we arrived at Inversnaid Mill on Loch Lomond.

A few rods from the hotel, a little rivulet comes tumbling down over precipitous rocks, and forms a milky cataract, which is the scene of Wordsworth's beautiful poem, the "Highland Girl."

One afternoon, while tarrying at this place, we crossed over the rivulet, and strolled up the mountain-side. At the distance of about a mile, we approached a Highland hut, which stood alone and solitary on the bleak eminence that commanded a broad view of Loch Lomond, and of the towering peak of Ben Lomond. Here were no fences to be seen, and nothing to denote the presence of civilization but the low stone walls of the hut, with its thatched roof and two little windows of four panes of seven-by-nine glass, and a little potato-patch and cow-house near by.

As we approached, we saw a robust and intelligent-looking girl, apparently about twenty years old, standing in the door, and watching intently our movements.

Having a curiosity ourselves to see the interior of the lowly dwelling, we entered into conversation with her. She treated us courteously, and replied to all our inquiries with a dignified self-possession that many a mistress of a proud drawing-room might envy. What though her feet were bare, and her garments coarse and homespun; they were clean, and appropriate to her mode of life. The glow of health was on her cheek; and her whole manner betokened an active, intelligent mind, and a cheerful and buoyant heart.

She pointed out the beauties of the surrounding scenery with an appreciative taste; told us the history of her father's family; and, while she was entertaining us, her father, an old man of more than seventy years, approached from his day's toil with a scythe on his shoulder, and, with a courteous tip of his hat, joined our circle.

He said his name was McFarland: this, too, was the

name of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl;" and, for aught we knew, she was of the same family. He was born in that hut: his father and grandfather and great-grandfather were born and died there. It had been in the family one hundred and twenty-five years, and during that time had not been repaired, except to be thatched anew from time to time; and the furniture had not been changed. He expected himself to die there ere long; and then his son would take it. It belonged to the estate of the Duke of Montrose, as do all the lands for miles about there. They paid an annual rent of five pounds for the cottage and potato-patch, and pasturage and hay for the cow.

We were kindly invited to go into the cottage and drink a glass of milk. We gladly accepted the invitation; for we were curious to see the interior. There were two rooms, separated by a partial partition: a fire of turf was burning in a rude fireplace, sending out its smoke in every part of the room. Instead of a chimney, there was an opening in the thatch, through which part of the smoke escaped. The rafters, and every object in both rooms, were literally japanned with crystallized smoke, and shone like glass in the dim light. Instead of floor, there was the hard earth, smoothed by the wear of many generations, but still damp and gloomy. The furniture was simple and well worn. The dingy crockery and pewter platters adorned a "dresser" in the corner.

By the fireside, with her knitting in hand, sat the old lady, who for fifty years had been the companion of her husband in that lowly hut, and who was full of cheerfulness and good-humor. She read to us from her Gaelic Bible and Psalm Book, and told stories in her broad Scotch till the smoky roof resounded with our laughter.

Away over the loch, ten miles distant, they attend church on the sabbath. To us it would seem that their home-comforts must be few. Their dwelling is a fair sample of many Highland cottages which we afterwards entered. Luxuries the Highlanders have none, and even comforts are few; yet they are contented with their lot, and are a cheerful, intelligent, and worthy people, affectionate in their families, loyal to their queen, and true to their church. — *Merry's Museum*.

A COMMON FAULT.

THERE is a fault, common among school-children, which is generally known by the name of "muttering." It often spoils an otherwise good scholar. Now, we are unwilling to believe that a child would persist in this habit if he saw clearly that it was wrong. It has become, at last, fixed upon him; and though his teacher, as often as he repeats the offence, takes measures to correct him, yet it does him no permanent good. Now, if there are any "mutterers" among our little readers, we hope they will read carefully what we have to say to them.

We are quite sure that none of our readers would deliberately say to a teacher, "Who cares for you?" and yet it is the spirit of such a speech that they show when they look angry, and murmur. In nine cases out of ten, they are dissatisfied with themselves. They have lost their rank in the class through inattention or negligence; they have learned a lesson imperfectly, or they have delayed their time for going to school; and then, when the necessary consequences of their own neglect fall upon them, they are angry.

Now, why does the teacher govern by rewards and punishments? Because it is necessary for the good of his pupils. He must take measures to secure punctuality, order, and good recitations. The rules are not for his benefit. Often it pains him very much to be obliged to enforce them; and then, when his pupil looks upon punishment as if it were a gratification of the teacher's ill-will to him, and murmurs to himself what he dare not say openly, do you not think that teacher must feel grieved? He feels that his punishment has not attained its end. It has made the child angry instead of being sorry.

But suppose, for a moment, that the teacher is mistaken, — that he has supposed you to be in the wrong when you are not; will muttering mend the matter? Will it not be best to wait till he is at leisure, and then to state to him the case as it was, and ask to be excused from the penalty?

Anger, kept and nursed within the bosom, is like a hidden fire. It smoulders a while, and then bursts out all the more fiercely. So, if you cherish this habit of silent anger, your heart is kept constantly in a wicked and sinful state; and you may be led, before you are aware, to utter some word, or commit some act, the consequences of which you will bitterly regret.

Break the habit up at once. Do not allow yourself to do it again. Break it up for your teacher's sake, — whom you ought not willingly to grieve, — but especially for your own, as ill-will is a terrible guest in one's bosom. Break it up, and you will never wish to return to it again. If you learn to acquiesce cheerfully in your own punishment, you are in a fair way not to need punishment at all.

EDITOR.

M A R C H.

WE think even our boy-friends, who enjoy skating, sliding, and coasting so much, will say that they have had, during the past winter, as much as they wished, and will be very glad to welcome the spring again. And yet March is hardly spring. It often brings us snow and sleet, and always rude and boisterous winds. But then the sky is of a clear, deep blue; and here and there, in the sheltered patches, a few blades of grass spring up; and the days are quite long. The high wind, on a bright day, brings with it a great deal of vigor and of freshness. We have not outgrown our childish delight in facing a high wind, and in letting it disarrange our whole dress while we danced along. It is the thought of spring which makes these winds and this clear sky so pleasant. You have all enjoyed our winter of unusual cold; you have had snow to your hearts' content; and you are now ready for spring. The snow, as most of you know, serves the earth as a warm blanket, and prevents the frost from reaching down to the seeds, and the roots of the trees, which are in the ground. This blanket has been so thick this year, that we may hope for a harvest of unusual plenty. We almost envy those of our little readers who live in the country the pleasure of finding the first tiny wind-flower or houstonia or the May-flower; but we forget that this pleasure will not come for another month, and even longer. But certainly they may now see the "green meadows and brown furrowed fields re-appearing." March is a good month to study in. The bright

winds make our minds quick and active ; and thoughts of out-door frolics do not come in to disturb the attention. Let us all look forward with happy hearts to the return of spring ; not forgetting Him by whose promise it is " that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter," do not fail.

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Ay, let them say that thou art wild,
That from thy hand the tempest flies ;
But ever, from a very child,
I've loved thy clear and deep-blue skies.

I love thy keen and searching air,
And thy rude snow-gusts, chill and bleak :
I only think of thee as fair,
And in thy cold winds playmates seek.

Thou nourishest the first green blade
Kindly, within some sheltered nook,
And oft from that small spire hast made
A better tale than written book.

Thou hast a smile and cheerful face
For those who look on thee aright ;
And, in thy rude and witching grace,
More lovely thou than months more bright.

Then let them say that thou art wild,
And that thy winds are harsh and cold :
For me thy sun has ever smiled,
And still I love thee as of old.

EDITOR.

MONKEYS.

MONKEYS possess a very large share of sagacity, and have the power of acting in concert with each other to an extent that renders them very dangerous as bodies, although comparatively insignificant as individuals. They make regularly organized descents upon orchards and other cultivated grounds, and contrive to do an incredible amount of mischief in a very short time. It is said that they will silently strip the trees of their fruit, and convey their ill-gotten spoils into their own domains by passing it from hand to hand along the line of monkeys, which have arranged themselves at regular distances from the forest to the orchard. This, however, is scarcely authenticated enough to be admitted without further proof.

They seem devoted to mischief, and apparently undertake a mischievous task purely from a love of mischief itself, without the hope of gaining any thing, and frequently even when they are perfectly certain of being punished for it. My readers will doubtless remember the exploits of that monkey whose numerous tricks are related by Basil Hall in his "Fragments." The cunning animal would wait at the hatchway, with a handspike in his hands, until he heard some one mounting the steps, when he would let the handspike drop clattering down the ladder, and immediately take to his heels. The aggrieved party below, on finding his shins considerably scarified by the falling handspike, naturally enough vowed vengeance against Jacko, who would sit

in the rigging, alternately screaming with delight at his successful bit of mischief, and chattering with fear at the punishment which he knew would inevitably follow.

These tricks he would constantly play, until even the forbearance of the sailors would be exhausted; and Jacko was submitted to court-martial, tried, and condemned to suffer certain lashes. This he resented greatly, and, on more than one occasion, bit several of the sailors rather severely. The captain accordingly issued his mandate that the monkey should be thrown overboard; but the sailors, unwilling to lose their favorite, consulted with the assistant-surgeon, who, by depriving the monkey of his sharp teeth, rendered him quite harmless. Indeed, it would have gone to the sailors' hearts to lose him, as he was instructed to play most of his tricks on the marines, between which body of men and the sailors there is always a feud. The unfortunate animal at last lost his life by his love of mischief; for, on seeing the doctor very busily making calomel pills, he naturally thought he must value the substance at which he was working so hard. Accordingly, directly the doctor's back was turned, he pounced on the entire mass of pills, and, cramming them into his pouch, scudded off to the mast-head, where he was captured just as he had swallowed the last portion of the stolen property. He had abstracted enough calomel pills to dose the whole ship's company, and of course his constitution was not proof against the poison. In spite of every remedy, he died in a short time after he had swallowed the fatal pills.

It may appear singular that so small an animal could stow away so much in his cheeks; but the capability of

a monkey's pouches is almost as inscrutable as the appetite of a dragon-fly or a schoolboy. I have more than once endeavored to fill the pouches of a monkey to overflowing, but have never yet succeeded in so doing. A friend of mine, however, by selecting one of the smallest monkeys in the cage at the Zoölogical Gardens, and purchasing a large bag full of enormous nuts, did succeed in giving the little animal such a number of nuts that its pouches could contain no more. At last, after endeavoring in vain to insert another nut into the over-filled receptacles, it turned out the entire contents into its hands. Immediately it was surrounded by the other monkeys, who had been indignantly watching the appropriation of so many nuts by so insignificant a member of their society; and numerous were the hands that endeavored to snatch some of the unfortunate little monkey's property. The persecuted creature made its way to a shelf, deposited its burden, and covered it with its two hands. This ruse certainly guarded the nuts from the depredations of the surrounding monkeys, but effectually prevented the conveyance of any of them to the mouth of their legitimate owner, as, the moment that one of the hands were lifted off, half a dozen paws were instantly thrust forth, and the unfortunate little monkey — suffering as many human creatures do from a superabundance of wealth, for which all its relations were persecuting it — was forced to replace its hand, and content itself with showing its teeth, and chattering vigorously at its assailants. Suddenly a bright thought struck it. It pushed all the nuts up into a corner, watched an opportunity when its persecutors were not on their guard, suddenly turned round, and sat on them. Then, looking with an

air of triumphant defiance at the baffled fortune-hunters, it drew the nuts, one-by one, from beneath its person, and cracked them with great composure and dignity.

A baboon has been known to cram into its cheek-pouches a lady's purse, gloves, and handkerchief, of course with no other object in the world than mischief, as a monkey is an excellent judge of what is good to eat, and is not at all likely to be deceived into the idea that a purse, gloves, and handkerchief are eatable, however delicately scented the latter may be.

When monkeys are in captivity, they always endeavor to be noticed by visitors, partly for vanity's sake, and partly because they hope for certain donations of nuts, apples, and other dainties. Their jealousy is easily excited, and knows no bounds, if they imagine that their rival is getting more than his fair share of the good things. I was once a witness to a most absurd scene of jealousy.

A few years ago, one of Wombwell's well-known collections visited Oxford, and, as usual, exhibited a large allowance of monkeys. These little animals exercised all their ingenuity in attracting the notice of the visitors, in order to obtain some of the nuts, cakes, &c., which they saw the elephant receiving. One particularly lively monkey had attained to considerable eminence in his art, and used to monopolize no small portion of the various delicacies. Suddenly he failed to procure his usual supplies, and saw, with great indignation, that most of the visitors, particularly the ladies, had turned their attentions to the next cage. This, of course, excited his jealousy and curiosity, and he exercised all his endeavors to discover the cause of his desertion. At length, by

dint of great perseverance, he contrived to poke out a knot in the board which divided their partitions, and, on looking through, discovered that the inhabitant of the adjoining tenement had lately been blessed with a baby. That unfortunate baby-monkey instantly became the object of his unremitting persecution. He watched it through his knot-hole; he put his hand round the corner, and tried to pinch the poor little animal; he picked the keeper's pocket of the food that ought to have gone to the rival; and, in fact, spent his time in devising new annoyances. The mother, all this time, was perfectly acquainted with the evil designs of her neighbor, and carefully kept her baby away from the dangerous corner where the monkey's hand was continually intruding itself. In a short time, the little one was suffered to go about by itself, and its untiring enemy redoubled his exertions.

At last, his time of revenge arrived. One day, he was observed to pay more attention than usual to his peep-hole; and, after long and patient watching, he was seen to commence that peculiar vibrating movement which generally prefaces a monkey's mischief. Suddenly his eye was withdrawn from the knot-hole, his hand thrust through quick as lightning, and withdrawn, bringing with it the tail of the unfortunate little monkey on the other side of the partition. He fixed his feet firmly on each side of the knot-hole, and tugged away at his rival's tail, alternately screaming with delight, and chattering with fear at the punishment which he well knew would follow. The poor baby-monkey, on being assaulted in such an unexpected manner, set up a most heart-rending outcry; on hearing which, its mother flew to its

assistance, and, seeing her offspring apparently fastened to the wall, seized it by its arms, and pulled with all her might in order to release it. The aggressor chattered, the mother remonstrated, and the baby screamed, until the outcry drew the attention of a keeper, at whose approach the aggressor loosed his hold of his victim's tail, and crouched into the farthest corner of his cage, where he displayed exceeding ingenuity in avoiding the cuts of the keeper's whip.

It was fair-time at Oxford, and Wombwell's was, of course, a great attraction, and the monkeys, as usual, were much appreciated by the visitors. Among the spectators was a boy of about twelve or thirteen, who had deemed it necessary to pay due honor to the fair by appearing in a new cap. He, among others, had been attracted by the ludicrous antics of a cage full of monkeys; and, in his delight at their wit and activity, he approached too near the wires. Instantly the ready hand of a monkey seized his much-prized cap, dragged it through the bars, and held it in triumph for the inspection of the other inhabitants of the cage. The keeper immediately came to the rescue; but the monkey, who appeared to be perfectly acquainted with the length of the keeper's whip and arm, retreated to the further corner of the cage, twisted the crown of the cap up like a rope, bit a great circular piece out, and flung it at the former owner. This process was continued until he had disposed of the entire cap, with the exception of the leather shade. This made him very angry; and he danced about the cage in great indignation, biting and tearing at it without the slightest effect. At last, he seemed to consider it a hopeless business, and consoled

himself with using it as a missile against the spectators who were watching his proceedings.

It is very amusing to give a monkey something which he does not quite understand. The air of supreme wisdom and indifference with which he at first views it soon yields to the spirit of curiosity, so deeply seated in monkeys as well as in men; and he examines it with cautious fear, but soon either declines meddling with it altogether, or else despises it as a weak invention of the enemy. There are always some monkeys kept in the Botanical Gardens at Oxford, and these creatures afford a never-failing fund of amusement to those who walk in the gardens. Every one goes to look at the monkeys: some tease them by poking them with sticks, pelting them with small stones, or, what seems to irritate them more than any thing else, by grinning at them, — an art which some of the undergraduates possess in great perfection.

The monkeys are particularly fond of the leaves that are blown within their reach, and appreciate them almost as much as they do orange-peel.

A few days before these lines were written, a great humble-bee, that had maimed itself, was pushed into the monkey's cage. Of course, it set up a tremendous buzzing, which immediately drew the attention of the monkeys. They were evidently completely upset by the entrance of such an unwonted intruder. Banquo's ghost himself could not have caused more dismay than did the great humble-bee among the monkeys. They approached it with great care, always dashing up the sides of the cage at every fresh ebullition of the humble-bee, and looking down at it with intense horror. At last, one of them, after considering the matter, picked up a piece of paper,

that, among other objects, had been inserted into their cage, and, with a dexterity that a grocer might have envied, twisted it up into a sugar-loaf form. He then approached the humble-bee, which was lying on its back, spinning round and round, and making an extraordinary hubbub, swept it into the paper receptacle, twisted it up with astonishing rapidity, and patted and rolled it about until the hums of the enclosed bee were most effectually stopped by being mashed into a pulp. When this end had been attained, the monkey took up the paper containing the triturated bee, and flung it through the railings with all its strength.

The same monkeys were particularly perplexed by a snail that had made its way into their cage. They seldom ventured to put their fingers near it; but when it began to crawl, and waved its head and horns in the air, the temptation was irresistible, and they accordingly just pushed it with the tips of their fingers. On feeling the cold slimy surface of the snail, and seeing it retreat within its shell, they looked, with the most ludicrous dismay, first at the ends of their fingers, and then at the retreating snail. — *Selected.*

"EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING."

SOME of our little readers are doubtless familiar with this proverb and its application; but perhaps they do not all apply it to themselves. Among little people, as well as among their elders, there exist a large class who see, not the silver lining, but the dark and ugly cloud. This

class of persons are fitly named *fault-finders*. In fact, it seems the business of their lives to see only what is disagreeable and unpleasant; and, even when some friend who does see the “silver lining” points it out to them, they refuse to look at it.

Among these are a large number of grumblers at the weather, — those who find it too hot, too cold, too wet, or too dry; never considering that all these extremes are needful to furnish man with food, and to preserve him in health.

We were never more forcibly struck with the absurdity and wickedness of this species of fault-finding than about a year and a half ago. Some of you will perhaps remember, that, during the summer before last, in the months of July and August, there was a great drought. No rain fell, as week after week passed by. The corn was shrivelled and brown, and every field seemed scorched as if by fire. Farmers fretted, and sighed over their grain; and everywhere people shook their heads, and prophesied a famine. But the cloud had a silver lining, and a very bright one too. When the farmers began to dig their potatoes, they found none of the blight upon them which had spoiled for many years the larger part of the crop. They gathered them into their barns in great abundance, and they remained sound, and of excellent quality. Then it was seen that the drought had been exactly what was needed for the potatoes. The wet weather of previous summers had caused the blight, and the dry weather had put an end to it. Potatoes have always formed a great part of the sustenance of the poorer classes; and, in this way, the all-wise Being had provided for the needy, and rebuked those who were not willing to trust him.

Children feel much disappointed when they have been anticipating any enjoyment of which they are necessarily deprived. Very few of them have learned to wear the same pleasant smile, when the shower compels them to lay aside the hats or bonnets which they have taken for the proposed ramble, as they would have done when setting out upon it. The dark cloud covers every thing, — even their own faces. They do not see how the thirsty earth drinks in the rain, nor observe what a pleasant sound the falling water-drops make. Nay, often foolish girls and boys try to spread the dark cloud, by being cross and uncomfortable at home, annoying their elders with their fretfulness and discontent, and teasing their younger brothers and sisters till the little ones are as cross as themselves.

How much better would it be to see the silver lining, to remember that there are pleasant things to be done at home, that there is a new book to read, or that such a rainy afternoon is the right time to finish that scrap-book of pictures for the baby, or to mend that torn kite, or to arrange the books on the book-shelves, or to make dolly that new dress which some careful mamma or elder sister cut out so long ago !

You may think, children, that it is a very little thing to neglect to see this silver lining ; but your happiness during your lives will very greatly depend upon it. Clouds *will* come when you are older, — heavy clouds, such as overspread the sky of every one who lives ; and, if you have not seen the silver lining to the little fleecy ones of childhood, will you be likely to find it in these ? Will a child who frets half an hour, because he has bumped his head or cut his finger, be preparing himself

for the endurance of a long fit of sickness by and by? Will a little girl, who cries because she cannot go to walk with a schoolmate, see the silver lining to the dark cloud that *must* come by and by, when God takes away from earth some one she dearly loves?

Let a friend, who can speak from experience, assure you, that, the earlier this lesson is learned, the easier it will be. If you learn early to look on the bright side, you will always do so; in sickness, your body will not be half so conscious of suffering as the mind of the gentle tones and loving attentions of those around you; and in all the events of life, whether they come directly from the hand of the Father, and his finger seems to point to the silver lining, or whether they seem to have been brought about by human means, this power will be a support and comfort when every thing around you fails.

EDITOR.

"WHO'S AFRAID?"

LORD HOWE, when a captain, was once hastily awakened, in the middle of the night, by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him, with great agitation, that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, leisurely putting on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and again returned, exclaiming, "You need not be afraid: the fire is extinguished." "Afraid!" replied Howe: "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life." And, looking at the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks." — *Selected.*

MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING.

"FROST on the windows ever so thick! great seaweed patterns, and coral patterns, on every pane!" cried Emma, as she peeped up from her comfortable bed. "But I don't care, Mr. Jack Frost; for it is New Year's Day, and I rather think I shall have some presents, — one, two, three, certainly, perhaps four. George did not give me one last year, but I guess he will this. Who cares for cold weather?"

Emma did care a good deal usually; but now she sprang out of bed, thought it very good fun to break the ice in her water-pitcher, laughed heartily because the chattering of her teeth made her say such queer, stuttering words to her sister, and was holding her numbed fingers to the fire before breakfast was on the table. Then came the usual joke. "There is your breakfast, Em," said her brother George, gravely: "it is all the breakfast you are to have. I hope you have no dyspepsy."

Full of glee, Emily caught up the little parcel he laid on her plate, and screamed with delight as she displayed a new silver thimble. "How *did* you know what I wanted? I trod on mine last week, and father shaped it out, to be sure; but it does pinch me so! Oh! I thank you a hundred times over, you dear Georgy!"

"Once will do, especially if you will please not to call me Georgy."

"Oh! I forgot; I did not mean to. But what is this? O mother! half a dozen nice linen pocket-handkerchiefs for me to hem, all marked with my name!

Just what I need, mother dear ! Mine are beginning to tatter."

"Got a dictionary to lend me, Emily ? I want to find that new verb."

Emily did not hear him ; for now her father advanced upon her on one side with a new geography and atlas, while her sister slipped into her pocket a pair of woollen wristlets she had just knit for her. And Emily could not help exclaiming all breakfast-time, "How could you all know exactly what I wanted most ? Oh, how happy I am !"

And now she was getting ready for school. The comfortable blue-and-white wristlets were drawn on ; she was hugging up the new atlas, dilating on the deficiencies of the old worn-out one she had been using. "You know, mother, it was quite an old edition, too, — full of mistakes, the United States are so different now from what they used to be when my brother Timothy went to school. Why, Timothy must be thirty years old, — isn't he ? I can't remember his age ; for he has been in the East Indies ever since I was a little girl. You know he had that old atlas ; and then George and Maria" —

Here she was interrupted by the appearance of another little parcel, which her mother produced from a huge work-basket. It was labelled, "Aunt Harriet wishes her dear Emily a *contented* New Year."

"Why, mother ! another present for me ? Why, that is five ! I never had but four in my life before. A needlebook, a morocco needlebook, I declare ! Was there ever such a beauty ? Only look, Maria ! how complete ! needles, cunning little scissors, tape-needle, emery-bag, and a place for a thimble ! If my new one would only

fit! It does! I declare it does! Dear, dear, *dear* Aunt Harriet! how kind! She must have made it on purpose, — didn't she?"

"Yes, my child: she thought you would value it so much more because she made it; and she borrowed the thimble, to make a place that would fit it, and took a great deal of pains. You see how beautifully it is made."

"Indeed it is. I never saw any thing like it. Well, mother, I never had five presents before; and I am so happy! May I carry my needlebook and thimble to show the girls at school? Thank you! You must not wonder if I jump through the snow-banks, I am so happy. Why didn't Aunt Harriet wish me a *happy* New Year? Everybody does. Good-by!" And away she went, looking joyously back to her mother and sister, as they watched her scampering through the cold, frosty morning.

Was it another little girl of eleven who came home that day at noon? No, it was the same; but in a mood so different, she could hardly be called the same. She came slowly into the house, was a long while hanging her garments in the entry-closet, and presented a face at last which might well have furnished an artist with a portrait of Discontent.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed Mr. Burroughs. "Have you trod on your new thimble, or lost your new atlas in a snow-bank?"

"I almost wish I had," muttered Emily.

"Emily!" said her mother. "Is that the way to speak of your father's gift?"

"Well, mother, I do wish he had given me any thing

but a school-book, the girls did laugh so at my calling a common school-book a New Year's gift. They said that was real mean; for he was bound to supply me with grammars and geographies, and such things; and they wondered he did not give me a bunch of slate-pencils. And such presents as the other girls had, mother! Jane Slater had ever so many; and Lucy Clarke had a *gold* thimble, and a pair of bracelets, — a black one and a gold one; and Susan Forbes had a set of furs, and as many as a dozen books, I should think; and Lucy Jones had an elegant workbox, full of every thing, and a portfolio, with a lock and key, and ever so much note-paper; and — O mother! I can't remember half the things they told about; and they brought a great many to school, and were showing them about, and were so proud and so happy!"

"And were not you as happy this morning?"

"Yes, mother. I didn't know what sort of presents the other girls would have; but I had the fewest of any. I don't think there was a girl in school who had less than ten or a dozen; and *such* presents too! You have no idea how much some of them cost. And Caroline Clarke said she had thirty-two; only think of that! To be sure, she is a minister's daughter, and I suppose the parishioners gave her some. She told us what they all were, and some of them were just useful things like mine. I wonder she was not ashamed to tell of them; but she said, right out before all the girls, that she liked them best. But there was Laura Graves, — the richest girl in school, mother: her father gave her such a splendid ring! and her mother gave her a mosaic pin, — Florentine mosaic, they said it was. And she had a gold pencil, and such

elegant worked pocket-handkerchiefs, — O mother ! I told of mine when I first went into school ; and I know the girls were laughing at me, — I know they were ! ”

And here Emily’s vexation found vent in a flood of tears.

“ I would rather see you cry than hear you talk in such a strain,” said her father, gravely. And they sat down to a dinner made cheerless by the silent tears and sullenness of the youngest daughter.

Just after dinner, Mrs. Burroughs called Emily into the kitchen. She found a little girl, who had brought a large basket of shavings to sell, standing shivering by the fire. Her hands were blue, and her bare feet peeped through her ragged shoes and stockings ; and a thin, old shawl was her only outer garment, half covering a faded calico gown.

“ Emily,” said Mrs. Burroughs, “ would you like to give this poor child a pair of your old shoes ? I asked her just now how many New-Year presents she had had ; and she looked very much surprised, and said, ‘ *None at all.* ’ ”

Emily looked at the wretched little figure, who seemed hardly to understand what they meant, and went silently to her chamber for the only pair she had to give away. They were very shabby, but much better than those taken off, whose soles and bodies, as George remarked, were about to part. The evil spirit still possessed Emily ; and, as she stooped to tie the shoe over which the benumbed little fingers fumbled in vain, she said, “ Why don’t your mother mend your stockings ? ”

“ She hasn’t got no needles nor thread,” said the child.

"Would she mend them if she had?" asked Emily.

"She used to mend them, ma'am; but she broke two of her needles, and she lost Miss Pratt's big darning down a crack in the floor; and now Miss Pratt won't lend her another, and she's only got two little needles in a bit of flannel: they ain't big enough for nothing. And she can't buy any yarn, neither."

"Why, it would not take much to buy a needle and a skein of yarn," persisted Emily: "the cents mother gives you for your shavings to-day would buy it all."

The child looked ready to cry. "We want it to buy milk for the baby; and then there's coal, and something for the rest of us to eat; and the rent, ma'am, worst of all while father's sick abed."

Emily looked at her mother: the discontented countenance began to soften.

"It is all true, Emily," said Mrs. Burroughs. "Your father and I know the family. The man used to saw wood for us before George was old enough to do it; and, since the poor fellow has been sick, we have been to see him; and yesterday we paid three dollars for his rent, which we might have spent on a New Year's gift to our Emily, if we had supposed she would prefer it. We could not afford to do both."

Emily's eyes began to fill with a different sort of tears; and, as she stood musing, her hand involuntarily touched the new morocco needlebook in her pocket. "Ah, mother!" exclaimed she, "my old needlebook is full of needles! May I? may I?"

Mrs. Burroughs understood, and answered with a nod; and Emily flew up stairs again, returning this time with cheerful haste, and holding out to the little girl what had

been a very gay crimson needlebook, made of flannel covered with ribbon, and well stocked with needles of all sizes. "You shall have *one* present," said she, as the child took it with a look of perfect admiration and delight.

"I think I have got two," said she, holding out one foot; "and I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, miss."

Emily's heart warmed still more as she saw how welcome were her own cast-off articles; and she added, "I'll go to work this very evening, and mend up a pair of my old stockings for you, if you'll come and get them to-morrow."

"Thank you, ma'am: I'll come, certain."

From the parlor window, Emily saw the shavings-seller running briskly off with a happy face, looking at her red needlebook with a curious satisfaction; and then Emily listened — surprised, humbled, and made wiser — while her parents explained to her that a small salary and hard times compelled them to rigid economy, and that they had hesitated about sending her to an expensive school, among rich girls, but had decided that they must economize in other things, and give her such an education as would qualify her for a teacher; and they had anticipated, from her discontented temper, that she would have such trials as this day had brought, but had hoped so to deal with her that the trials would bring only wholesome discipline, and develop her better nature.

That night, Emily was again rejoicing over her five gifts, as she sewed for the poor child who had only an old pair of shoes and needlebook; and she thought of the many and splendid presents of her schoolmates with

a satisfaction which showed that the singular wish of her Aunt Harriet's morning salutation, if not at *noon*, had been answered at night. New Year's Day closed upon her in a spirit of *content*.

L. J. H.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND.

(Concluded from p. 62.)

By the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, the republic of Switzerland was declared to be a sovereign State, exempt from the jurisdiction of the empire; but, as time rolled on, new perils arose. After a peace that had endured for ages, war was declared by the French republic, in 1798, against the confederated cantons; and the latter levied an army of twenty-six thousand men. A French general forthwith entered the territory of Berne, displaced the ruling families, possessed himself of the treasures of the State, and proposed a new constitution, which was designed to change the government from a federal to a united republic. The larger cantons, trusting to gain an ascendancy under the new system, were inclined to acquiesce; but the smaller States, attached to their time-tried institutions, assembled in arms, appointed Paravicini as their leader, and, drawing the French general into an ambuscade, by a signal defeat arrested his career. This victory enabled the Swiss to conclude a treaty, whereby the small States agreed to accept the new constitution, provided their internal administration continued as before. But the canton of Underwalden refused to agree to the terms; and thither

was marched a large body of French troops, accompanied by artillery.

The hardy peasantry were not to be daunted. On the 8th of September, 1798, began a battle which lasted till the following evening. The Swiss, ardent for liberty and warm with patriotism, fought with desperate valor. Brandishing clubs and spears, they encountered the muskets and bayonets of the invaders, and answered the thunders of artillery with huge fragments of rock. Vain, however, was the stern resistance of the gallant mountaineers; for, the town of Standtz being taken, the houses in its charming valley were given to the flames, and the inhabitants massacred without respect to age or sex.

After this terrible disaster, all Switzerland subscribed to the new constitution; Lucerne was selected as the seat of government; and a close alliance was formed between the Helvetic Republic and the French Directory. But the French oppressed the Swiss, and the Swiss sighed for their ancient laws and institutions. Rushing to arms, in 1802, the inhabitants of the cantons, with the impetuosity of their ancestors, wrested Zurich, Friburg, and Berne from their foreign masters, and nominated Aloys Reding as their chief. At this crisis, Bonaparte, proclaiming himself their mediator, ordered that all hostilities should cease. The Helvetic Diet remonstrated: but the appearance of an army of thirty thousand men, under Ney, silenced their complaints; and the publication of a mediatorial decree suppressed the national independence of Switzerland.

But a few years wrought a marvellous change in the face of Europe: the mighty emperor fell, and Switzer-

land obtained deliverance. After the peace of Paris, in 1814, her ancient form of government was restored; and, by rendering the allied and subject districts integral parts of the republic, the number of cantons was increased from thirteen to twenty-two. In 1830, their respective governments, alarmed at the signals of tumult, propitiated popular feeling by reforming abuses, and thus added strength to the guaranties of freedom. — *Selected.*

“THEREFORE ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM; FOR THIS IS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.”

Do not turn over the leaf, children, when you see the familiar golden rule at the head of this article. We do not now intend to draw your attention to it in its highest sense, but only in one of its manifestations. In that excellent new book, “Out of Debt, out of Danger,” by “Cousin Alice,” the little heroine wishes for some rule, like a rule in Latin grammar, which she might learn once, and then be always lady-like. A friend, a few years older than herself, tells her that there is such a rule, — a golden one.

A great many boys and girls would be very much amazed to find this a true rule of politeness; but, nevertheless, it is the best that ever has been or ever can be given. True politeness springs from a desire to see those around you comfortable and happy. If we do to others as we would have them do to us, we shall endeavor to make them so. This rule of politeness entirely forbids “company manners.” It would make children polite at home as well as abroad. We have

known a great many children who would behave well at a party, who would wait till the plate of cake was passed to them, and would take the least tempting piece, who, at home, would quarrel with a brother or sister for the brownest slice of toast. We have known children, who, in company, would readily consent to play a game, which, if proposed in recess at school, they would refuse to join.

These children had not been taught that politeness is only another form of love. They imagined it was something they put on with their best dress, or their best jacket and pantaloons. They did not know that true politeness is almost a virtue, and can best be cultivated by an unselfish regard to the welfare of others.

Do you not see, children, that strict attention to the golden rule would make your voices low and pleasant, that you might not disturb others; would make you yield cheerfully the cushioned arm-chair, the seat by the fire or by the open window; would make you refrain from doing any thing which would hurt another?

If you still doubt, try it for one day. Bear about with you the golden rule into all your studies and sports. Let it be your companion when you sit down and when you rise up. You will find, that, with this monitor, you cannot be indifferent to the happiness of others; you will be obliged to consult it before your own; and you will find that the truest Christian will have the truest politeness: not that artificial varnish and polish which sometimes pass for such, and which many possess who do not take the Bible for the guide of their life; not the counterfeit, but the pure gold of the golden rule, which will shine the brighter the more it is used.

EDITOR.

AN HOUR IN THE REPTILE-ROOM.

I NEVER could find it in my heart to love snakes of any kind. I take them, the whole race of them, to belong to the unlovable portion of the animal kingdom, if there is such a portion; and certain it is that serpents are pretty generally hated. Still, I confess to a liking for looking at the different members of the family, when I am quite sure that I can do so with safety; and I confess, moreover, that, during the day I spent at the Zoölogical Gardens in London, nothing interested me more, on the whole, than the magnificent saloon appropriated mainly to reptiles. There is probably a larger collection of serpents in this room than can be found anywhere else in the world; and the conveniences for keeping them, and exhibiting them to advantage, are, I suppose, unparalleled. Immense glass cages are appropriated to each species, sufficiently spacious, in every case, to allow the inmates to enact their respective parts, some of which are tragic enough.

There is an almost endless variety of form and color in these serpents. Some of these exotic pythons and boas are monsters. One of them, they told me, weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. In their cages, a tree of considerable dimensions is placed; and on this tree they frequently repose, the tail coiled round one of the boughs. Others were sleeping soundly on a mat at the bottom of their glass house. Most of the different animals in the entire gardens are fed at a stated time; and those persons who are disposed to witness the manner in which the

various species capture their prey, and eat, can have an opportunity of doing so. When the hour arrived for feeding the boas, an immense crowd assembled, all eager to behold what, in itself, is an exceedingly unpleasant sight. The boa that was fed this time was not of very great dimensions, and the animal assigned him for his dinner was comparatively small. It was a hare. Poor fellow ! if ever I pitied a dumb creature in my life, — and I believe I have known something of that feeling, — it was that innocent hare. As soon as he was placed in the cage, he seemed to comprehend at a glance the extreme danger of his position, and to have considered himself a lost hare. He shrunk timidly away into a corner of the cage, and shook as if he had the ague, at the same time crying piteously. What were the exact thoughts which passed in that hare's mind during the very few moments left him for contemplation, I suppose we have not the means of knowing; but I am sure he seemed begging for mercy of his powerful enemy. I could almost hear him whine out something like this language: "Pray, don't kill me, Mr. Boa, or Mr. Python, or whatever great monarch I have the honor to address; for I am a poor innocent rabbit. I never offended you. I never had an unkind feeling toward you in my life." And then, perceiving the huge monster by no means moved to pity, but was rather moving to quite a different purpose, methinks I heard him say, "Nay, great prince; I am too mean an animal to presume to enter your august throat. I am but a little scapegrace of a hare. In yonder pool there is a seal, a very fat seal, who would please you much better."

The serpent coiled his tail closer around one of the

highest boughs of the tree, and gradually raised his head, displaying a pair of eyes that seemed to look right through the little shivering hare.

"That seal" — the hare is supposed to go on with his plea — "is worthy of your majesty's favor. He — oh ! pray, noble sir, spare" —

But there was no pity in the breast of that monster ; nor did he seem to have been moved in the least by the arguments of the hare, if such as I have surmised were used on the occasion. Quick almost as a flash of lightning, the boa had leaped down from the tree ; and, in another instant, the poor hare was folded in the embrace of death. The serpent gradually drew tighter the coils in which he held his victim, still retaining his hold of the bough of the tree, until he appeared to be satisfied that life was extinct, when he made preparations for — you know the rest. One thing, however, which is charged to the account of his race, he neglected to do. He did not prepare his victim for the feat he performed in connection with him by any such process as we have so often heard of. I was glad to find that death took place so soon after the victim was seized. I don't believe the poor hare lived a minute after the serpent pounced upon him.

There were several large rattlesnakes in this room, and I know not how many venomous serpents. Some of them were clad in a beautiful dress, and their eyes were perfectly fascinating. Here I saw several species of the *Cerastes*, one of the most deadly serpents in the world. One species of this genus, called the Egyptian asp, is supposed to be the same that Queen Cleopatra used to destroy her life ; that is, if the story of her death is true, which many of the wise ones doubt. This serpent, when free,

in its native country, generally lies just below the surface of the sand, through which the hornlike appendages above the eye may then be seen peering above the surface. Not the slightest motion indicates the existence of life below them, until, perhaps, some little unsuspecting inhabitant of the desert happens to come along that way. Then, in an instant, the head of the serpent is raised above his ambush, the jaws are opened wide, and the fangs erected from the sheath in which they are ordinarily embedded. Swift as an arrow is the stroke of the serpent. The subtle poison mingles with the victim's blood, and in about one hundred seconds it is dead.

A gentleman, who once visited this reptile-room at night, says that the inmates played a great many pranks which cannot be seen in the daytime. He represents the spectacle at that season as full of terrible interest. "About ten o'clock one evening," says he, "in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate glass which faces the cages was invisible; and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement, and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the boas and pythons, the rattlesnakes and cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge boas and pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon intertwining each other in massive folds; then, separat-

ing, they would rush over and under the branches, hissing, and lashing their tails, in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans of water, and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better; and on the uppermost branch of the tree, in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and to the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smallest serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it at least disliked its company. During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of noises were heard. A strange scratching at the glass would be audible: it was the carnivorous lizard, endeavoring to inform us that it was a fast-day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter; and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze from the brilliant eyes of the huge pythons was more fascinating than pleasant, and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trousers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs." — *Woodworth*.

**“BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART; FOR
THEY SHALL SEE GOD.”**

A GROUP of children were running about, wild with glee at the various pleasures of a picnic in the summer woods. Some were eagerly hunting for flowers, some bent upon following the sparkling brook to its source, others were playing hide-and-seek among the trees, while others still enjoyed most a scamper across the sunny fields.

There was one among them, a little girl of happy but thoughtful look, who for a while pursued the same sports as the rest, and with the same hearty enjoyment. But she was always kind and gentle, helping the weak, waiting for the slow, and always acting unselfishly. But, at last, she seemed to grow tired of the loud laughter and gayety of her companions; and when, at length, a new game was started, she slipped aside, and ran down a shady path alone.

Here she was soon joined by her mother (for the children were accompanied by their parents). She found her daughter standing alone, on a kind of cliff, where the wood ended. The prospect from here was quite extensive: fields, rocks, and stream, all lay bright and beautiful in the sunshine; the birds were singing overhead; and the air was full of little insects, dancing in the light.

“What are you thinking about, Mary?” said her mother.

The little girl looked round quickly. “O mother, how beautiful it all is! how good God is to give us such a lovely world!”

"And do you love to think of him, when you see all this pleasant prospect?"

"Oh yes, indeed, mother! I should not enjoy it half as much without thinking of him. Does not this bright sunshine seem like his smile? And these little birds, — how happy they are! Do you remember my hymn, mother, —

**"It was my heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth"?**

Then see, just see, all these flowers! it seems as if he had put them here for us to find." And Mary stooped down to gather them.

But, while they were gathering the flowers and talking about them, the sun suddenly became clouded; the birds, one after another, ceased their songs; the insects disappeared; and a low muttering of thunder was heard in the distance. The party hastily collected, and sought shelter in a shed, which protected them from the rain, which now began to fall. The lightning flashed very bright, and the thunder rolled with its heavy crash overhead. Many of the children, and some of the older people, were much alarmed; but Mary stood silently gazing out at the storm, watching the lightning, and holding her breath with awe to listen to the thunder. "How grand, how beautiful, it is!" said she, at last, pressing her mother's hand.

"Grand! beautiful! Why, Mary, are you not frightened?" exclaimed two or three of the children.

"No," said Mary, "not at all: it seems as if God were so very near."

"But supposing the lightning should strike you?"

"Why, then," said Mary, in a very low tone, "it would seem as if God took me."

Her mother made no remark; but she thought, "Blessed indeed are the pure in heart;" for they can see God in the sunshine and the storm. And her mother was right: Mary was most truly one of the "pure in heart." She had not learned to dread the thought of that omnipresent eye which looks into the heart; for, in her heart, she kept no thought which she wished to conceal from Him. She had not, by light or irreverent use of his name, accustomed herself to any but the highest and holiest ideas of God. He was, to her, indeed a heavenly Father. She loved to think that he was ever near her; she felt that he sympathized in all her pleasures and pains. She told him, with a true childlike trust, all her wants, confessed her faults, and asked his forgiveness. Her spirit was truly one of those of whom our Saviour said, "They do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven."

Mary's life was for many years a very happy one. Her parents loved her very dearly, and they were rich enough to be able to gratify all her reasonable wishes. She had health and strength, the best opportunities for education and for enjoyment. As she grew up, her mother often felt much anxiety lest these things should fill all her thoughts, and lead her, "in the multitude of gifts, to forget the Giver;" for, unnatural as it is, it is still true, that, the more God gives us to enjoy, the less we often think about him or thank him. But it was not so with Mary: she kept her purity of heart through all the temptations to vanity and selfishness which she met with; therefore she was not led to think of her advan-

tages and pleasures as her *right*: she took them all as gifts of love from her Father in heaven, thanked him for every new means of happiness, and saw his love in the love of her parents and friends.

She could still, as when a child, see God in the sunshine; but will she be able to see him in the storm?

The trial was near at hand. One day, when returning from a walk, Mary was met by a frightened horse, which rushed wildly out of a cross-street; and, before she could escape, she was knocked down and trampled upon. She was carried home senseless; and, for a long time, they thought she was dead: but at last she opened her eyes, and smiled faintly on the anxious faces round her bed. But her injuries were very severe, and the physician felt convinced that she could never be wholly well again. Her first words about the accident were, "Mother, it would not have happened unless God had pleased: so it must be for my good; and I hope I shall never complain." And she never did, either by word or look, even when suffering the most. She could see God's hand in it all, and never for a moment doubted his love. She was so gentle, so thoughtful for others, so grateful for every act of kindness, that it was a pleasure to wait upon her, or even to be in her room. Her mother was her devoted and loving nurse. But God's hand was again laid on this family. Her mother was removed by death, after a brief sickness, while her life seemed almost essential to her poor sick daughter.

Poor Mary! this was the hardest trial of all; for her mother had always been her dearest earthly friend. How happy was it for her now, that she had never been separated, by sin or indifference, from her heavenly Parent!

Sorrow only brought her nearer to him; and, though she shed very bitter tears at her loss, there was not one feeling of distrust or repining. The storm which broke over her head did not terrify her, nor hide God from her sight.

But Mary was not long to be separated from her mother. She was rapidly approaching that season which so many look forward to with fear and trembling. Her health was never restored after her accident; and, at length, she seemed gradually sinking away. She knew it herself, but felt no fear. She talked freely of death: she felt that God was very near her; that he would never leave her nor forsake her, even when she should "walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Sin had not so clouded her sight that the way looked dark and gloomy; but the light of the happy home beyond seemed to shine upon the whole of the path.

As she was dying, she turned her eyes upon her father, who stood by her side, hushing his own grief that he might listen to every word she breathed, and said, "Father, I shall soon see God."

"He has always seemed present with you, Mary, while you have been with us," was her Father's reply.

"Now," she returned, "we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."

A few minutes more, and her spirit took its flight to the more immediate presence of that holy God whose image had always been reflected back from her pure soul as light from an untarnished mirror. "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they," and they alone, "shall see God."

M. M.

E A S T E R.

THE festival of Easter, one of the most joyous days of the whole Christian church, occurs this year during this month. It celebrates the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, and is observed on the continent of Europe with much pomp and splendor. We wish we might see its observance increase from year to year, as that of Christmas has done. We give our young readers an Easter hymn, written as a school-exercise many years ago, which they may like to commit to memory to recite on that day to their father or Sunday-school teacher : —

Let anthems of praise usher in the glad morning !
 The Lord hath arisen ! — shout, nations, to-day !
 The star at his birth, in the east faintly dawning,
 Now shines with a lustre which ne'er will decay.

The Lord hath arisen ! Though guards watched around him,
 Though mighty the stone at the sepulchre laid,
 He burst through the fetters of death that had bound him,
 The wounds of the cross to his followers displayed.

The Lord hath arisen ! — and, o'er men benighted,
 The mild rays of truth from the gospel are shed ;
 The pathway along the dark valley is lighted
 By faith, that, like Christ, we shall rise from the dead.

The Lord hath arisen ! The soul is immortal,
 And this world of sorrow is not our abode :
 The cold, darksome grave wide hath opened its portal,
 And Jesus, the Saviour, ascended to God.

Then sound the high chorus, your loud voices raise ;
 Throughout all creation let no one be dumb ;
 Sing, sing to our God hallelujahs of praise ;
 For Jesus, our Strength, our Deliverer, has come !

EDITOR.

A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR YOUNG
FRIENDS AT ROME.

WE left Paris, on the 5th of January, in the cars for Lyons, and, from there, went down the Rhone to Marseilles. After remaining there three days, we took the steamer to Nice. When we arrived at Nice, the morning of the 12th January, the weather was so mild that our cloaks were oppressively warm. Nice is a beautiful place, situated on the sea-shore, at the foot of a mountain. Here, for the first time, we saw the orange growing : the trees were laden with their delicious fruit. We drove from Nice to Geneva. I never enjoyed a drive so much ; indeed, it is said to be the finest in Europe. The hard, smooth road lies sometimes on the shore of the dark-blue sea ; then inland, through groves of orange, lemon, and olive trees ; then winding on the edge of a mountain, with rocky ledges overhanging us, or, in some places, passing through tunnels cut in the solid rock ; then suddenly turning to descend, when, below us, we could see a large populated village, situated on the shore, surrounded by mountains, looking so cosy and pleasant in its retreat that one almost envies its inhabitants. Above it, on a rocky eminence, you will see another village ; but, oh ! when we entered its narrow, dirty streets, we found distance truly lent enchantment. In some of these towns we would stop to dine, or spend the night, as we were four days on the way. We were almost sorry to hear the cracking of our postilion's whip, announcing our entrance to Geneva. They are famous for their handling of the whip : I have actually heard one of them crack a tune.

I was very much disappointed in Geneva. Its location is perfect ; but the interior of the town, with the exception of its three palaced streets, is filthy. These are narrow ; but the palaces (most of which we entered) are magnificent. One has a saloon, the cost of which, without the furniture, was one million francs : the sides are covered with mirrors, separated by gilded pilasters ; the ceiling, with the finest frescoed painting. We remained in Geneva three days, and took the steamer one lovely moonlight evening for Civita Vecchia. Here we took a posting carriage for Rome. The dress of the postilions, and the John-Gilpin rate at which they drive, are comical enough. The country about Rome is level and uninteresting : occasionally a flock of sheep or cattle, with their keeper covered with the skin of a goat, give proof of some life. At the last post-house, twelve miles distant, we had our first glimpse of the great dome of St. Peter's, and we entered the gate of the Eternal City after sundown ; but the moon was shining brightly, and, as we passed the portico of St. Peter's, we could see the fountains playing in its light. These are the most graceful and pleasing fountains of the hundreds in the city. It was a long drive to our hotel ; and our eyes and heads were on the alert to catch a glimpse of the Coliseum, Pantheon, or some other prominent ruin. But no : instead of these, we were passing through Paris-like streets, on each side lined with fine modern buildings. I felt disappointed ; but the next day, when we drove to the Coliseum, I gazed in wonder at its vast dimensions, standing monarch of the vast ruins by which it is surrounded, — ruins of what was once so great. I was glad our residence was not among them. We were again at

the Coliseum at moonlight, when, if possible, it looked grander still. A large cross stands in its centre. On our first visit, we met a body of hooded friars, with their crosses, and chanting their monotonous tunes, coming from under its arches, and forming a strange contrast to the scenes formerly enacted on its arena. From the Coliseum, we drove to St. Peter's, — as Hare says, "from ancient to modern Rome;" and I wish I had words to express my astonishment. You can form no idea of its vastness and grandeur. Persons at the end looked like children; and statuary, which appeared like infant angels, were, when we came near them, colossal men. The high altar, over ninety feet in height, scarcely interrupted the view of the length. This deception is owing to the fine proportions. In one chapel were priests, chanting vespers; in another, workmen raising a monument, beside many persons walking about with their guide-books; and yet neither interrupted the other. It is very rich in colored marbles, endless quantities of statuary, immense pictures copied in mosaics, &c., &c. It all has the appearance more of an exchange than of a house of worship. We went into the ball; but the heat was so great, we were glad to get out again as soon as possible.

One Wednesday we went to St. Peter's to see the pope bless candles. On each side of the high altar were seats erected for the ladies: none were admitted, except in black, and veiled. Soldiers lined each side of the great aisle to guard the passage for the procession, which soon entered, — priests, bishops, cardinals, noble guard, — all in variety of dress and uniform, presenting a grand appearance. Then came his holiness, — a kind, good-look-

ing old man, clothed in crimson, and seated on a gilded chair, and, by means of velvet-colored poles, borne on the shoulders of twelve men in crimson. A canopy, carried by four in purple, covered his head; and two men, with immense fans, walked behind him. The poor, foolish old man gave his blessing, in passing, to a kneeling congregation; and then he was placed on a throne erected for him back of the high altar, each person, according to rank, coming forward to receive his candle, first kissing his ring, and then the cross on his slipper. He was then trotted out, the procession following with lighted candles. It made my heart sick to witness such homage, and to hear afterward that one of our own bishops was in that procession. We visited the Vatican, where the pope now resides; but I have not time to tell you of even the principal of its galleries of painting, statuary, and libraries. The pictures are not more than fifty in number, yet consist of the finest in the world. The Transfiguration, by Raphael, is said to be the finest among pictures. Below the galleries is the mosaic department, belonging to the government. As for the churches here, they are numberless, all rich in marble columns, mosaic pictures, pavement, and statuary, which are all explained by a long-skirted sacristan with a little black cap. I must tell you what we saw in a church the other day. The sacristan, or rather the monk, took us into a side-chapel, where, between two figures, stood a box covered, by which he set lighted candles, and then opened it. It contained a wooden baby, called Bambino. It was wound with white satin; its feet in gold wire-work; a diamond cross on each foot; a crown of gold, studded with precious stones, on its head; and its person covered with

precious jewels. It was made by a monk, of olive-wood from the Mount of Olives, and was painted, they say, by St. Luke, while the monk slept; and this horrid-looking thing is to represent the infant Saviour, and is sacred for its miraculous power of healing. While we were looking at it, a monk came to say a carriage was waiting to convey it to the room of a sick person. It does not make its visits gratuitously; and in this way the monks are supported.

The great season of the Carnival has passed. In former days, when the nobility enjoyed it masked, I can realize its great attraction; but this year it was miserable. It lasted six afternoons, commencing at three, and ending at five. It is now confined to the Corso, a street a mile in length, each cross-street guarded by a mounted soldier. Every window and balcony was decorated in the gayest manner. The carriages pass up one side, and down the other, many of the inmates in fancy dress, and masked. As they pass, they are saluted from the balconies with sugar-plums or bouquets; which compliment they return. Some of the dresses are pretty, and some comical enough. The throwing continues till five o'clock; then a gun is fired, and the carriages disappear. In a moment, a company of cavalry clear the street; then nine horses come racing by, riderless, but urged on by little tin wings beating their sides. They are stopped by barricades at the end of the Corso, a gun fires, and all is over. After the race, candles appeared in different balconies and through the street, making quite an illumination. The object then was to keep your own light, and put out your neighbor's: all means were resorted to, — long poles, handkerchiefs, boquetres, &c. At seven, it was over for a year.

To-day, we have been in one of the entrances of the Catacombs. These are passages cut out of the solid rock, and extending ten miles, — the circuit of the old city. By means of torches, we could see piles of bones, which formerly belonged in the niches. Numbers of finely-wrought sarcophagi, and other valuables, have been found here. — *Selected.*

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CARELESS ANNIE.

MRS. MACKAY was sitting, one warm September day, by an open window. She looked pale and fatigued; but she went on busily with her sewing, while a large basket of clothing, needing repairs, stood by her side. At this moment, the front door opened hastily, and closed with a loud noise. Quick footsteps ascended the stairs; and a little girl rushed into her mother's room, quite out of breath, and threw herself into a large easy-chair.

"O mother! how hot it is! I declare I could not study a bit to-day; so it's no wonder I missed in my lesson. I believe Latin wasn't meant for hot weather."

Mrs. Mackay paused a moment in her work, and looked at the child. Her hair was hanging over her face; her muslin spencer was fastened by the wrong buttons, so that it fitted awry; her bonnet lay on the floor, half crushed by two or three books which she had thrown upon it; and the climax of disorder was exhibited in her dress, which was torn across a whole breadth, and most deplorably frayed. Mrs. Mackay was not unaccustomed to similar spectacles; but she was tired to-day,

and it produced on her a more than usually dispiriting effect. She suppressed the hasty word which rose to her tongue, however, and said, "I do not like to see your bonnet and books on the floor, Annie."

"Yes, I know it is not the place for them; but I'm so tired!"

"Pick them up now, and put them away, and then you can rest afterwards."

Annie stooped to take them, and cried, "Oh, see how I have torn my dress! I thought I heard something tear as I came out of the schoolroom-door; but I was chasing that provoking Jennie Wilson, to make her give me something of mine."

Annie deposited her bonnet in a chair, and held out the torn dress. She looked half sorry and ashamed; and yet there was a certain recklessness in her countenance, which seemed to contradict any feelings of the kind.

"Do you see this basket, Annie?" asked her mother.

"Your work-basket? Yes, ma'am."

"Here are two dresses, one apron, and three pair of pantalets, to be mended for you, all of which you tore last week; to say nothing of a pair of stockings, which are so utterly destroyed, that I doubt if they can be mended. The mending for Susie, your two brothers, your father, and myself, is not one-half as much as yours."

"Well, mother, I'm sorry. Can't you teach me to mend them?"

"I should have taught you long ago; but you are so destructive, that it would take more nimble fingers than yours to repair your mischief. However, you must help

me now. Go and take off your dress, and put on your pink one, and bring this to me, and I will show you what you must do."

"O mother! that old pink thing, that is so faded and outgrown? I hope I shall not have to wear it to school again this afternoon. All the girls laughed the last time I wore it."

"Three new school-dresses are as many as any girl ought to have in one summer; and, if you spoil those, you must wear the old ones."

Annie looked very cross as she went out of the room; nor was her good humor increased by her sister Susan, who, coming up the stairs, and seeing the rent, said, "O Annie!" in a reproachful tone. Annie muttered something about people's letting other folks alone, and that she knew things that were quite as bad for people to do as tearing dresses.

In five minutes more, Susan Mackay, with her bonnet removed and her hair neatly brushed, came into her mother's room. "How warm and tired you look, mother!" she said. "Let me sew with you. I practised early this morning before you were up, and I have nothing to do now." Susan went to the basket, and picked out all the stockings. Her own and her mother's were speedily despatched, and she then took those of her brothers.

Annie came down presently, still looking very sulky, and with the torn dress hanging over her arm. Mrs. Mackay examined it. "I must take out the whole breadth," she said. "Annie, pick it out very carefully, in order not to tear any of the rest."

A ring at the bell was now heard, and a visitor for

Susan was announced. She was absent about half an hour, and returned with a great deal of news.

"It was Alice Loring, mother. She came to tell me of a plan our superintendent has for our Sunday school. She went yesterday, in spite of the violent shower which kept us at home. There is a society about to be formed by the children of the Sunday schools, in order to support a ragged school for those children who are too poor to attend the public schools. Alice says that the children who were present yesterday all voted to belong to it. They are to bring a contribution once a month; and in this way the money is to be collected to pay the teachers and the other expenses.

"It seems to me a most benevolent and useful plan, Susie. I am perfectly willing that you should join."

"And may I too, mother?" asked Annie.

"How can you join it, Annie? You have no money of your own; for you always spend it as soon as it is given you."

"But will not you give me some?"

"I would do so very gladly if I could afford it; but you waste so much, that I cannot."

"I, mother? I'm sure I don't waste any."

"Whenever I buy a dress for you, Annie, I am obliged, in consequence of your destructiveness, to buy at least a yard more than I otherwise should. You have more stockings and shoes, more bonnets and aprons, than would be necessary for you if you were careful of them. Think how much better it would be to give a poor naked child a dress than to tear one, as you have done this."

Annie was silent. This argument was unanswerable; and she felt, as she had never done before, that her care-

lessness was really a sin. When her mother had blamed her, she had called her cross. When she had been told how much it increased her mother's labors, she had paid no attention to it; but this was a new idea. It struck her forcibly; and she wondered if it would not be possible for her to take care of the various articles of her dress.

The summons to dinner interrupted her reverie. She caught her mother's dress. "Then can't I belong to the society?" she inquired, in a very imploring tone.

"I cannot give you any money, Annie, while you are so careless. If you have any given you by any one else, which you choose to carry as a contribution, I shall not prevent it."

Annie looked very unhappy. She was not sulky now, but she was really sorry. Where should she get any money? Uncle John, the only person who ever gave her any, was far away in South America. For the first time in her life, she regretted the fault, and not, as heretofore, the consequences.

But after dinner, over which Annie lingered, she had but five minutes to dress and reach school; so the spencer was not fastened, and the bonnet not tied. As she raced along the street, through the mid-day glare, her bonnet fell off her head, and rolled off the edge of the sidewalk into a pool, which the rain of the day before had left in the gutter. She hastily seized it, and ran with it in her hand to the schoolroom-door. Unlucky mischance! there stood the minister, Annie's minister, talking with Miss Waldron! Annie tried to slip by him unperceived, but she did not succeed. "Why, my little Annie!" he said: "it would have been better if you

had set out from home earlier, and then you would not have been obliged to run through all the heat."

Annie was too mortified to make any reply. She went hastily to her desk, and, hiding her face upon it, burst into tears; not without hearing Miss Waldron say something which she was certain had reference to her, and which ended with that word of portentous sound, and still more portentous meaning, — "incorrigible."

Annie's lesson was badly recited; and she was obliged to learn it over again, and recite after school. While she was detained, she heard shouts of laughter in the dressing-room; and when she was dismissed, and opened the door which led to it, she saw her unfortunate bonnet passing from one head to another: while one scholar thumped the crown, another pulled it on in front; and, bad as it was before, it was rapidly becoming worse.

"Let alone my bonnet!" she called.

"No wonder you are careful of it, it is such a beauty!" retorted the child who was just then figuring in it.

"Beauty or not, it is mine, and I want it."

"It's my turn! Give it to me!" said another. Annie dashed into the crowd, and seized the bonnet, which one of her schoolmates held fast. A struggle ensued, in which the straw was badly torn in several places; and much worse might have been its fate, had not Miss Waldron, hearing the angry voices, come to the door, and sent the children directly home.

"Miss Waldron," said Annie, half crying with vexation, "if you are not ashamed to walk beside my bonnet, I wish you would let me go with you. I know the girls will wait outside, and they will make the old thing look worse than it does now."

"You may walk with me, Annie; but perhaps you will not like what I shall say to you. I see your habit of carelessness growing stronger and stronger every day. I do not know where it will end, unless you begin a reform immediately. Your torn and soiled bonnet makes a very bad appearance; but your character, which is becoming more and more soiled every day, looks worse to me than the bonnet. I suppose your mother corrects you frequently for it, — does she not?"

"Oh, yes! they all talk from morning till night, — father, mother, Alfred, Sue, and even Joseph, who is so much younger than I am. I am so accustomed to it now, that I don't mind it."

"But, Annie, don't you mind the inconvenience and trouble it causes your family? Do you not care when you see your mother tired with the extra sewing which must necessarily be the result of your carelessness?" Annie blushed, but did not reply. She recollected how pale her mother had looked when she went home from school. "And torn garments, Annie, are a slight evil to the injury you are doing yourself. It already affects your mind. Your lessons are but half learned; and you are falling behind girls of your own age, when your capacity is equal to that of any one of them now under my care. Annie, your soul will suffer too: I do not yet see the effect upon that; but it surely will show itself. Good-by, Annie!" They had now reached Annie's house. "Give my regards to your mother, and say, that, if I can assist her any in correcting this increasing fault, I shall gladly do it."

Susie opened the door for Annie. "Now, Annie," said she, "give me your bonnet, and let me see if I can-

not do something to improve it. I do not like to let mother see it as it looks now. Poor mother! the heat has almost overcome her. She seems really sick. But how did this get torn so?" she asked, as Annie took it off.

"Those rude girls were all trying it on and pulling it, and, when I tried to get it away, they held fast; and it would have been torn more, if Miss Waldron had not sent them home."

Susan looked dismayed; but she carried the bonnet to her own room, and washed it with a solution of bleaching-powder: then she sewed up the rips. Annie had watched the operation with a great deal of interest. "But this ribbon will never do, Sue. You can't wash the ribbon, as you did the bonnet."

"I know it. It is shocking." And Susan surveyed it with a most desponding countenance. "I really think the old ribbon I wore all last summer is better than this." And she brought it from a drawer. "Yes, indeed it is."

"But mother will know it then."

"You did not think I meant to hide it from her?" said Susan, indignantly. "I only did not want her to see it in such a state, when she was feeling ill, and had so much to do."

Before Susan's bed-time, the bonnet was finished. "See Annie's bonnet, mother," she said, going into the sitting-room. "Does it not look nice? It fell into a puddle this afternoon; and I have been washing it, and putting on my last summer's ribbon."

"Yes, dear, it does look very nicely. Now I hope it will last her a month longer. I had been thinking to-day that I must buy a new trimming for it." ED.

(To be continued.)



Rouvier

J. Sartain

CHRIST AND PETER

CHRIST AND BARTIMEUS.

You are all, no doubt, familiar with the history of this blind man, whose eyes were opened by the Saviour. Jesus and his disciples were passing through the town of Jericho; and as they went out, blind Bartimeus, hearing the crowd pass by, asked who it was. He had heard of Jesus of Nazareth; for in those ancient times the lame and the blind were placed at the city-gates, that they might ask alms of the passengers. There also the people congregated to talk over the events of the day; and, from some one, Bartimeus had heard of the miracles of Jesus of Nazareth. He cried to that merciful One to have mercy upon him. The bystanders, unwilling that a blind man should claim the attention of the Prophet, — for blindness was, by the Jews, considered a punishment for some sin, — rebuked him, and bade him hold his peace; but he cried so much the more, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" And Jesus called Bartimeus to him; and, when he found that he had faith to believe that he could open his eyes, he bade him receive the reward of his faith, and the blind went seeing.

It is the eyes of the spirit that the Saviour opens now. If any one will truly believe in him, Christ will unseal his inward vision, and life will become as much more beautiful to him as it did to Bartimeus of old. Let us pray for a like faith, and we shall reap a like reward.

EDITOR.

ANECDOTES OF THE FOX.

THE fox is, of all animals, the most cunning. In the nobler quality of sagacity, he is perhaps inferior to his relative the dog, or to the elephant; but both of these must yield the palm to him in that peculiar trait which we call cunning. This is not always a bad quality; for it is frequently employed to defeat evil intentions, and oftener still for mere amusement: but it is seldom that cunning may be ranked with the virtues. We say of a man who resorts to all manner of tricks to secure his objects, that he is wily, or that he is "as cunning as a fox."

The fox is found in nearly every part of the globe, and wears coats of different colors in different localities. Sometimes he appears in a suit of glossy black; again he is found in a red coat, a yellow jacket, or a gray mantle; while, in far northern regions, he dons a robe of white, as if he were the most innocent creature in the world.

He is not easily tamed; and hence there are not half so many entertaining stories told about him as there are about more domestic animals. He loves his freedom too well, and is too fond of committing depredations among the poultry, to be content to be petted in the house. Nor would he be a very agreeable companion; although it must be allowed that he is not an ill-looking fellow, with his soft gray or reddish coat, his bright eye, and his bushy tail.

He is very rapacious, constantly seeking what he may

devour, and seldom disdaining any thing, in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl, which he can lay his paws on. He is fond of rabbits, — epicure that he is! — and displays his cunning in the manner in which he takes them prisoners. Instead of entering the hole which leads to their burrowing-place, he saves himself the trouble of digging his way along, by scenting the track of the rabbit above the ground till he reaches the spot where it hides, when he digs down, and falls upon his victim suddenly.

The fox is very fond of grapes; and in the fables of *Æsop* there is a familiar story of one who came one day to a vine hanging full of delicious-looking fruit. The fox made great exertions to reach them; but, finding it impossible, he consoled himself by saying that they were miserable, sour things, and not worth having. It has become, from this fable, quite a proverb, when a thing is beyond our reach, to say, "The grapes are sour."

There is another story, of equal truth, told of this animal. One day a fox, who was distinguished among his fellows by the size of his "brush" (a name given by hunters to his bushy tail), was so unfortunate as to fall into a trap, from which he contrived to escape, with a sad loss, however, — the loss of his tail. The cunning rascal, while he was deploring his misfortune, conceived of a plan to make it turn out to his credit. He was an influential fox; and he resolved to try what eloquence could do among his fellows. So, after some days of concealment, he made his appearance among his tribe, and reported that he had been abroad, where, he said, the fashion was to wear no tails; and he earnestly counselled his brethren to adopt the fashion, as he had already done! But the cunning of one was not a match for

the cunning of many, who loudly protested that they did not approve the fashion, and did not believe that their brother would do so if he had not first lost his tail in a trap.

A naturalist relates that a fox lost one of his fore-feet in a trap, and made his escape. Some two years afterward, he was unearthed by some dogs; but instead of running, as is usual with the hunted fox, he waited until each dog came up to him, and then jumped suddenly over him. When he was taken, after repeating this ruse several times, it was discovered that he had but three feet, and could not run well.

The same writer tells an anecdote of another fox, who wanted very much to secure a hare for his breakfast. He says that he saw him stealing along the edge of a plantation, and looking very cautiously over the low wall at some hares which were feeding there. He was too cunning to give them chase, for he knew that they would escape him in flight; so he resolved to try stratagem. He stretched himself out at full length close to a gap in the wall, which one or more of the hares might pass on leaving the field. His anxiety for a meal prompted him now and then to rise up, and peep over the fence; but most of the time he laid motionless, not even stirring when two or three hares left the field at another gap not many feet removed. At length two approached his place of ambush; and the fox crouched lower, and his ears quivered. As they passed the gap, he sprang up like a flash of lightning, and, seizing one of them, killed it immediately. He was making off boldly with his breakfast, when a rifle-ball suddenly put a stop to his course.

In a fox-chase which took place in Ireland, Reynard was hard pushed, and made for a high wall, over which he sprang, and crouched beneath it; and while the hounds, which took the leap after him, dashed forward in full cry, he quietly leaped back again, and made his escape.

In another Irish chase, the fox was so hotly pursued that he sprang to the roof of a cabin, and, mounting the stone chimney, looked calmly down upon the hounds. One of these, however, made after him so resolutely, that Reynard had to plunge down the chimney to escape his clutches. He descended into the lap of an old woman, who thought the visitant came from quite an ill-famed quarter, and, shrieking with affright, rushed into one corner of the hut, while the fox retreated to another. When the hunters came up and entered the cabin, they found the fox grinning at the woman, and they took him alive. — *Selected.*

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NO. III.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"MOTHER," said Annie, the next Sunday, when the usual group was gathered in the library, "the third commandment isn't meant for *us*, is it? only for bad boys and men; for *we* don't swear."

Mother smiled a moment, and then said, gravely, "Yes, Annie, all the commandments are meant for all

of us; and the Lord's name can be profaned in many other ways than by using oaths. I am afraid we all take it in vain sometimes, Annie."

"Why, mother!" began Annie in surprise; and mother went on: "We take that holy name *in vain* whenever we use it unnecessarily or thoughtlessly. You, Annie, speak it every morning and night when you kneel; but do you always *pray*, or only 'say your prayers'? Do you always feel that you are really in the presence of God, and speaking to him? and do you address him as earnestly and as reverently as if you could *see* him in his glory, or as you would if you remembered that *he* was looking at and listening to you? Don't you often pray to him with your lips when your heart is far from him, your thoughts wandering on your books or your play? Well, Annie, you break the third commandment whenever you thus take solemn sounds upon a thoughtless tongue."

"I never thought of it so, mother," said Annie, in a low voice.

"But you will hereafter, dear, I hope. When you kneel to pray, think exactly what you want, and ask God for it, no matter how small it be. *No* prayer is beneath his gracious notice, if it be offered in faith and sincerity. But it is most ungrateful to his kindness to mutter over a few hasty petitions, scarcely knowing what you say, or whether he hears you or not, and calling his glorious name in a careless, irreverent way. When you wish your papa to grant you any favor, no one knows better than you, little Annie, how to win him to listen. What coaxing smiles, what loving words, you use! what perfect trust you have in his wish to make you

happy! And, when you have offended him in any way, how restless and uneasy you are till you have won his forgiveness! Or, when he brings you a new book or a picture, how pleasantly you thank him, and love him more and more! — don't you, Annie?"

Annie looked up brightly: "Yes, indeed, mamma! Papa is the dearest, best, — except *you*, mamma," she added eagerly. "Indeed, I do not know which I love best."

"Well, dear, that is the way God likes us to approach him, 'as children to a Father able and willing to help us;' and, if we always address him in this earnest, sincere, loving way, we shall be in no danger of breaking the third commandment, by using his name irreverently. I know it is hard, Annie, *very* hard, always to control wandering thoughts, and to think of our Father so far away in the same manner as of an earthly parent whom we can *see* face to face. But you know there is no glory in winning an easy victory; and he will help us, and teach us to look up to him with the eye of faith. We will try, after this, not to use his name thoughtlessly in prayer again, — won't we, Annie?"

"Yes, mother," said the little girl, seriously.

"But there are other ways in which we break the third commandment. Most little girls and boys have a great many exclamations and phrases which are not only inelegant, but *sinful*. I have heard you sometimes say, 'Good gracious!' or, 'Law ha' mercy!' or, 'My goodness!' Now, 'Law' is only a contraction of *Lord*, as you know; and who is *gracious goodness* if it is not God; for who else is *good*? Not one. And 'O heavens!' some say, which is his throne; or, 'My soul!'

which ought one day to live with him. Don't you see, Annie?"

"I never thought *these* were wicked before, mother: I'm afraid I never shall break myself of saying those."

"You can struggle against the habit at least; and we are commanded to let our conversation be 'Yea, yea,' and 'Nay, nay.' I do not despair of you, Annie; only try."

Annie drew a long sigh; at which mother smiled pleasantly, and said, "You begin to think now that this commandment was intended for you also, do you, although you do not swear? But, my dear, all children have not been brought up as carefully, even in that respect, as you; and I have known girls — delicate, proud girls, too — who did not scruple actually to swear, to curse, dreadful as it seems."

"O mother!" said Annie, in amazement: "do tell me about them! You haven't given me any story yet, you know."

"And it is nearly tea-time," said mamma, glancing at her watch; "and I really have no story to tell, little girl. I remember an old schoolmate of mine, Eleanor Thornton, a brilliant, handsome girl, who indulged in this sad habit. She was a daughter of 'Squire Thornton,' as he was called, one of the wealthiest men in the county, who was devoted to horses and hounds, and gave dinners to his sporting friends, where a great deal of wine was drunk, and a great many oaths used. Eleanor was accustomed to hear her father swear, and so had fallen into a very strong way of speaking herself. She would confirm every declaration with, 'I swear it is so,' and the slightest surprise or fright would draw from her an exclamation of, 'My God!' We girls used to be

very much shocked at first; and some of us, to the last, used to plead with Eleanor, and to say we would drop her society if she did not leave off the wicked and disgusting habit. But she was such a gay, high-spirited girl, that she remained popular, in spite of her fault; and the danger began to be, not that she would be deserted, but that we should be beguiled into the same sin, by constant intercourse with our brilliant and warm-hearted leader, whom we could not help both admiring and loving.

“It was very suddenly ended, however. At recess, one day, as we were all gathered about the schoolhouse, taking our lunch, a couple of itinerant musicians, a man with a hand-organ and monkey, and a woman with a tambourine, came up, and began to play. They looked very picturesque in their strange, foreign costume, and with their swarthy faces; so we drew near, and called for our favorite tunes, to which we listened in great delight. After they had finished, they of course came forward, and held out their hands for money. Of this we had not thought; and none of us chanced to have any. We offered them, however, some of our tarts and cakes: but they became very much enraged; and, finding we really were not going to give them money, they began to curse and swear in much better English than their appearance betokened they could use. Eleanor, at this, grew crimson with anger, and, though we begged her to desist, denounced their insolence in the most scornful language, and commanded them to be gone. This only increased their rage; and their abusive terms were redoubled, until Eleanor lost all control over herself, and swore at them in terrible wrath. The teacher, hearing

the strange disturbance, came out to the door, and overheard some of Eleanor's words. He was shocked beyond all measure, and extremely indignant : he dismissed the musicians instantly, and assembled the school. I shall never forget the awful way in which he spoke to her, nor how distressed we all felt. It cured Eleanor completely : she sobbed bitterly while he was speaking, and finally rushed up to him in her usual impulsive way, implored his pardon, and promised amendment ; and, when we were at last dismissed, she said, in her comical way, half laughing, half crying, ' Do, girls, take me to the brook and duck me, as they used to scolds in old times, if ever you hear me swear again ! ' But we never *did*, Annie."

SISTER KATE.

HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.

THERE could scarcely have been a more lovely day than the 31st of July, 1852, — the day I selected for a flying visit to the far-famed palace of Hampton Court. It is only about an hour's ride, by railway, from London ; and as I took one of the open cars, with nothing over my head but the canopy of heaven, I enjoyed my ride so much, that I was almost sorry when the conductor announced our arrival at Hampton Court.

This palace is delightfully situated, on the northern bank of the Thames. It was built, as you are probably aware, by that famous statesman, Cardinal Wolsey. He was at one time high in the favor of his sovereign, Henry VIII. He was for some years prime-minister

under this monarch. Unless history speaks falsely, the cardinal was a very ambitious man; and he determined to build a palace for himself which should outshine in grandeur and magnificence that of any other uncrowned man in Christendom. He succeeded so well, that his sovereign became jealous of his wealth and display. The king took occasion to question the cardinal, after the building of the palace was completed, as to his intentions in constructing such an edifice. Wolsey was a cunning courtier. Seeing that the king envied him the possession of such a palace, and fearing that he would lose his place unless he used some caution, he informed his sovereign that Hampton Court was intended for the residence of Henry VIII.

Wolsey lived here in more than regal splendor. Here he received ambassadors from foreign powers. At the height of his power, he was Lord High Chancellor of England, Archbishop of York, and Cardinal of Cecily. His suite embraced eight hundred persons. His head cook wore velvet or satin while on duty. He had nearly a dozen chaplains and doctors, a herald-at-arms, a sergeant-at-arms, four minstrels, and other officers, as the country dealers in dry goods say in their advertisements, "too numerous to mention." I do not think it very much to be wondered at that King Henry, who was himself pretty fond of power, should be jealous of such a courtier.

They showed me the apartments which Henry VIII. occupied. I was much interested in the room where the beloved Edward VI. was born. Jane Seymour, Edward's mother, died here. Catharine Howard, who succeeded Jane Seymour in queenly honors, appeared

publicly here, in August, 1540. The king, having disposed of his five wives, resolved to take a sixth, and, selecting Lady Catharine Parr, demanded her in marriage. The nuptials were celebrated at this palace in July, 1543.

While Edward VI. resided at Hampton Court, a very serious dissension happened in the council, where it was proposed to deprive the Duke of Somerset, who was Protector, of the custody of his royal ward; and, in consequence of an alarm given that this was to be done by force, the inhabitants of the town of Hampton armed themselves for the protection of the young king.

Queen Mary, and Philip of Spain, passed their honeymoon at Hampton Court; and, in 1550, they kept their Christmas here in great solemnity. The court supped in the great hall, which was lighted with a thousand lamps.

Queen Elizabeth used occasionally to reside here; and you may be sure the palace was gay enough at such times. Here, too, James I. took up his residence soon after his arrival in England; and here began the celebrated conference between the Presbyterians and the Established Church, held before King James as moderator.

Hampton Court possesses a melancholy interest, from the fact of its having been the asylum of poor Charles I. when he was obliged to flee from London. He was, in fact, imprisoned here, by the army of Cromwell, but a short time before he suffered martyrdom.

Oliver Cromwell himself, the great revolutionist, gained possession of this palace in 1656, and resided here some years. Charles II. and James II. resided here

occasionally. So did William III., who made great improvements within the palace and the grounds. George II. and Queen Caroline were the last sovereigns who resided here.

I wish I could describe all the objects of interest in this immense palace. But such a description would occupy a longer time than either you or I could devote to it. There are pictures without number in a great many different galleries, and a great profusion of statuary. Many of the paintings are portraits of royal and other noble personages; though there are a multitude of pictures representing scenes in classic history, landscapes, gods and goddesses, and ever so many characters noted in mythology. Here are pictures by Vandyke, Paul Veronese, Titian, Rubens, Tintoretto, Andrea del Sarto, Lely, and other world-renowned artists. I saw a picture of Queen Elizabeth which we have reason to believe is authentic and reliable. The artist has not given us a very great amount of beauty. The "virgin queen's" hair is of a sandy color: she holds a vast fan of feathers in one hand, and the canvas is completely covered with the gaudy ornaments of her dress. She has a Roman nose, and a head so loaded with a crown of diamonds, that one cannot help wondering how the poor creature avoided breaking her neck. I should think that, at a moderate estimate, there must have been half a peck of precious stones in the crown represented in Zuccherò's portrait.

In this palace are the famous cartoons of Raphael. These drawings were designed by this great painter to serve as patterns for tapestry to decorate the Papal chapel, according to the orders of Pope Leo X. They

represent subjects taken from the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. They were painted about the year 1520. The *cartoons* (so called because they were executed on sheets of paper) were bought for Charles I. by Rubens, the great Flemish painter. They are invaluable, and, so far as the works of art are concerned, may be regarded as the great attractions of Hampton-Court Palace. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

A LETTER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS have become, over the length and breadth of our land, so much a matter of course, that we fear, dear children, that you do not regard them with the interest and affection which is due to them. Your day-school teacher is interested in you; and, if your school is small enough to afford him opportunities of studying individual character, this interest often becomes a stronger feeling, and he loves his scholars.

But your Sunday-school teacher is even more interested for you. He is to exert an influence on the very highest part of your nature, — on your soul. He has not taken up the calling, as most teachers of day schools have done, as a means of subsistence; but with a real desire to do something for the good of others, and to advance the kingdom of Christ upon earth. If it is interesting to see the mind expand, and to observe the improvement of its faculties, how much more is it to see the soul growing “in wisdom, and in favor with God and man”!

Such growth is slow. Your Sunday-school teacher does not expect you to grow in righteousness as readily as you acquire a knowledge of arithmetic or geography. In most cases, too, he can only judge of this growth by little things, — by signs which an indifferent person would not notice at all, and which would make you wonder if you knew them.

One of the most obvious signs by which he judges is your attention. It is not enough that you recite well the lesson which has been assigned you, — though even that is a proof of your interest in the school; but if, when the lesson is over, and your teacher begins to talk with you about sacred things, you are inattentive, he feels that he has done you no good.

He talks to you of the goodness of the Father; he tells you that sin is ingratitude towards him; he tries to make you feel how deep, how terrible an evil sin is; he tries to awaken a consciousness of it in your own spirit; for it is only a consciousness of sin that can lead to a true repentance, and a sincere desire to turn from it, and live as God would have you live.

He speaks of Jesus, — of his holy life, and his terrible suffering and death. He would draw such a picture of him as will fasten itself on your young minds, and remain there for ever; he would make you feel that Jesus is a personal friend and a personal helper. He knows that the thought of him will drive away temptation; and he would have you know and realize it in your own experience.

These great truths he proclaims to you from a full heart. But if his earnest and glowing appeal is met by indifference; if he sees one boy admiring the buttons on

the jacket of his neighbor, and another exhibiting his new penknife; if one girl is carefully smoothing her hair or adjusting her dress, and another staring round the room, — how can he help concluding that he has talked in vain? Even then, though you may have been wholly in fault, he does not blame you wholly: he accuses himself; he imagines that he has not presented these truths in their most attractive form; and he prays that God may give him the power to awaken in your young hearts an interest in his eternal truths.

Is it kind, then, is it generous, in you not to give to him the small return of an attentive ear? You may not now care for what he is saying: but you cannot listen long unmoved; and soon his words will become to you an aid in the path of duty, and you will learn to regard him as one of your truest friends.

Inattention, too, denotes a want of due reverence for the consecrated spot and holy time. Most Sunday schools are held in the vestry of a church, or in the church itself, both of which have been solemnly dedicated to the service of God. They always occupy a portion of his holy day. Shall you profane the sabbath and the sanctuary by wandering thoughts, which do not endeavor to fix themselves, or by letting those thoughts rest upon dress, or upon the amusements of the past week, or those of the week to come?

If a child really desires to do right, he has only to think of this subject to see it in its proper light; and seeing a duty will be but another expression for beginning to perform it. Attention at Sunday school will make attention elsewhere easy and profitable, if not always agreeable; and, as he is taught the wisdom of

God's holy word, the seeds will fall into good soil, which shall spring up, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

EDITOR.

**"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL ; FOR THEY SHALL
OBTAIN MERCY."**

WE all are fellow-pilgrims on a rough and thorny road,
Oft needing timely succor by friendly hands bestowed ;
Then hearken to the promise that lighteneth our cares :
"Blessed are the merciful ; for mercy shall be theirs."

Beneath the load of sorrow, we hear the poor man sigh ;
And daily to the heaven goes up the orphan's cry :
Oh, to their rescue hasten with Pity's ready feet !
Be merciful, ye happy ! and mercy ye shall meet.

Upon the dangerous pathway, Sin's wounded victim lies :
Ye righteous ! pass not by him with proud, averted eyes ;
Go, raise and heal the fallen with loving words and kind ;
Be to the sinner merciful, as mercy ye would find.

Upon God's daily bounty our waiting souls depend ;
As we befriend his creatures, so he will us befriend :
"Forgive, and be forgiven," his holy word declares ;
And, "Blessed are the merciful ; for mercy shall be theirs."

When death our souls shall gather before the bar of
Heaven,
The measure we have meted shall back to us be given ;
To those who helped the needy the joyful word shall be,
"To these ye have showed mercy : ye showed it unto me."

M. M.

THE ARABS.

PERHAPS some of those who remember Uncle Frank's account of the Turks may like to hear something more from him. One evening, as his young nephews and nieces were sitting by the fire, it was asked whether any other people were Mahometans besides the Turks. Several of the older children exclaimed, at once, "Oh, yes!" and one said, "I know the Persians are Mahometans;" and another said, "So are the Arabs."

"Do tell us about the Arabs, Uncle Frank," was the general response from the little company.

"Can you tell me," said he, "where the Arabs live?"

"In Arabia, to be sure," said one or two of the children.

"That is true," said Uncle Frank; "but Arabia is in Asia, and the Arabs are also scattered over a large part of Africa. Cannot some of you tell me what part?"

After some silence, Uncle Frank continued by saying that they were found throughout the great desert called Sahara, which reaches from Egypt, across the entire breadth of the continent, to the Atlantic Ocean. There are also many of them in Egypt, and in Palestine, and the adjoining countries. For the most part, they are continually wandering from one place to another, carrying with them all they possess. Their houses are tents, which are easily removed, and pitched for shelter wherever they stop. Their chief beasts of burden are their camels, from the milk of which they derive an important part of their living. As the region they inhabit is a

sandy desert, the cultivation of the soil is with them entirely out of the question. The fruit of the date-tree, which grows here and there where there are springs of water, is almost the only edible production of this immense tract of country. For most of the necessities of life, therefore, they depend either upon traffic or plunder; and the latter is a very common mode of obtaining them. The Arabs have inhabited these countries for a very great length of time. Ishmael, the son of Abraham, is generally acknowledged to have been the father of a part of the Arabian tribes; and it is very remarkable to observe how little change there has been in the customs of these people from those which are described as existing among the patriarchs in the Sacred Scriptures. Those who read the history of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the word will find very similar things described in the accounts given by modern travellers of the Arabs of the desert. For example, the women may still be seen drawing water at the wells as they did for watering the flocks in ancient times; and the rites of hospitality are still observed with the same simplicity as when the patriarchs fetched a calf, and dressed it for their guests. Hospitality, indeed, is one of the chief virtues of the Arabs; and the stranger who trusts himself to the shelter and protection of the Arab's tent is sure (at least if he be of the same religion) to be made welcome.

In the hot climate, which the Arabs inhabit, water is an article of the greatest necessity, but very often scarce and of bad quality. Those who travel in these deserts are therefore obliged to carry considerable supplies of water with them, which is stored in bags of skins; and these are the very same kind of bottles which are spoken of so

frequently in the Bible. For the sake of protection against robbers, they travel in companies, called caravans, consisting of a considerable number of people and camels. In this manner they cross the desert with merchandise, carrying on a considerable traffic between the Moors on the north of the desert, and the Negroes on the south side of it. Sometimes they pass several days without meeting with any water, especially if they miss their way, in which they are guided by the stars as mariners are upon the ocean. It seldom or never rains on the desert. The law of the Mahometan religion requires certain washings before their prayers; but, where water is so scarce that it cannot be obtained for this purpose, the Arabs are permitted to wash with sand as a substitute.

The Arabs are not all of the wandering kind. Some of them live in towns and cities; while there are others who cultivate the soil to some extent. Mecca and Medina — Arabian cities — are chiefly remarkable for their historical connection with Mahomet, the founder of the Mahometan religion. The new impulse which the establishment of this religion gave to the Arabian people led them to the cultivation of learning; and, at the darkest time of what are called the dark ages in Europe, science and literature flourished among the Arabs. There are very many books written in the Arabic language; though but few of them have probably been printed, and fewer still translated into our language. They have a great variety of poetry, in addition to books on various scientific and historical subjects. Medicine, chemistry, and mathematics were among the sciences which they prosecuted most zealously. Fables and romances, it is well

known, are a favorite kind of composition with the Eastern nations; and the "Arabian Nights" is a specimen of the romance of this people, with which most readers are familiar. — *New-Church Magazine*.

CARELESS ANNIE.

(Continued from p. 144.)

AFTER Annie had gone to bed, she heard her mother come up stairs. She called her, and delivered the teacher's message. She told her, at the same time, what the minister had said to her, and that she had overheard her teacher say to him, as she went into school, "incorrigible."

"Incorrigible, Annie? That means a person who cannot be corrected. Is this true, Annie? Have I a daughter who has become so hardened in her besetting sin that she cannot be corrected? Her teacher gives her up: shall her mother give her up too?"

"Oh, no, no, mother! Do have patience a little while longer! do let me try! I do not think I ever before to-day thought that it was really wicked to be careless; but, when you told me how much I wasted, then I felt it was. And Miss Waldron talked to me too, mother; and I was so ashamed, I could not answer her at all."

"I should be very sorry to give you up, Annie; but I have tried all the means in my power. I can do no more than I have already done to make you see and correct your fault. It rests now with yourself. I can only

hope and pray that you may overcome it. Pray yourself, Annie; for no real good to the character was ever accomplished without prayer. Good-night, my child."

Annie shed a few tears, and did most earnestly pray for strength. The cheerful light of a new day streamed in upon her, and she awoke, — awoke to a remembrance of her misfortunes of yesterday, and of her good resolutions. Buttons and strings were all properly fastened this morning, and her hair was neatly brushed. It was quite early, too, — a full hour before breakfast; and the notes of Susan's practising came up distinctly to her ear. Annie was about to leave her room, when her eye fell on her little Bible, and she blushed to have almost forgotten her morning verses and prayer. Again she prayed that she might be enabled to overcome her sin, and then ran down stairs to the sitting-room.

Her mother's great work-basket stood on the table, and Annie's torn apron was conspicuous among its other contents. "Perhaps I can mend it," she thought to herself as she unfolded it. The rent seemed rather formidable as she surveyed it: but then she knew Susan would give her the necessary assistance; so, gathering together all the materials she needed, she went into the parlor. "I am going to mend my apron," she said; "but I do not quite know how it should be done. Can you show me?"

"Yes: I heard mother say that she should put a piece under, and then make a neat darn. Find a patch that will exactly match, Annie, and baste it under the tear on the wrong side."

Annie was so unaccustomed to any thing which requires as much care as matching, that the process was a

very long one; and several times Susan looked behind her, to assure herself that her reckless little sister had not left the apron for a race in the garden. At last Annie rose, and brought the work for Susan's inspection. The patch was not quite even; but Susan was judicious enough to praise Annie's first effort, even while she unbasted and refitted it. Then she showed Annie how she must darn.

"Oh, yes; I know, Sue! I've seen mother do it hundreds of times."

"But it must be done very neatly, and all the raw edges must be put out of sight."

"Oh, yes! I am going to see if I cannot do it as well as mother does."

Susan's practising was not interrupted again. Once she heard Annie sigh, "Oh, what a little piece I have done!" But she took no notice of her, and the little girl went steadily on till the breakfast-bell rang. Then Susan rose, and came to see how the work progressed. "It is very neatly done," she said.

"But it takes so long, Sue. I don't wonder mother is in despair at my torn clothes," said Annie, yawning. As Annie replaced the half-finished work in her mother's basket, her mother entered the room.

"My little girl has made a good beginning," she said. "Her hair is neat, and her dress. But why are you looking in my basket?"

"I have been trying to mend my apron, mother; and it is partly done. I wish you would let me finish it."

"That you may do, most certainly. But here comes your father. Bring your Bible, Annie."

Maggie Loring called for Annie on her way to school

that morning. "And do you hurry, Annie, and be as quick as thought; for I want to go the long way to school, for a particular reason."

Annie forgot her new resolutions. She threw on her spencer without buttoning it, and commenced an animated search for her bonnet. It was not on the dressing-table, where she usually threw it down; nor was it on the peg just outside her chamber-door. She looked into her closet: there it hung, so white and nice that Annie remembered at once yesterday's misfortunes. She resolutely stood still, and fastened her spencer properly. Then she put on her bonnet, and tied the strings carefully so that it might not be loosened by any puff of wind. She took up the satchel at length, and ran down to the entry.

"You've been long enough, Annie, I hope! Why did you wait to button your spencer?"

"Because mother desires me to do it before I leave the house; and the reason of my being so long was that I could not find my bonnet. Did you see how the girls treated it yesterday? Well, Sue took it, after I came home, and washed it, and put another ribbon on it, so that it does not look like the same thing."

Miss Waldron, Annie's teacher, had been very much annoyed by the bad writing of the pupils in Annie's class; and, on the first day of their return to school after the vacation, she gave each member a new writing-book, with precisely the same copy, and told them that their rank in their class would depend upon the neatness and carefulness of their writing. Annie liked to write, and she desired very much to be at the head of her class; so that she took unusual pains to form her letters well,

and to take but little ink in her pen, that no blots might fall on her book. On this particular morning, Annie's writing presented a very fine appearance; and, when the copy was finished, she left the book on the outside of her desk to dry.

The next lesson in order was a French translation; and Annie opened her desk, and, taking up her large dictionary, placed it on the lid. Of course, as the lid sloped backward, just then the dictionary slid to the back of the desk. It was a difficult matter to find "Paul et Virginie" amid the chaotic confusion which reigned within; but she spied it at last, and shut the desk. She found her place, and could not translate the first word of her lesson. She took up the dictionary, and beneath it lay her writing-book, — her nice writing-book.

Almost every line was blurred: for Annie's head had been used as a support for the raised cover; and, in her search for her French book, it had been now raised, and then lowered, changing the place of the dictionary with each movement, till the book had half obliterated the writing. She sighed deeply, and then walked up to Miss Waldron's desk with the writing-book, and placed it before her without saying a word. Miss Waldron glanced at the book, and then at Annie. The expression of her face was very different from that of yesterday, when she saw her battered bonnet; and, as she met her teacher's look of inquiry and displeasure, she answered, "It was all my own carelessness, Miss Waldron; and I am the more sorry for that very reason. I have been trying so hard to be careful to-day! and then I forgot that I had left my book to dry, and put my heavy French dictionary on the outside of my desk."

"Your careless habits, Annie," answered her teacher, "have been the growth of three or four years. You must not expect to cure them in one day. I think you are sufficiently sorry for your fault; and I shall not punish you. Be careful for the rest of the morning."

To do Annie justice, we must say that she did try hard to be correct in all her lessons; but so much had her inattention grown upon her, that the French word which signifies *apron* was translated *picture*, and *hair* was rendered *horses*. Annie went home quite in despair. She was too sorrowful to attempt climbing the big horse-chestnut tree in Jenny Wilson's yard to see if some of the nuts might not be ripe; and her slow, dragging step caused her mother to raise her eyes from her work in surprise.

"Now your dress looks as I like to see it, Annie, when you come home; but your face does not. What is the matter, my dear?"

"Oh, dear, mother! it's of no use for me to try to be careful. I never paid so much attention as I did to my lessons to-day; and only think what happened!" And she related the history of the blurred copy-book, and the mistakes in translation.

"I am very sorry, little daughter, that you are so discouraged. I do not think you have reason to be. You have at least been careful with regard to your dress to-day, and that is an improvement; and more than all, Annie, you have tried to do what was right, — tried harder than ever before, I am sure, from what you say. You see now some of the evils of your fault; and I am very hopeful for you."

"Mrs. Mackay's bright smile banished the cloud from

Annie's face. She took off her bonnet, and was about to throw it on the table; but the altered ribbon again reminded her of her duty, and she went up stairs to hang it on the nail from which she had taken it in the morning. Then she came back and sat down by her mother's side to finish her apron.

"Mother," she asked, after a long silence, "when shall you buy my winter dresses, and how many shall I need?"

"I think you will need two; and I shall buy them about the 1st of November."

"The 1st of November will not come for six weeks; and if I am very, very careful of my clothes, and do not tear or spoil them until that time, will you not venture to buy only as much as you need to make the dress, and give me the rest of the money for that ragged-school?"

"I will gladly do so, if your improvement is great enough to warrant it; but it must be very marked, or I shall not be able to grant your request."

"I will not promise that it shall, mother, because it has been so hard to be careful to-day; but I will *try*. I am sure I shall be more anxious to do right, if what is saved will help to teach some poor little children."

A month passed away, and our little heroine's character was slowly but gradually improving. We do not mean to say that during that time she had never raced half dressed through the street, never left her bonnet on the table or chairs of the sitting-room, or never failed in her lessons at school; but only that these misdemeanors had become less frequent.

"It is cold enough for your blanket-shawl, Annie," said her mother one morning. "See! I have bought

you a new one. Shall you consider it an insult to your growing good habits, if I ask you to take great care of it? I have bought you a prettier one than I should have done, if you had not been endeavoring to reform."

Annie examined the shawl with delight: it was blue, of different shades, with a little white and black to set it off. "Blue, mother! How glad I am! I was so tired of my ugly red-and-green one! and blue is my favorite color. I must give you a kiss; for I believe you are the best mother that ever lived. Yes, you little beauty of a shawl, I will be so careful of you! The girls shall not say, as they used last spring, 'Annie Mackay's shawl looks like a cat's bed-quilt!'"

Annie actually looked in the glass that morning, as she dressed for school. "How warm it is!" she said, as she folded it round her; "twice as warm as the old one."

Annie's schoolmates admired the shawl almost as much as she did; but Jenny Wilson added, "It's a great deal too handsome for such a careless thing as you are. I wouldn't have bought you such a pretty one, if I were your mother."

"Ain't you ashamed, Jenny?" cried Maggie Loring. "Annie is growing real careful. She always wears her bonnet straight now, and never tears her dresses."

Annie and her friend Maggie were walking quietly home from school, when they heard a great noise behind them; and presently a little trembling dog rushed towards them, with a tin-pail tied to his tail. At some distance followed a party of rude, noisy, and wicked boys. The little animal sank panting at Annie's feet, as if it could go no farther. "Poor little thing!" cried Annie, taking

it in her arms: "how it trembles! Quick, Maggie! take my knife out of my pocket, and cut the string that ties this hateful pail."

The boys came up in hot pursuit just in time to hear the noise of the pail as it fell on the ground, and Maggie's words, which were, "Run, Annie, run! or they'll get him again." Away ran Annie, with Maggie close behind. The boys ran too. Maggie outstripped Annie, and entered the gate of her own house. Annie reached it just as the foremost boy came up with her. Maggie pulled her in: her shawl caught upon the latch; and, as she endeavored to run up the little pathway to the door, the new shawl was terribly torn. Annie ran into the house; and, when Maggie closed the door, she sat down and burst into tears.

"Never mind the shawl, Annie. Your mother won't care when she knows that you were trying to save the dog. I believe you will have to dine with me; for the boys are waiting outside. I see them through the blinds. Only look, Annie! That one who came so near you is a very large boy; and he looks so wicked! Do come and see, won't you?"

But Annie still sobbed inconsolably; nor did the caresses of the grateful little animal, who licked her hand and nestled close to her, avail more than her friend's cheerful chatter.

EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

A DREAM.

I DREAMED a dream, dear children, the other night, which was very beautiful to me then, and has been very significant in thought to me since. Perhaps I can make it beautiful and significant to you likewise, and give you one or two good thoughts from it. We will see.

I dreamed that, looking up into the sky just in the brightness of *noonday*, I saw the most brilliant constellation of stars, utterly unknown to astronomers, — never seen before; but, oh! so softly beautiful, with a lustre between gold and silver, and so light-giving in itself, that there seemed then no other brightness; an immense star, drawn out in lines of light, with a circle inscribed around it, and beside it another luminous circle, across which glowed a gigantic *pen of light*. These circles enclosed and were surrounded by small, bright stars; while, all around, the sky was of the serene and cloudless light and blue of noon. I wish I could picture it to you, beautiful as it looked in the reality of my dream. I could not tell when or how it faded; but I dreamed that, when twilight came, I was watching for more heavenly wonders, but could see only the wavy, mystical Aurora, with its many-flashing, varying hues of light and glory, so sublime and so mysterious.

Would you not have thought it a wonderful and beautiful dream? Would you not have fancied the fairy-folk had been whispering in your ears, and touching your optics with their elfin, silver wands, to make you see

bright and strange things, such as we read of in their sparkling, starry caves, and among their palaces of rosy diamonds and precious stones? I thought of elves and fairies; but I thought more of those bright, beloved, though unseen ones, who I believe love to watch around us, waking or sleeping, to guard us from evil; and who can, perhaps, sometimes give us faint and fleeting glimpses of the radiant joy and beauty of their not distant home of love, if our hearts are open to their holy influence. It seems as if they would love to give us, in our sleep, beautiful visions and pure thoughts, and thus teach us noble and glorious truths.

The dream gave me many thoughts. A pen of light in the heavens! Think you, dear children, it typified that with which the Recording Angel had that day noted down in the Book of Life, for me and for each of you, our good and evil thoughts and actions, — a record, for eternity, of our duties toward God, toward our parents, each other, and our own souls, whether well or ill performed? The circle, having neither beginning nor end, has always typified eternity. The circle and pen, *thus* brought together, seemed very significant of that account, which, whether we will or not, whether we remember it or not, is constantly being kept for us all, with the flight of each day and hour, noting many things of which we are, perhaps, quite forgetful or careless or unconscious. What think you the great pen had written for us that day, for you or for me? A record of deeds, of thoughtful kindness, generous self-forgetfulness, quick obedience, and gentle courtesy to all around us? A heart of love, and pure thoughts toward God, and toward all his children and creatures? I fear

for us all there were more or less of dark shadows mingled with the brightness of the lines of light from that wondrous pen ; some forgetfulness of duty, some carelessness of others' feelings, some unkindness, discontent, or disobedience for one or another of us. We did not remember — did we? — that the pen of light still wrote on, while we were angry or selfish or fretful. And do we remember now that nothing but tears of penitence, and new and stronger efforts for goodness, can wash away those darker shadows, and leave the record bright as my dream-constellation ?

What do you think is the account of to-day, of the present hour ? A record clear as the silvery light of the pen itself, all glowing with holy aspirations and good deeds ? If so, the brighter will be our dreams, the happier each day's waking thoughts.

As, at evening, our earth, with all its dear, familiar objects, — houses, trees, even mountains, — seem little and insignificant, compared with the countless worlds and boundless space encompassing it ; so is our short life here, in comparison with that eternal existence upon which we have even now entered, and begun already to make joyously happy, by having great and noble objects, and desiring the *highest* good ; or sadly miserable, by selfishness, baseness, and earthliness.

Let us watch and pray, that the bright angel may write for us, in words of light, our daily account : for we have the promise, that " they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

H. S. H.

SPRING.

THE Spring is coming ! I have heard the whisper
Of the warm south-wind breathing forth her name ;
And she has sent her gentle herald forward,
Her swift-advancing footsteps to proclaim.

The Spring is coming ! For I saw the brown twigs
Smile as the joyous message passed along ;
And the low-lying grass waved in its gladness,
And joined the tree-tops in their grateful song.

The Spring is coming ! She is bearing northward
Her velvet mantle, spangled with bright flowers ;
The pale-blue violet and the maple-blossom
Put forth their tender leaves 'mid April showers.

The Spring is coming ! and the birds are winging
Back to their summer-haunts with songs of glee,
And from their tuneful throats are gayly pouring
A gush of mellow music wild and free.

The Spring is coming ! and, amid the welcome
All nature warbles forth from every part,
Why should there mingle still one thought of sadness
With the rejoicings of my own glad heart ?

The Spring is coming ! But she bears not only
Sweet buds and blossoms, beauty, grace, and bloom ;
She wakes the memory of days departed,
And o'er her brightness casts a shade of gloom.

Yes, Spring is coming ! But she cannot bring us
Those who were wont to hail her bright return ;
And the warm breezes, with their gentle pinions,
Rustle the grass on many a lowly urn.

Yes, she *is* coming ! Fairer than our spring-time,
With lovelier buds than greet our earthly eyes,
And with the loved and lost so long departed,
Shall bloom at last the Spring of Paradise !

EDITOR.

GEORGIA SNAKES.

AMONG the objects of interest in the " Empire State of the South," may be ranked its snakes. Some of them are very beautiful, and some very venomous. The coach-whip snake is a very pretty fellow. While in Georgia, I was always glad of an opportunity to cultivate his acquaintance. He looks almost exactly like the article from which he is named. I think the species are perfectly harmless. Adders are very common. Some stories are told about their biting propensities ; but they are not generally believed to be at all venomous. The striped snake, so common in the Northern and Eastern States, abounds in Georgia ; so does the black-snake, which sometimes attains an enormous size, and frightens the boys at a prodigious rate. The Hon. George R. Gilmer, formerly Governor of the State, made some interesting statements to me about this snake, which, of course, must be regarded as perfectly reliable. He gives

them as the result of his own observation. I will tell you one of these stories presently.

Among the venomous snakes of Georgia, the rattlesnake, I believe, holds the highest rank. In those parts of the country which are uncultivated, — and there are multitudes of acres in this condition, — rattlesnakes abound. I have seen the rattles of one which was twenty years old. He was an enormous fellow, as you may suppose.

But I must tell you the governor's story. It is a very common thing, he says, for the black-snake and the rattlesnake to have pitched battles, in which, strange as it may seem to you, the former is generally the victor. He tells me that he once saw a famous engagement of this kind. A large black-snake encountered a rattlesnake of respectable dimensions, and immediately attacked his formidable foe. For a while, the battle was pretty nearly equal, though the black-snake conquered at last. Of course he was aware, by his instinct, not only of the venomous nature of his adversary, but of his mode of attack. You know the rattlesnake can never bite, so as to do any mischief, without drawing himself up in a coil, and then striking a hard blow with the fang. Aware of this circumstance, the black-snake took good care not to let his adversary get a chance to effect the spring necessary to the bite. But he was not content with defensive operations. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, he fastened his teeth in the neck of the rattlesnake, and, with almost the rapidity of lightning, coiled himself, at full length, around the body of his dangerous antagonist. This last movement completely disabled the rattlesnake. The black-snake adroitly

crushed his victim in his coils, so cruelly, that my informant has no doubt he cried for quarter. The quarter he got, however, was of a very different character from that which he desired. He was pretty nearly drawn and quartered before he got out of the coil. When the black-snake thought he had terminated the last throb of life in his poor victim, he began gradually to relax his grasp; but, perceiving some signs of life, he instantly tightened the coil again, and held the rattlesnake in that position until he was dead.

Governor Gilmer informed me that the dogs in this part of the country learn to hunt the rattlesnake, and that they manage to kill him without getting bit. They, too, are aware of the dangerous character of the snake, and dexterously spring at the snake's throat, and bite him, and shake him till his breath leaves his body. The governor informed me that he had seen his own dog perform this feat.

The truth of the following rattlesnake-story, which has been published before, can be implicitly relied on: A Southern hunter used to amuse himself, whenever he met with a fine specimen of a rattlesnake, with endeavoring to capture it alive. This he was enabled to do, after a long practice, by means of a forked stick, with which he seized the snake immediately back of the head. He once, however, came very near paying dearly for this daring feat. As he was out hunting for deer, at some distance from the rest of his party, he perceived a monstrous rattlesnake, which he seized in his usual manner; and then, after placing his fingers firmly behind the snake's head, he amused himself by opening its mouth, and endeavoring to examine its fangs. In the mean time,

his victim, quite unnoticed by the daring hunter, who was entirely absorbed in his examination of the creature's head, had twisted its body, in numerous folds, around his arm. Little by little, he was conscious of a slight pressure, accompanied by an alarming numbness in the member. The hunter immediately attempted to disengage his arm: at the same time, he was conscious that his power to do so was every moment lessening; and he had the additional horror of knowing that his fingers were becoming powerless to retain his hold. At last, the head of the snake began to draw near the palm of his hand, and the hunter gave himself up for lost; when, fortunately, one of his companions heard the cries of distress, and arrived, armed, as is common among Southern hunters, with a bottle of ammonia. The cork was hastily pulled out, and the contents poured into the mouth of the monster. Then the frightful scene was changed in a moment. The animal, in an agony, uncoiled itself, and fell harmless to the ground, when it was easily killed.

There is no doubt at all of the power of the rattlesnake to charm its victim. I have heard so many well-authenticated anecdotes of their charming powers, that I cannot help believing in the reality of the art, strange as it may seem.

In Georgia, the greatest enemy the rattlesnake has is the hog. Great numbers of hogs are here allowed to roam over the fields; and they are encouraged to get their living by their wits. You will stare when I tell you that they learn to catch rattlesnakes, and eat them; in fact, hogs often thrive on the flesh of these snakes. It will strike you as wonderful that the hog does not lose

his life by his temerity. But you must know that the poison of the snake does not take effect in the fat of animals: it is only in that part of the body where there are blood-vessels that the venom can be diffused; and the hog, you know, is pretty well covered with fat. He knows a thing or two, as stupid as we are accustomed to regard him. Getting down on his knees, he crawls along carefully toward his victim; taking good care that, when the serpent strikes, its fangs will pierce only such parts as are invulnerable. The snake, after striking two or three times, exhausts its power of injecting poison for the time being; when the grunting old porker deliberately rises from his knees, and devours his prey at his leisure. Sometimes, however, I am told, piggy is so lean that the venom of the rattlesnake takes effect on his body, when he dies in a very short time. My friends in Georgia, who have abundant means of informing themselves, assured me, that, after a drove of hogs had for some months frequented a field infested with rattlesnakes, the latter almost entirely disappeared from the stage, while their conquerors would grow surprisingly fat on the spoils of their victories.

The king-snake, a long, spotted fellow, is noted for his habit of killing other snakes. He is capable, although he has no fangs and is entirely destitute of venom, of destroying rattlesnakes. He kills them mainly, if not altogether, by crushing them in his coils.

The moccason-snake is scarcely inferior to the rattlesnake in the poisonous character of its bite. This snake, too, sometimes attains a mammoth size. I was once walking with a gentleman over his plantation, when he espied one of these snakes, which, according to his esti-

mate, was some eight feet long. They are now and then pretty troublesome guests when they grow to so large a size. This moccason we discovered within a few feet of the spring where my friend's children came frequently to play. I have heard a great many stories of persons being bitten by the moccason. The negroes, who cultivate the soil, sometimes suffer much, when they are clearing up new lands, from the moccason-snakes which are concealed under the dry leaves among the bushes.—*Woodworth.*

“OUT OF THE ABUNDANCE OF THE HEART THE MOUTH SPEAKETH.” — MATT. xii. 34.

CARELESSNESS in speaking is a very common fault, both of children and their elders. How many of you would like to be judged by what you say? Yet most persons have no other way of judging of you. A few intimate friends, your parents and relatives, may have the opportunity of seeing your actions; but, for the general influence which you exert, your words are, in a great measure, responsible. How important it is, then, that these words should be pure and truthful!

Great carelessness exists with regard to kind words. A person often says a rough, unkind word, without attaching much importance to it, and perhaps without remembering it afterwards; but that unkind word may have touched a sensitive fibre in the heart of the person to whom it was addressed. If a dear friend, he will know that you did not intend to be unkind, and will forgive you, though the remembrance of those words

may cost him much suffering; if an indifferent person, that word may alienate from you a heart in which you might have found affection and sympathy.

Another quite as common result of want of attention in speaking, shows itself in a habit of exaggeration, or in neglecting to repeat a thing exactly as it was told or happened. This habit has often produced the most serious consequences. A remark, trivial and unimportant in itself, has been added to as it passed from one mouth to another, until reputation, credit, and all that we hold dear in this world with regard to personal character, have been injured.

It may seem a small thing for an impatient child to say to his companion, "You've kept me waiting a year!" when ten minutes have been spent in expectation. The child may say, too, that he is perfectly well understood by his playfellow to mean only a great length of time. This is true; but it is the beginning of the habit of exaggeration, — a fault which grows with such astonishing rapidity, that, if we hope to root it out successfully, we must commence when it first shows itself above the ground.

The heart has been very aptly compared to a jug. A jug, as you all know, has only a small opening at the top. We cannot look inside to see whether it be clean or dirty. We are obliged to pour water into it, and judge from its color, when we pour it out again, whether the jug is clean. So with the heart: outward circumstances and impressions, themselves pure like water, go into the heart; and by our remarks upon them, by what comes out of the heart, it must be decided whether that heart is pure or not.

We have called your attention to this subject, children, because we believe it to be one of great importance. In the Bible, we are constantly cautioned to set a watch over our lips. Check the germ of every thing that is unkind or untrue in your words, and your whole life will acknowledge the benefit of your early exertion.

EDITOR.

C U B A.

At the present time, there is a great and remarkable degree of interest throughout the whole country in regard to every thing connected with the Island of Cuba. Its geographical position, its political history and future prospects, and its intimate connection with our own country, fully account for this interest; though its own situation, as one of the most beautiful spots in creation, and as one of the earliest discoveries of Columbus, must ever invest it with a degree of interest far greater than aught else.

Three hundred and sixty-three years ago, the foot of the white man first pressed the shores of this ocean-queen; and though no friendly native was there to utter a hearty welcome in broken language, as did Samoset on the shores of Massachusetts, they found a people ready to adore them as beings of a superior order, and before whom they prostrated themselves in reverence. Alas that an enterprise, undertaken for the glory of God, should have been marked by wanton cruelty to his creatures! A blight fell upon this beautiful island when Columbus and his followers landed on its soil, and took possession of it in the name of the

monarchs of Spain, and, with their mouths full of spiritual professions, tortured and oppressed its inhabitants to extract from them the wealth which they so earnestly sought, and which they fondly deemed they had at last found in this fancied Japan, — which fulfilled the dream of the great Columbus, and assured him that he had nearly reached the shores of Farther India. Cuba broke upon him as a paradise. He wrote that one could live there for ever; and, with the simplicity of a child, he described the beauty and grandeur of its natural scenery in the most eloquent language. She is still lovely as then, though the inevitable laws which govern the progression of races have long since erased every trace of its aboriginal possessors.

No one knows the inconvenience of travelling in a foreign country, without knowing their language, unless he has tried it. You come in contact with boatmen, hackmen, and runners, of a like stamp with those in our cities, from whom you do not get the most favorable impression.

Cuba has, in fact, but little history. When the word is spoken, the mind reverts to it as an everlasting monument, marking the triumph of that greatness which conceived, and that patience which finally demonstrated, a path across the trackless ocean, and discovered a Western World; but, before this, all is a blank, and, like its majestic natural productions which have flourished and decayed since the world was, all traces of its previous human life is lost, without even Indian traditions to tell us who lived, what they did, or how they died. Since then, from the time that the conquerors massacred the native chieftains, who refused the mockery of the religious

baptism offered them, and since toil and want gradually exterminated the native population, a cry of oppression and distress has been wafted on every spicy breeze, and the religion of gold has thrown that of heaven far into the shade. Cuba is the Indian name of the island; and though four other names have been successively given it, to honor both the saints and sinners of the Old World, it is known only by the aboriginal appellation, which will ever perpetuate the memory of the simple race who poured their offerings into the white man's lap, and received him into their homes that he might lay them desolate.

The geographical position of Cuba renders it of great importance to this country, as it is capable of commanding the whole navigation of the surrounding seas. It has a length of about six hundred miles, with a width varying from one hundred and eighteen to twenty-two miles. A chain of mountains, extending throughout its length, divide the island into two parts; and numberless small streams from them water it on both sides. The soil is of such surprising fertility, that two, and sometimes three, crops may be raised from it with ease; and its richness requires so little labor, that it well deserves the humorous remark made in reference to another land, "that if you but tickle its surface with a plough, it laughs out a full and abundant harvest." The indolence of the people, and their disinclination to agricultural labor of any kind, are almost excusable when we remember this; and it reminds me of the tale in the "Arabian Nights," where the servants were forbidden even to think of how the table should be spread, so secure was the master of the house that some good genii would cover it bountifully. It has been said that no soil on the face of the

globe equals this in fertility; and my own limited observation inclines me to think that it is so.

One of the most beautiful sights that ever attracted my eye was a coffee plantation in full bloom. The coffee-plant is an evergreen-tree, from fifteen to twenty feet high, with a large and smooth bright-green leaf: the flowers are white and sweet-scented, and grow in bunches at the base of the leaf. It is usually planted in lots of about eight acres, laid out in wide walks, the borders of which are planted with orange, banana, mango, and other tropical trees, the partial shade of which is necessary to preserve the coffee-tree from injury. The luxuriant climbing plants of the tropics intertwine their branches, and offer every shade of beautiful flower; and, when the coffee-plant is also in blossom, they are so large and abundant, that it seems as if a cloud of snow had rested upon each tree; and the whole forms a scene of natural splendor fully equal to the most exalted idea of the garden of Eden. The sugar plantations, however, though the most beautiful of any, are by far the most profitable; some of the largest yielding an income of over two hundred thousand dollars per annum, while the smallest produce about one hundred thousand. Sugar, coffee, and tobacco, are the three great staples of the island: but sugar yields about twice as great a percentage of profit as either of the others; and, in fact, the culture of both coffee and tobacco has very much decreased.

The trees of Cuba are unsurpassed in beauty, — I always except the hemlock, — such as the palm, mahogany, cedar, *lignumvitæ*, and various kinds of ebony; and the avenues out of the city extend for miles, as they

stretch toward the plantations, lined on each side with the unequalled royal palm, interspersed with other trees. The palm overtops all others, many of them rising to a height of one hundred and twenty feet. The leaves are from eight to ten feet long, and the trunk is as round and smooth as if it had been turned in a lathe. Those avenues were much improved by the exertions of Governor-General Tacon, who, with all his faults, was an iron-willed man, and did much for the improvement of the island. There is one street, or avenue, the Paseo Isabella, that does credit to the taste of any man, and equals in beauty that of the far-famed one in Madrid. It is interspersed with fountains, statues, and interlined with those magnificent palms, dividing it into five separate drives, two narrower ones on either side of the main avenue. Showy gardens everywhere load the air with perfumes. Here the wealth and fashion of the island slowly pass and repass in their volantes every evening, the postilion of each in silver livery, with boots and spur. The walks are crowded with the admirers of those Cuban belles, exchanging the courtesies of the day; while the graceful movement of the costly fan keeps time with the music of the bands near by. Yet, to break the harmony of the scene, a spearsman on horseback, or a soldier with fixed bayonet on foot, is always in sight. There are only about thirteen hundred thousand acres under cultivation; and the yield from them would be much greater, could a little more energy be infused into the landed proprietors. The most reliable estimates I could form gave about three hundred and forty millions of capital invested; from which the net annual profit is about fifty millions, or about twenty per cent.

I ought, perhaps, to say a word on tobacco; for Havana has been long famous for its good cigars: but there is, however, very little of the very best kind raised, it only covering a few miles. Ten times as much of the poorer article is made, bearing the stamp of the good.

All offices of honor, emolument, or responsibility are in the hands of the Spaniards. The Creoles are excluded from the army, treasury, judiciary, and custom-houses; and every thought seems to be how to make the most out of them. In fact, though Nature has been most lavish, their Spanish mother finds a strict duenna necessary, lest the favorite child should assert her liberty under the protecting smile of Uncle Sam's wistful eyes.

Early in the present century, Don Francisco de Arango, the most illustrious name in Cuban history, first made strenuous exertions toward improving the position of the people; and he not only succeeded in ameliorating their condition very sensibly, but he procured what was worth more than all else in advancing a knowledge of liberty and civil rights, — the throwing open of the ports of the island to foreign trade, which was done in 1818; and, since that time, we may date what of prosperity and advancement they have really been blessed with.

From the time when the first conquerors of Cuba committed such wholesale slaughters, that the second place on the island was named Matanzas, or the city of massacres, until now, the same system has been pursued; and, though the present natives are descendants of the pure Spaniards, they are looked down upon almost as much as their own ancestors looked down upon the savages. Even the bright-eyed boy of five or six years

will curl his lip in scorn as he answers, "No, señor," when asked if he was born in Cuba. We can hardly realize the petty things to which the strong arm of tyranny descends. During the excursion of Lopez, as a party of troops were conveying a body of prisoners to Havana, one of the miserable captives fell by the way, and was left unheeded. A planter near by, moved by the ordinary instincts of humanity, had him carried to his home to die. This act of Christian kindness being strictly illegal, the planter was tormented, oppressed, and finally worried into the utterance of some unguarded expression; when he was arrested, his property allowed to go to waste, and he was in prison not long since.

Still, it must be admitted that some stringent laws were wanting; for, after the strict search of Governor Tacon had discovered and broken up several haunts of banditti, a leading lawyer was found to be the chief of one of them. He escaped by applying a certain blind to the eyes of justice, which is too often used with success even with us; and, after his departure, six skeletons were found quietly reposing in an out-of-the-way place in his house. Such instances were far from uncommon; and, while Governor Tacon well deserves praise for rendering the highways a place of safety, we may regret that law is not tempered with mildness; and perhaps, too, we may think that severity was the father of those evils which a still greater severity now seeks to eradicate. The whole evil has arisen from the desire to obtain every dollar that could be squeezed from the island; and the attitude of Spain is that of a leech, which continues to draw every drop of blood until it becomes exhausted and ruined itself. We can never be sufficiently thankful that we

live under a wise government, where there is no standing army necessary to overawe the people into submission. It seemed as if every fourth or fifth man I met was dressed in a military suit; and even then they hardly appeared to feel safe.

Every farmer must pay ten per cent on all crops except sugar, which is charged with two and a half per cent. The trade in ice and fish is a government monopoly. Fish is dearer there than beef. A native Creole must obtain an official permit before he can ask a few friends to a seat at his table. About eight dollars must be paid for a single sheet of stamped paper on which contracts are drawn. No goods of any kind can be sold without a license. Removal from one house to another is forbidden until permission is obtained and paid for. Every thing living or dead is taxed to the utmost farthing; and there is no apparent escape from the evil. The inhabitants are forbidden to send their children to the United States to school, so great is the fear that they will become tinged with our liberal views; and their own system of education, when compared with our universal and excellent schools, is wretched indeed. Not long since, out of about a hundred thousand free children, only about nine thousand attended any kind of a school; and only three thousand of them were educated at the public expense. The public teachers are often notoriously incompetent friars. I remember hearing of one man who made an ostentatious display of a geography which cost him twenty-five dollars, and which informed him that the Americans were the greatest stabbers in the world.

(To be concluded.)



TEASING THE DOG.

"GIVE him the biscuit if he wants it, — do, Ellen! I do not like to hear him bark so. Here, Major! Poor fellow! she ought not to tease you." And Lily Howard put her arm round the neck of the dog, who was beginning to manifest his displeasure by a series of low growls.

"Oh, it is such fun to make him think he is going to have it, and then cheat him! Just see him!" she added, as the dog leaped up to catch the food, and half shook off Lily's hand, which continued to pat him.

"I don't think there is any fun in teasing him, Ellen; and I would not have promised that you should bring him his dinner, if I had known you would do so. Take care! he is really growing angry now."

Still Ellen continued to withdraw the tempting morsel which was within his reach, until the dog apparently resented that he would bear it no longer. He made a sudden spring from his house, and threw both the children to the ground. Lily had been kneeling, and the full force of the dog's attack was directed towards Ellen, so that the former was not hurt; but Ellen's forehead struck a sharp stone, she fell, and began to bleed profusely. Her cries now alarmed the whole household; and father, mother, and servants were soon at the scene of disaster. Her father took her in his arms and carried her into the house, where a large sticking-plaster was placed over the wound.

"And now tell me how this accident happened," said Mr. Howard, when Ellen's sobs had ceased, and Lily had withdrawn her frightened face from behind her mother.

Ellen blushed. "O papa! it was my own fault. I was teasing Major about his dinner; and at last he leaped out

of his kennel to get it, and came with such force that he threw me down."

"If that is the case, Ellen, I am not sorry that you were both frightened and hurt. There is something of malice in trifling thus with a dumb animal, who cannot understand that it is sport to you. I hope the scar of your cut will last long enough to effect a cure in this respect, by continually reminding you of your fault."

"I am sure it will, papa. And, now, may I go and make friends with Major, and give him his dinner?"

"Yes; but be very careful to treat him gently."

When Ellen came near the dog, and held out a tempting piece of meat, he growled, and seemed about to fly at her. She drew back, in alarm, but, after a moment, again advanced towards him, but with no better success. "What can be the matter?" she said to Lily. "I think he frightened himself, as well as me, when he threw me down."

"Let me try," replied Lily; and she, in her turn, offered the food. Major came to take it from her hand, and, while he was eating it, allowed her to pat his back. Ellen again tried to give him another piece when the first was devoured; but his growl was most decisively expressive of displeasure.

"Major will not let me feed him," said she, sadly, to her father, who passed by.

"I did not suppose he would," answered he, "although I was willing that you should make the experiment. You have deceived him, and he knows it, and is not willing to trust you again. See how he eats from Lily's hand!" Ellen was just ready to burst into tears again, but her father prevented it. "You must not cry, Ellen, or you will displace the plaster on your forehead, and the cut will bleed again. I do not wonder you feel sorry; for

the affection and confidence of an animal are worth something, and it will be a long time before you can regain it."

It was a long time indeed. The scar on Ellen's forehead had healed over, the childish dresses of the sisters were exchanged for those of womanhood, and still Major kept his opinion of Ellen. He would sometimes suffer her to pat him; but towards Lily the strength of his attachment was manifested. When he died, worn out with years, both sisters wept. "I envy you your tears, Lily," said Ellen, "for they are tears of pure regret; but mine have the bitterness in them which comes from that thoughtless act of my childhood."

Little readers, are any among you in the habit of teasing the dumb creation around you? Learn from this little sketch that the disposition is odious, even when displayed toward a dog; and, still more, if any are accustomed to tease their more feeble-spirited companions, let them remember that nothing should be sport to them which is a source of trouble to another.

EDITOR.

MAY-DAY RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

[The following article was taken in part from a paper called "May-day Blossoms," published in Dorchester, last year, at a fair held in aid of the Children's Mission. To many of our readers it will not be new; but we felt that it was worth a second reading, and that those who had never seen it would derive from it much instruction and pleasure. — EDITOR.]

It is not much of May Day that I recollect, for it was not very much that I ever happened to see. May Day is not now in England what it was five hundred years ago, when it was a general holiday; when young persons used to go

into the woods, in the early twilight, to gather flowers with the dew upon them; when the young men, during the day, were accustomed to exercise themselves in archery at the town-buts; and when, in the evening, everybody, young and old, used to dance round the May-pole. But there is still in England much feeling for May Day; and all over the country are to be found traces of the love with which it was kept, and of the various ways in which it was observed in different ages.

The Irish and the Highlanders call May Day *Bealtam*, — the day of the fire of Bel; and for its coming they light fires on the hill-tops, just as the ancient Druids did. The month of May takes its name from Maia, a goddess of the Romans; and Flora, with them, was the goddess of flowers; and of the Roman celebration of Flora in England there are many remains. In the south of England, there is a town where, under a corrupt word, May Day is still called Flora's Day.

My own earliest recollection of a May Day in England is of my seeing one afternoon, planted in the middle of a street, a small tree covered with flowers and ribbons, which I was told was a May-pole. Often at other times I remember having seen, on May morning, long streets looking like avenues of trees, from there having been fixed against every door-post a bough of elm or a great bush of hawthorn. In the city of York, on May morning, many times I saw the morris-dancers come in from the country, dressed in a manner learned from the Moors, and practising a dance which was introduced into England by the Crusaders. In Lancashire, one May Day, I saw a wagon with a load of rushes piled upon it. The sides of the laden wagon were decorated with silver, and apparently with any articles of silver which could be procured to hang there, — cups, salvers, watches, spoons.

The horses were decked with ribbons ; and in front of them marched a band of musicians. This procession was called rush-bearing, and had been continued yearly from the time when it was customary to renew on May Day, in the parish church, the rushes which were once used instead of carpets. At King's Lynn, one morning, I was surprised, and a little bewildered, by the strange noise I heard everywhere about. On my inquiring what it was, I was answered, " Oh ! it is only the boys with their cows'-horns." And when I asked how it was that so many boys should all at once be fancying cows'-horns to blow, I was told that it was because of its being the 1st of May. On the same day, I saw girls making a collection for dolls, which they carried ; one of which was seated in a little room, and another of which was suspended in a hoop, with flowers all about her. And I wondered to see, in the fenny district of England, how exactly the old Roman celebration of the festival day of Flora was perpetuated by boys and girls, who yet did not know what they were doing,—who were practising exactly what had been taught there when perhaps Agricola was governor, and what had been approved and enjoyed, by legionaries at work on the old sea-wall there, perhaps when the Emperor Severus was on his visit to Britain.

My last recollection connected with May Day in England is among my last remembrances of the country ; for it is of a May-pole, which was a landmark to all the surrounding district. This May-pole is like the mast of a great ship. It stands on a very high spot, and is of very ancient origin ; for when certain rights were granted to the lord of the manor there, probably by one of the Norman kings, it was on condition that at Holliwood, in King's Norton, he should keep a May-pole standing for ever.

By these old holidays, how we feel ourselves linked with

the past,—connected with them who have been before us in the world, and who have rejoiced and hoped as we do! — the men of three hundred years ago, who carpeted their churches with fresh rushes on May Day; the men of five centuries since, who celebrated May Day with songs, just then fresh and current, about Robin Hood and his archers; and with the people of a thousand and two thousand years ago; Roman soldiers, who made garlands for Flora; of English flowers, violets and lilies of the valley, primroses and buttercups and daisies; and Druids, the home of whose worship was in the forests, and who used to make bonfires on high places, the night before May Day, in celebration of the power by which their woods were growing green overhead and flowery underneath.

Yes, and on a morning like this, how we feel that in us all there is one soul, and that we are of them, and they of us! — the poets, who have sung our thoughts, and made music of our feelings; Chaucer, so fond of lying on the grass, and gazing at nature and at the coming of spring, who exclaimed, —

“O May, with all thy flowers and thy green!
Right welcome be thou, fairy, freshy May;” —

and Milton, in his time, that hailed —

“The flowery May, who from his green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose;” —

and old Herrick, so fond of flowers, and who was urgent with people to rise early and see the trees spangled with dew, and, in his own age, who saw —

“When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.”

And it is not only by flowers, but also by birds, that the advent of May is shown and cheered; for, by May Day,

nearly every emigrant bird has returned,—the swallow, the cuckoo, the whitethroat, the redstart, the ring-ouzel, the swift, and many others. And they appear in regular order, one after the other; the cuckoo always being preceded by the wry-neck, and the swallow being always ten days in advance of the swift. Also there are certain flowers which blossom simultaneously with the arrival of certain birds; and for this reason the lady-smock is called the cuckoo-flower. And thus, throughout the month of April, there is hardly a morning on which some flower or bird does not announce May Day as coming nearer and nearer.

The oldest holiday in England, the celebration of the beauty and the promise of the year,—it is no wonder, age after age, that we find that almost every poet had some word for the day as it passed him. Edmund Spenser tells his friend Philip Sidney, in the merry month of May, how—

“ Youth’s folk now flocken in everywhere,
To gather May-baskets and smelling brier;
And home they hasten, the posts to dight,
And all the church-pillars, ere daylight,
With hawthorn-buds and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses, and sops in wine.”

Half a century later than these lines, Thomas Morley begins one of his ballads thus:—

“ Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing.”

In the manner in which James Shirley describes May Day, is shown the classical education of the great dramatist:—

“ Woodmen, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan’s great holiday.”

There is but little of the old jollity in the celebration of

this day now, and it is a holiday which is now no vacation from labor ; but yet, perhaps, there comes with it still as much sentiment as ever. And many of the later poets have linked with it some of their most beautiful and tender fancies, from Matthew Prior, with his sweet verses on the May flowers of Chloe, and called the "Garland," to Alfred Tennyson's touching history of the "May Queen." Says the proverb-couplet,—

" March winds and April showers
Bring forth May and May-flowers."

In a different mood from this, and as though fresh from his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Gray writes on himself, at the end of his "Ode on Spring," or rather thus he makes some sportive insect say of himself, the moralist :—

" On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone:
We frolic while 'tis May."

However, whether we frolic or mope or struggle, May comes and passes all the same. But yet, if every thing is "beautiful in its time," specially so is the season celebrated in England as the month of May. In the presence of this beauty, and in our joy at it, how much more easily we trust and hope than we do while absorbed by little cares, or while walking only among houses and places of trade ! With the hopefulness of spring, we grow hopeful for the whole world, for the universe, and for eternity. And, indeed, is there not a something divine, some ordinance of the Creator, in this power of nature to draw our souls into the serene, strange, sweet confidence which we sometimes feel when the spring is at its best ? An exact answer to this question, and a text for May Day, beautiful as the season itself, there comes to mind what is recorded in two of the Gospels : "Consider the lilies of the field

how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin ; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ?" Do we believe this ? Hardly, hardly can we say that we do. But even if we believe it, yet we feel it so faintly !

In the May-day song by W. C. Bennett, there is sentiment of which it would be well that we should bethink ourselves now and then, — we who live so much apart from Nature as scarcely even to suspect how largely we have shut her out from our thoughts and our ways of life.

"Come out, come from the cities,
For once your drudging stay;
With work 'twere thousand pities
To wrong this honored day.
Your fathers met the May
With laughter, dance, and labor:
Come, be as wise as they;
Come, steal to-day from labor.

Talk not of want of leisure:
Believe me, time was made
For laughter, mirth, and pleasure,
Far more than toil and trade.
And little short I hold
That social state from madness,
For daily bread when's sold
Man's natural gift to gladness.

Then leave your weary molling,
Your desks and shops, to-day;
'Tis sin to waste in toiling
This jubilee of May.
Come stretch you where the light
Through golden lines is streaming,
And spend — O rare delight! —
An hour in summer-dreaming."

However, wherever we may be, whether among the pine-woods of the North or the Cherokee roses of the South, at least, as says the "Mirror of the Months," —

" We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play, —
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May."

Poets and birds and flowers, — what a day of them this is! flowers and birds and poetry; flowers and birds as they have always been, and always will be; flowers and birds as they were before Adam was, and also flowers and birds as they seemed to the poets; flowers and birds as now through the poets they seem to us, — things of beauty, and joys for ever; spiritualized, visibly living in another light than that of the sun, and created to nourish in us a something which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. Oh! the poets we remember to-day, and the creatures which they have made their own, and yet which are ours also, all the more fully for being theirs, — Keats and the nightingale, Logan and the cuckoo, Shelley and the skylark, Bryant and the bobolink, Barry Cornwall and the stormy petrel, Mary Howitt and the humming-bird, and Elizabeth Browning and the sea-mew; the daffodil and Wordsworth, the anemone and Hartley Coleridge, the daisy and Burns, and the ivy with Felicia Hemans. Nor, among the poets of the spring, ought that writer to be forgotten, — anonymous, but belonging to New England, — through whom now there is to be heard the voice of the grass. A word or two of that utterance, how pretty and quaint, and, more indeed than pretty, how beautiful! —

" Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere:
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,

Close by the noisy brook,
 In every shady nook,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, smiling everywhere:
 All round the open door,
 Here, where the children play,
 In the bright and merry May,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere,
 More welcome than the flowers
 In summer's pleasant hours:
 The gentle cow is glad,
 And the merry bird not sad,
 To see me creeping, creeping everywhere."

And Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," — we have not yet even mentioned him among the authors brought to our remembrance by the spring. But are they so much to us, the poets? Yes, indeed they are. And is it not true that all of us, whether we are readers or not, have profited, even more largely than we know of, by the manner in which our thoughts have been enlarged and our feelings refined by writers, whom we have never even thanked for the good they have done us? Then let us acknowledge that, somewhere or other, there is a great debt owing by us. Now, it is a debt, some small part of which we can discharge by helping to open the eyes of the morally blind, so as that God's works may look to them as they do to us, and so as that they also may see and hear in nature what we do, and may share in our feelings about May Day, and may feel themselves growing more fit for heaven by loving the beauty with which God so clothes the grass of the field, by minding the ways and songs of birds, and by having their souls grow sensitive to the spirit of the woods, — solemn, mysterious, fearful, and yet joyous too.

LILY'S NEW YEAR'S DAY.

MRS. SELWYN came to the door of the parlor, and looked in. Her husband sat reading the "Christian Register;" the two youngest children were chatting together in a subdued tone, and two others seemed busy with books. Apparently, she missed the face she was looking for; and, turning away without speaking, she passed up stairs.

"Very busy, Lily?" she asked, gently, as she entered a room where a young girl sat by a table, reading.

Lillias looked up: there was a shade on her sweet face; but it was of thought, not sadness. "Not busy at all, dear mother," she answered. "But it is the last Sunday of the year, you know; and I have been looking over my sermon-book. You have not forgotten that you desired us all to write down what we could remember of the sermons we heard?"

"And this is your record?" said Mrs. Selwyn, taking the book from her daughter's hand, and turning over the leaves. "You have done well indeed."

"Not nearly so well as Anna," she replied. "Her abstracts have been as full again; at least, at first."

"Anna has had other things to think of lately," said Mrs. Selwyn, smiling.

"But she has never neglected this," exclaimed Lily, eagerly; "not once, I believe, before or since she left us; though Philip rather laughs at her for it."

"But your own abstracts are much more full in the latter part of the book," remarked her mother. "The exercise strengthened your memory, it seems."

"Yes; but I do not think it was so much that. I have been more interested lately." She hesitated a moment,

for her timidity and reserve seldom allowed her to speak of her own feelings. "Do you remember, mother, this sermon, last September, — 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve'?"

Yes, Mrs. Selwyn well remembered. She had noticed that all her children had listened with deep attention; and she had hoped that the solemn, earnest appeal would find a response in some, if not all, of their hearts. The two youngest had perhaps not reached an age when any impression would be very lasting; but the elder ones, — it was surely time for them to think seriously on religious subjects. Her hopes had been disappointed. Emma, thoughtless by nature and habit, even more than girls of fifteen usually are, had soon forgotten whatever impression the sermon had made; and Julia, the eldest, had admired the eloquence of the discourse, and the grace of its delivery, without giving one thought to the solemn subject itself. Anna, though she had spoken freely to her mother of the feelings excited in her heart, and her desire for improvement, had soon been absorbed by the preparations for her marriage; and Lillias was too shy to speak at all.

These remembrances passed through Mrs. Selwyn's mind as her daughter was speaking; and, after a minute's pause, she answered, "Yes, Lily, I recollect it very well. Is it from that time that you date your increased interest?"

"Not exactly; I had been interested before: but Mr. Maynard was very solemn, you know; and I could not forget that sermon at all."

"You did not wish to forget it, my love?"

"Oh, no! but I felt as though I ought to make my decision then; and I tried to decide as I ought. I did not dare to trust myself, I have so often made resolves and forgotten them; so I thought I would say nothing to any

"one till the New Year; and, in the mean time, I would watch myself, and see if I really did desire to serve God, or if my decision was only a passing feeling."

"And now?" asked Mrs. Selwyn, drawing her daughter closer to her.

"Now I think I may say my choice is fixed. I do earnestly desire to be a Christian. But I fail so often, I do so many wrong things, that I should be afraid, if I were not sure God would help me. The sermons I hear help me a great deal, especially Maurice's. I think Maurice preaches to me even more than Mr. Maynard does."

"Perhaps you feel the words more, knowing his character so well. It is a good plan to take home to ourselves the truths we hear. And what of to-day's sermon, Lily?"

"On joining the church? Mr. Maynard did more to discourage than to encourage me, I think. But I am very young yet, and it is not a question to be decided hastily. I must consider of it."

"True, my child; and, to aid you in the decision, here is a little volume which I am sure you will value.

"'Communion Thoughts: Bulfinch.' The same who wrote the beautiful 'Lays of the Gospel'? Oh, thank you, dearest mother! Are you going? Just one thing first. Mr. Maynard has been our pastor so little while, and I know him so little, that I should hardly feel like talking with him; and yet there are some things a clergyman could answer better than any one else. Might I ask Maurice?"

"Ask Maurice by all means, my child. He considers you quite as much a sister as Anna, I am sure, and would be gratified to have you come to him with any questions, especially those which fall more particularly within his province as a clergyman. You will feel more at ease with him, too, than you could with any one else. But

don't stay too long here by yourself, my love. Come down to us soon."

New Year's Day came, and, agreeably to the wishes of the young people, was clear and pleasant. There was to be a gathering at Mr. Selwyn's house, in the evening, of the two families, which, nearly connected and always on terms of the greatest intimacy, had been still more closely united by the marriage of Philip Bradford and Anna Selwyn. But the young Selwyns could not wait until evening; and, as Philip had taken a house at no great distance from that of his father-in-law, Emma and Hatty had resolved to pay their sister a morning visit, and carry her the gifts they had prepared. Upon mentioning their plan, Vincent and Lily at once offered to accompany them; and the four set out together.

Entering Mrs. Bradford's neatly arranged parlor, they found their sister examining some books, evidently new, with which the table was covered. She looked up as the door opened, and joyous greetings were interchanged; after which, the young visitors displayed the gifts they had brought; and Anna, returning to the table, bade them come and see what Philip and herself had prepared for them.

"Books! all books!" exclaimed the laughing Emma. "How convenient it must be to have a bookseller for a husband, Nannie!"

Anna smiled, and, slipping a little box into Emma's hand, bade Hatty go to the sofa, and search there. "And Lily," she said, "that row of books is Maurice's gift to you, — your favorite author, you see."

"'Martyria,' — 'Euthanasy,' — 'Thorpe,'" — read Emma. "Much good may they do Lily! I should fall asleep over any one of them in ten minutes."

"Or over any other book," remarked Vincent, who was already devouring a volume long desired.

"Is Maurice at home, Anna?" asked Liliās, softly. "May I go up and see him?"

"Certainly, darling; you'll find him in the study." And Lily slipped away unnoticed by the others; for Vincent was too deep in his book, Hatty too much enraptured with the beautiful wax doll she had found, and Emma too busy admiring the pretty ring she had just placed on her finger, to heed her departure.

The study-door was ajar; and the timid young girl hesitated before entering; for, though Maurice Bradford had always seemed like a brother, she had seldom spoken with him on religious subjects, and she did not know how to introduce what she wanted to say. The young clergyman had heard the light step, however, and spoke.

"Is not that Lily Selwyn? Come in, Lily, and let me wish you a happy New Year."

"A happy New Year to you, Maurice, and thanks for your welcome gift."

"I am glad I happened to know your taste," he answered. "Come, sit by me, and tell me how all goes on at home. I returned only last night, and have had no time to question Anna."

Liliās sat down, and they conversed for a few minutes on common subjects; then she relapsed into silence, for her mind was too full of her own thoughts and wishes to be long withdrawn from them.

"And so," said Maurice, at last, looking earnestly at her,—"so you begin the new year, dear Lily, as a follower of the Lamb,—as a disciple of Him who is the Truth and the Light?"

Her cheek flushed, and she looked up. "How could you tell?" she asked.

"I could read the signs ; I have read them for some time past. I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am that you have taken this resolve. It must make *you* very happy too."

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly, "if I were not afraid."

"Afraid,— with God to aid you, with Christ ever near you? You remember the hymn,—

‘Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near,—
A guide, a glory, a defence:
Then what have we to fear’ ?”

"Not afraid exactly in that way, Maurice ; only afraid that my own resolution may give way,— that the continued struggle with wrong habits and long-indulged weaknesses will make me weary."

"Such fear may be a safeguard, Lily. But, then, it need not be a struggle, a conflict, a great while, even if it is at first."

"Yes, I know, I am sure, that by and by, if I persevere, what is duty and conscience now, and may give me pain, will become love and joy. But there must often be a struggle with temptation,— must there not, Maurice? "

"Perhaps," he said, thoughtfully ; "and yet I think it need not be so. Let it be, Lilies, instead of a struggle, a casting off of sin and temptation. If it come near, it need not touch you. Have you never thought how delightful it would be to live, like the earliest disciples, in Christ's actual presence and companionship? Yes, I see you have ; and you have fancied, too, how, if temptation came, it would be powerless, with Him near to warn or encourage ; that even the knowledge that He was watching your progress with sympathy and love would be a sufficient safeguard. But, Lily, we have that watchful presence, that companionship, now ; or we may have it.

We know that he is ever with his disciples, for he has promised it; and the eye of faith can see him. Should temptation come, or discouragement, suffering or trial of any kind, it cannot harm one, who, like the beloved disciple, leans upon the Saviour's bosom. Trials will come, he will support us; sorrows, he will soothe us with the tenderest compassion; temptations may assail us. Let them pass unheeded: we are Christ's; we have nothing to do with sin."

The fervor of his tone, the gentle earnestness and perfect faith expressed both in look and voice, said as much to Lily as the words, though those filled her with a new hope, a new joy. He said nothing more, nor did she wish to hear more then; and, after a few moments' silence, she rose to go. Maurice, who had seemed lost in a reverie, rose also. "You are going, Lily? Good-by, then; and come to me freely with any doubts or difficulties in which you think I can assist you."

The young folks had already gone home, not choosing to wait for her; and Mrs. Bradford would gladly have kept her favorite sister to dine with her, but Lily resisted all urging.

"I should be glad, you know, Anna; but mother has so much to do to-day."

"As if Emma and Julia couldn't do all that is necessary! Stay, Lily, that's a darling."

"You wouldn't have me begin the New Year with neglecting a known duty? You love me too much to wish that, I know."

"I wish—— Never mind. Go, then, if you must; but I shall borrow you of mamma for a week or two, as soon as the holidays are over. Don't mind your books; Philip will bring them over when he comes to-night. Good-by, dearest."

Lilias returned home ; and the bright smile with which she met her mother's inquiring look told Mrs. Selwyn that her interview with the young clergyman had been satisfactory.

There are, in the life of every one, some seasons — days, hours, or it may be only moments — to which we look back afterward with thankfulness or with regret, according as their influence has been for good or evil, — seasons which seem to have cast a brightness or a shade, a sadness or a joy, over all the coming time, and whose remembrance and effect never leave us. Thus it was with Lily Selwyn. The dawning light of the New Year had indeed witnessed her simple, heartfelt consecration of herself to the service of the divine Master: the resolve, meditated for a long time with reflection and prayer, had at last found utterance. But she was of a nature singularly reserved and timid ; and, while these qualities often prevented her from seeking the sympathy she needed, her self-distrust and deep conscientiousness made her liable to discouragement. And thus it might, it probably would, have happened, that after a time, disheartened by what seemed her failures, and weary of continual striving, she would have turned sadly aside from the true path, and sought solace in earthly things.

That short interview with Maurice, however, had altered all her future. It is true, he had said nothing that she did not already know, that she had not heard many times ; but the thought presented in a new light, and deepened in its power by the fervent faith of the speaker, touched her heart as never before. From that moment, the heavenly influence seemed to guard her from evil. "The companion of Christ may not fear," she whispered to herself ; and her timidity gave place to fearless confidence. "We are Christ's ; we have nothing to do with sin," she said, re-

peating Maurice's words; and temptation passed her by. When trial and sorrow came, her patient fortitude never faltered. "Christ is with me," she thought, with a joy that was almost triumph; "and, with him to strengthen me, I can bear all things."

Her mother marvelled at the rapid improvement in her character; her younger sisters revered, while they loved her. Anna, happy in her home, and unconsciously scattering sunshine wherever she went, leaned on Lily as her greatest earthly support; but it was not for years that Maurice Bradford knew how much influence his words had had, or how often Lilius blessed him in her heart as she recalled that New Year's Day.

A. A.

NEST OF THE TITMOUSE.

BIRDS are very skilful architects, so far as constructing their own houses are concerned; yet their skill is merely instinctive, no progression or improvement ever being made. The first essay of the young bird is as perfect as the nest of a veteran songster. There is a great difference in the abilities of birds, each building according to its circumstances and wants, from a simple indentation in the naked sand up to the swinging castle in the air constructed of down and hair.

Among the nests of remarkable construction may be reckoned that of the long-tailed titmouse. This bird, which is no bigger than a wren, and is almost incessantly in motion, takes innumerable means of precaution for the comfort, safety, and concealment of its dwelling. It is made like a hollow ball, with a small opening on one side.

This orifice serves the double purpose of door and window, and is so well barricaded that neither cold nor rain can penetrate into the interior. This is effected by an admirably contrived screen, before the entrance to the little citadel, of downy feathers, which is very pliant, to admit of ingress and egress, and yet exclude the weather. Yet this is not all. From its very diminutive size, this bird is afraid of numerous enemies, and therefore has recourse to wise artifice to conceal its asylum. It fastens its nest to the trunk of a tree, and covers it carefully and skilfully with the twigs and leaves of the parasitical plants that cluster around the stem to which it adheres, and contrives to give to the inimitable structure the appearance of being a part of the bark. Having exhausted its skill in the deception, intended only to deceive enemies, the little creature enters its mansion, and rears its young under the protection of the *pious fraud*. — *Selected*.

OUR MAY-PARTY.

WE had a pleasant fancy the other morning, while we were thinking about May-day celebrations, — such a pleasant one, that, as you all assisted in it, it must be communicated to you. We thought of a “Child’s Friend” May-party; and we assembled in our mind all our readers, great and small, with all the kind friends who endeavor to make its pages pleasant and instructive. Can you not fancy this party too? — children from the Far West, bringing their tribute of wild, strange prairie flowers; children from the sunny South, with the splendid blooms which their earlier spring calls forth; children from the wide Empire State,

and from the sands of New Jersey, with wreaths of peach-blossoms ; and the many from our own New England, with the pale houstonia and violet, the nodding columbine, and a few late sprigs of May-flower, or, as it is called sometimes, ground-laurel.

Where shall we go Maying? what spot will suit us all? Shall we transport ourselves to Florida, where the jessamine hangs thickly in the hedges, and the fig and date are in blossom? Shall we roam by the broad Mississippi, or on the shores of the "Big Sea-Water"? No, none of these. The last flower we mentioned calls to mind a spot dear to all Americans. Let us go to old Plymouth; let us stand on the Forefathers' Rock. Our Northern springs are late, it is true, and we shall not find flowers in profusion; but we shall see much that is pleasant, and the associations of the place will more than compensate for any want of "buds and garlands gay."

Where shall we go first? We must all stand on Forefathers' Rock, which time and busy feet have worn so that it is scarcely visible; and it should be added, that the sharp instruments of visitors have done their part, until the good people of Plymouth, fearing lest their rock should be entirely carried away, have taken a large piece, and enclosed it with a railing in front of Pilgrim Hall, where mementoes of the early settlers are preserved. Let us stand there, one by one; and, if we do not feel an indescribable thrill of emotion, it is because patriotism has died out of our hearts, or has never been an element of our characters.

But we will not linger here. Warehouse-walls shut in around us, and we are seeking the fresh breath of heaven. Let us go to the burying-hill. The ascent is very steep; and you will notice that a street runs at the top of a cliff just beyond the rock. That hill was the first burying-

place of the Pilgrims. There they made the graves of those who "fell in the wilderness," and sowed them with corn, lest the Indians should see the mortality which prevailed among them.

And now we come to the "Old Burying-ground," at the top of a hill which overlooks the town of Plymouth and its beautiful harbor. See how that long, narrow beach stretches round, like an arm to keep off danger! How white and beautiful is the beat of the waves on the farther side! In winter, the waves often dash entirely over it, presenting a most glorious spectacle. That range of blue hills, which rises so beautifully to the right, is the Manomet Hills, and forms a fit setting to this gem of a bay, which lies nestled at their base. Across the bay, on the other side, is the town of Duxbury. You can see its lighthouse, and the roofs of its houses, if your eyes are sufficiently keen. See that white sail, dancing up and down, in the direction of that small island! How striking the contrast between its whiteness and the dark blue of the bay! The island is Clark's Island, named from the man who first landed upon it. There is a house upon it, which is the residence of a very hospitable gentleman, who, in the warm, summer weather, often brings his boat to the town, and carries back large parties to the island.

And, now, shall we extend our walk? Behind the town are some grand old woods, and some famous ponds, which deserve the name of lakes. There grow lovely wild flowers, and the tall trees are "bearded with moss." No, do you say? To Pilgrim Hall?

We rejoice that the spirit of the spot has thus taken possession of you. Let us go and examine these relics of the ancient time, — that famous chair, and the iron pot, which once belonged to Miles Standish; the old records, and the modern but beautiful picture. Our May Day will have

been a useful one, if it kindles or revives in our minds sentiments of veneration and gratitude towards those stern and noble men.

EDITOR.

CUBA.

(Concluded from p. 192.)

It was in the month of March last that I sailed for Cuba, in the beautiful steamer "Crescent City," which has since foundered on the Bahama Banks; and, on arriving at the entrance of the harbor, we were obliged to remain outside till morning, in consequence of a law passed by the cautious Spaniards, since the Lopez invasion, that no vessel shall enter port after the evening-gun is fired. This caution is very annoying to strangers, and is sometimes productive of unpleasant consequences. I remember an Englishman who was seen by some Spanish officials sketching the Moro Castle from a boat; and they forthwith gave him lodgings in its interior, as an enemy dangerous to the security of the island. It required all the ingenuity of the consul to satisfy those in power that his countryman merely intended to gratify a passing whim; and it was not until some one pointed out that the drawing was so wretchedly bad that it would be taken for almost any thing else sooner than what it was intended for, that they concluded to let him go. A German, who was more of an artist, endeavored to sketch the rude plough with which they still dig up the soil; when a soldier seized him, and carried him before a commanding officer, charged with sketching the fortress. It was not until a full consultation had been held that they decided the sketch to be

a plough instead of a castle or some warlike affair, and let him go too. I am bound to say, however, that, under the present enlightened captain-general, the greatest courtesies are extended to all who are properly introduced; and my son obtained immediate permission from him to visit the Moro, and allow an English lady-friend to sketch the scenery from and about this fortress. Before landing at the Custom-House Dock, some very sallow and solemn looking gentlemen examined the baggage. They were very polite, and were extremely so to me, passing my trunk without examination; and I found myself once more in the streets of Havana, where I met my son, who was just returning with renewed health to New York as bearer of despatches to our government.

Not far from the landing is the spot where, according to tradition, Columbus first heard Mass. The tree under which he erected his temporary altar was only blown down a few years since; and there is now a small chapel there, which is opened with great ceremony once a year.

One of the first things that attracts the attention is the curious appearance of the buildings. They are all light colors, and different shades are seen in the same building. Thus, the first story may be a light green, and the next a delicate blue; while the next house may be a salmon color, and the next a bright orange. The effect, in a brilliant sunlight, is almost dazzling to an eye accustomed to our more sober architecture; and they seem to add another degree of heat to the burning air. There is but one street in Havana worthy the name: the rest are little alleys, dividing the houses, and with a little raised curbstone for a sidewalk, which will not allow two persons to walk abreast. Trucks and carriages are dashing through these alleys at a pace which gives one uncomfortable notions of safety; and we are not sorry to find ourselves at the door

of our hotel uninjured. Whoever expects to find the hotel of his imagination, in Cuba, will be sadly disappointed. A cot, with no bed, and only a simple quilt, a bureau, washstand, and rocking-chair, form the whole furniture of even the best bedrooms; and the living is as different from our own as can be imagined.

You rise early, and drink a cup or two of coffee while you are dressing, and also eat two or three oranges; after which, you pass away the time to the best advantage till nine o'clock, when you have breakfast. That is the regular hour all over the city; and more than one-half of the day's work is accomplished before it. The Havana merchant goes to his business, and then home to breakfast, as we in the city go home to our dinner; and many of them do no business after that meal. Fish, flesh, and fowl, of almost all kinds cover the table, together with cucumbers, green corn, and all the fruits which are so luxuriant in the tropics; but flour is a scarce and expensive luxury, the duty charged being almost prohibitory. The excellence and variety of vegetables do away, to some extent, with the want of it; and he who has roughed the world for himself can live very comfortably. Catalonian wine is generally used at breakfast and dinner, but no coffee. It is soft and pleasant, about as strong as cider; and, when taken with a lump of ice from Boston, it is very palatable. The cooking is generally good; but, even on the tables of the wealthiest planters, the best sugar is the coarse brown: the process of refining is not considered necessary where it is made. In fact, they seek to live with the least expenditure of labor; and, though it may suit them very well, I must confess to a temperament suited to working a little harder, and having things a little better.

Very little can be said in favor of the sleeping arrangements at most of the hotels. One is never safe from

intrusion. Bed after bed is filled up in your room, as new guests flock in ; and after every other available place has been occupied, if you have been put into the double-bed, in honor of being the first comer, it is ten chances to one if you have not a companion ; and, if he is not ready to die of a fever or some other disease, you may think yourself fortunate.

In one thing, however, too much cannot be said in their favor ; and that is their unbounded hospitality. One is sure of a welcome wherever he goes : still, if your host or hostess press you to accept their horses and houses as your own, be careful and not understand them literally. It is a point of Castilian etiquette never to allow any one to express admiration of any thing without offering it as a present, though it is nothing but a compliment.

Not much can be said in favor of the religion of Cuba. It is true that the churches are always open ; but the merchant has seldom time, and the planter seldom inclination, to attend service. The women are much more frequent worshippers ; and, as is often the case elsewhere, her devotion stands out in beautiful contrast to man's want of it.

Speaking of women, reminds me that Cuba has some elements which would indicate it as a favorable residence for that portion of the sex whose strong minds induce them to assert their rights, and to deny any dependence upon or obligation to man. An innkeeper was once asked how many guests he had in the house. "*Fifteen women*," was the reply, "besides a few men and children ; say about forty in all."

I had occasion to go to a livery-stable for a saddle-horse ; and, after passing by a dozen or more horses, I was shown a door, where I entered, and was met by a large, fine-looking woman, dressed very neatly in white,—the

mistress of the establishment. Her room was not larger than a double-stall, yet was well furnished, her two children finding all the necessary playroom. She called a boy who could speak; and we soon made a bargain. While standing there, two horseloads of green cornstalks came in. The woman promptly superintended the weighing and paying. Though a little out of her sphere of action, she seemed really a helpmeet indeed for any man.

In the larger cities and towns there are good physicians, and the science of medicine is as far advanced, perhaps, as it is with us; but, at the plantations, the hospital department is under the charge of some African *Æsculapius*, who puts the whole medical faculty to shame in his skillful compound of specifics, which, in his opinion, never fail to cure. *Snake-butter*, for instance, is an infallible remedy for rheumatism. It is extracted from the largest snake on the island; and, when they succeed in catching and trying him out at just the right time and under the most appropriate circumstances, they feel rich in the possession of a wonderful remedy.

While I was riding out one morning, I saw a singular curiosity,—a Spanish officer breaking in a company of African negroes to become a part of the militia. It seemed queer enough, and I wondered what I should see next. They were practising at a mark, breast-high; but, from some cause or other, they could not hit it at all. Colored men never make good soldiers or sailors; and I could not help thinking, that, if they were placed opposite to a few of our volunteers, that company would never train again.

The horses in Cuba are small, and seem to be about as much of a mixed race as the people themselves. Occasionally you see one, that bears the stamp of its An-

dalusian blood, prancing through the streets under a military rider. Their mode of bringing commodities from the country is generally upon horses or mules; the owner or driver riding the forward one, and the next tied to the leader's tail, and so on in succession, with a network over the mouth of each. They have no hay, except that imported, using the green corn-stalks sowed broadcast for feed; and all have to give way for their immense loads in the narrow streets. They appear to pretty good advantage about the streets and avenues; but the country roads are a match for them. Sometimes you are wallowing through a sand-bank, now wading a river breast-high, and again pushing aside the boughs of an apparently impenetrable forest. Sometimes the driver pulls along the horse, and again the horse manages to draw along the driver.

Of cattle, I will say they are all a mouse or dun color, with a dark streak on their backs, of good size; their bullocks drawing by a yoke in front of the head, made fast by strips of raw-hide around the horns, and driven by a goad seven or eight feet long. Their cows are all driven into the city, and milked into the buyers' measure. The calves are generally drove with them, muzzled.

The women work on the plantations as hard as the men; but they look more healthy, and live longer than our ladies who work with the needle, and appear to enter into all amusements with great spirit. One of the greatest amusements is cock-fighting. At almost every grocery or corner you will see a rooster, plucked of most of its feathers and tied up by one leg, ready to challenge all comers. Thousands upon thousands of dollars change hands, in a very few minutes, upon the issue of a cock-fight. The great national amusement, however, is the bull-fight, which, however gratifying it may be to the Spaniard, would seem totally uncongenial to us.

The Tacon Theatre, so named in honor of Governor Tacon, was the largest theatre in America until the building of the Academy of Music in New York. The Cabanos and its outwork, the famous Moro, are the principal fortifications of Havana; and they have been supposed to be impregnable. They are both built of the pale-yellow stone of the island; and the Cabanos is so exactly like the rock on which it stands, that it is almost impossible to tell where the castle begins, and where the rock ends. In the Moro are twelve famous guns, facetiously called the twelve apostles. The Cabanos was built by King Charles III., who ordered no expense to be spared upon it; and so well was he obeyed, that it is said to have cost forty millions of dollars. In spite of his natural stupidity, the king was aroused when the cost was mentioned to him; and, taking up his spy-glass, he began a careful survey of the horizon. When asked what object he sought, he replied, "I am looking for the Cabanos; for surely such a costly thing can be seen any distance."

The native Cubans are generally civil, but the Spaniards require a gentle hint sometimes. I was walking one day with my friend Baldwin, of Kingston, when the path was obstructed by a large Spaniard. I gave him a gentle push, saying, "Allow me to pass, sir." He obeyed, but with such scowling looks that my friend exclaimed, "Col. Pratt, you must take care, or you will get into trouble: did you not see how bitter that fellow looked?" "No," was the reply; "I never pay any attention to such things. If he has not the politeness to give the right of way, I will take it."

I saw the spot where Crittenden and his comrades were shot; and I also saw Estrampes garroted, besides paying him a visit in prison. When I saw him, he was in the

chapel of the prison, where all condemned prisoners are obliged to pass the day before execution. He had on no manacles of any kind, and received me with great courtesy, offering me a cigar, which I lighted at the one which he was smoking. He then gave me a long one as a memento of him, which I shall always preserve. He had a tall, manly figure, was easy and graceful; and he met his death with dignity. He shook my hand at parting with much emotion, and, dropping a tear as he spoke, thanked me for my visit of sympathy. He said it was hard for one to die so young, but that he should endeavor to meet his death as became a man. The next day I witnessed his death; and his last words were, "Death to tyrants! Live liberty! live Cuba!" The instrument of his death is termed the garrote, and it consists of an upright post, and an iron collar fitting the neck, which is suddenly contracted with a screw, and dislocation is instantaneous. It is more merciful than hanging, though rather more shocking to the feelings.

The Cathedral at Havana is one of the most striking buildings I ever saw, though its chief interest consists in the fact that it contains the bones of Columbus. On a marble slab is the bust of the great discoverer; and here, also, are the chains with which an ungrateful monarch loaded him to whom he owed so much.

Their wharves are good: the best are the Government's Dock, covered with awning, and made convenient for loading and unloading ships, which is always done over the bow.

The Cubans are passionately fond of music; and the streets and squares are crowded with carriages on a pleasant afternoon and evening, while the air is full of sweet sounds. It is considered highly improper for a lady to set her foot in the streets or to enter a store; and

shopping and every thing else is done in her carriage. The merchants bring samples of their wares, and make their bargains on the sidewalks. The storekeepers do not always place their name over the door, as we do; but, instead, they use some fancy designation, such as the Gem of the Sea; Beauty; the Stars; America; and every conceivable name which they think will please the fancy. They always make allowance for being beaten down about two-thirds in their price; a thing worth remembering, if a visit is made there.

The architecture in Cuba is very peculiar. The houses are sixty or eighty feet square, and generally two stories high, of a soft cut stone or concrete, with a tile or flat roof. In lieu of windows, they use a circular grating of round iron, about four to six inches apart, and eight or ten feet high, with shutters inside. They have no glass. They have but one entrance, through an upright double-door in the centre, through which all must enter, inmates of the house, and horses and carriages, into the square. Around this are situated the kitchen, and apartments for servants and horses. The next story contains the parlor, dining-room, and bedrooms. They have no cellars. Houses and streets of all Spanish towns are said to be alike.

The ladies seldom wear bonnets, caps, or carry a parasol: they sometimes throw over their face a dark, rich veil.

It is not considered a breach of etiquette to stand for a moment and gaze in at the window, if you see a pretty face; and if you lift your hat, and say, "Beautiful!" you will be very likely rewarded by a sweet smile as you pass on. Any attempt at what they would deem rudeness, however, would be infallibly returned by a few inches of a stiletto between the ribs. To avoid gazing into a room, or into a beautiful lady's face, would be looked on as a desire to inflict a slight. I must say that a compliment of

the kind I have mentioned, from an American, is esteemed more highly than from their own countrymen, as they consider ours to come from the heart, while they know their own is mere empty courtesy. So, too, if you see a lady going from church to her carriage, she is glad to have you offer to assist her, even if you are a stranger; and if she is a pretty girl, and you tell her so, after she gets in she pleasantly thanks you for your admiration, and both parties separate, pleased with the kindness of compliments, even if they never meet again. It strikes our own women as rather singular at first. One lady from the Northern States was utterly shocked, as she appeared in the streets for the first time, to see two gentlemen lift their hats to her, with the compliment, "You are fit for heaven, lovely and beautiful American!" But, before she returned, she had become so accustomed to such compliments, that she felt no astonishment in being told, by the waiter of a restaurant, that the beautiful lady's refreshments had been paid for by a gentleman who admired the glances of her bright eyes.

The population of Cuba consists of about one hundred thousand Castilians, two hundred thousand Creoles, one hundred thousand free negroes, and six hundred thousand slaves. The Castilian despises the Creole, the Creole hates the Spaniard, the free negro hates them both, and the slave hates them all. I believe this will give as good an idea of the state of feeling toward each other as a whole volume would.

Much as one finds to dislike in Cuba, there is an indescribable charm about the whole island, that causes us to leave it with regret. A residence there seems to pass away like a dream in some fairyland, and the awakening to reality is often rough and unpleasant. For many months after, every thing comes up again in night-visions;

and, were it not that man has stamped his own deteriorating seal upon one of the fairest works of Heaven, Cuba would be a perfect paradise.

When I am asked if I would annex Cuba, I say, first, "Beware of covetousness;" then, "As they are, so let them be." They are of a different race, language, and religion, and we are better off without them. On them rests an eternal mortgage to superstition and the dark race; and I am not one who feels inclined to try and pay it off. If we would seek where this great and irreconcilable difference between the races is, we shall find it, in some measure, attributable to climate, and in part to the widely diffused intelligence of our own people, and the almost universal contempt for learning among theirs. It is our proud boast that no child need be unable to read: they can hardly find one that can read.

It is to this universal spirit of study, and our ever-restless desire for information, that I, a mechanic, whose home is in the mountains, and whose life has been spent in actual labor, find myself called upon to address an audience like the one now before me, and in a place once the capital of the Empire State.

And I would say, in conclusion, it is not by adding other countries to our own that we must look for greatness and advancement. Beautiful as they may be, and overflowing as they are with milk and honey, we have a land which contains all the elements of prosperity, if we but put forth our strong arms and our intelligence. Without labor, man cannot be happy; and whenever I take a trip to foreign lands, no matter how lovely they may be, my heart swells as my eye once more takes in my native shores; and in the bosom of the Catskill Mountains I can find as pleasant a resting-place as heart could wish. In the people, on every side, I see a race unequalled in

natural intelligence, industry, and refinement; and in the United States I see a country of which we may well be proud. Let us not envy others, but be grateful that our lot has been cast in the pleasant places of earth.

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NO. IV.

- “Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, — thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.”

“DON’T you think, mother,” said Annie, looking up suddenly from the book over which her curly head had been bending, — “don’t you think the fourth commandment is very, *very* hard to keep? Do you believe any one does it?”

“I *hope* so, Annie,” answered mother, gravely; “and I don’t know that I find it more difficult than the others. It requires constant prayer and watching, you know, to enable us to remember always, and obey the divine commands; and the grace obtained by this prayer and watching will assist us as much in this commandment as in the others.”

“Yes, mother, I know,” said Annie, despondingly; “but still this seems the hardest to me. Since we’ve been having these nice Sunday evenings, mother, and I’ve got so interested in the commandments, I’ve been trying so much every week to keep the one we had talked about that Sunday, and not to forget the others either; and *this*

week I had not forgotten to pray about it every day, and I hoped so that I should not break one all the week; and I almost dared to believe I had *not*, until to-day; and to-day, mother, spoiled all. The whole time of church I was looking at Ellie Seymour's new dress,—such a lovely blue and tan plaid!—and wishing you would get me one like it; and, after church, I managed to walk nearly all the way home with her, just to ask her where she had got it from. I knew it was not keeping the sabbath holy to talk about such things: but still I kept on, and that made me feel wrong; and, when I came home, I was cross to Georgie; and so it goes!”

Annie had spoken hurriedly, half ashamed and half impatient, and mother looked both pleased and pained. She took hold of the little hand that fidgeted on her lap, and said, gently,—

“I am glad my little girl is *trying* to ponder these things in her heart, that she may walk in the law of the Lord; and sorry that she allowed her *vanity*—was it, Annie?—to lead her astray to-day. But she knows where to seek forgiveness and assistance; and next week she must watch and pray still more.”

“Yes, mother,” said Annie, humbly; “but still I am afraid I never shall learn to be good *all day* Sunday. Did *you*, mother, when you were a little girl like me?”

“Not always, daughter,” was mother's grave reply. “I had a great many attempts and failures, like you. It was very hard to keep in a proper spirit all day,—‘be good,’ as you call it; and after Sunday school and church were over, and I had read my library-book, the long afternoon, which passes so pleasantly to you now, as you say, with your catechism, was very tedious to me, after I began to feel that it was wrong to talk and think of week-day matters. And once I broke the sabbath so openly, so

flagrantly, and suffered so much from it, that it made me very careful ever after for myself, and even now for my children."

"Tell me about it, mother!" asked Annie, eagerly.

"I was never a strong, lively child, like you, Annie; and, when I was near your age, my mother grew really alarmed about me, I was so thin, and had so little activity; and she was afraid I would grow up delicate and nervous, or be grave and unchildlike; for I had no sisters as companions. So she and my father arranged that I should make a visit of several months to an aunt, who lived by the sea-shore, so that the sea-breeze and the companionship of my cousins might combine to make me strong and cheerful. I was very fond of my uncle and aunt, but knew very little of my cousins: still I anticipated a very pleasant time; and after the parting from home was over, and the tedious journey, and the first strange feeling, I did feel very happy, and the time passed most pleasantly away. It was such a new delight to me to have companions of my own age! and I did not know whether I loved best Ada or Sophy or Helen. Clem was a merry, spirited boy, and Jamie and little Theo very nice children; and there were crowds of little negroes on the plantation. We had charming times in our rambles about the beach in search of shells and sea-grapes; and through the pine-woods, gathering burrs to make little baskets; or stringing holly-berries into mock coral necklaces for Baby Nellie's dainty white neck, or for the nut-brown arms and throats of Dido and Comfort, our little negro attendants. Then there were carriage-parties and horseback excursions, and, in summer, surf-bathing; for aunt excused us almost altogether from lessons while I was there, in her anxiety that I should return home quite well, and with plenty of strength and spirits. I thought plantation-life vastly pre-

ferable to our quiet town customs, and soon grew almost as wild and spirited as my cousins. The days flew by charmingly; and Sunday made little difference in our occupations. It was very strange, at first, to see uncle and aunt go to church, and leave the children at home, except one or two; and, for the first two or three weeks, they always took me and one of my cousins in turn. The church was five miles distant, and the carriage would only hold four; and besides, there was almost always some grown-up guest staying at the plantation, who, of course, would be preferred to us. I wondered that my cousins never seemed to care, and rather preferred staying at home; but one Sunday, when there were several guests, and I, too, was obliged to remain behind, I discovered the reason of their content. They had the whole house to themselves, and could play and romp to their full satisfaction, without the restraint of older persons being near; and they had been so accustomed to spending the sabbath at home, under the care of old Aunt Pleasance, the house-keeper, that they had grown to look forward to it as the freest and gayest day of the week. It was before I had any very serious feelings on the subject, but it was very different from the quiet sabbaths we had at home; and I knew it was wrong, though I supposed uncle and aunt could not well help it. For a long time I resisted their entreaties to join them in their wild play, their running and romping through the house, with a dozen little black children after them, and their loud laughing and talking. I took a Sunday-school book from the library, and went up to my own room to read; but they discovered my retreat, and laughed at me so unmercifully, and begged me so heartily to join them, and all so merrily and good-humoredly, that I yielded to their persuasions, and went with them down to the beach to search for some beautiful shells which

Clem said the tide had floated up that morning. So the day wore away. The presence of company prevented aunt from hearing us recite the verses and hymn she generally required of us on Sunday afternoon; and, though my conscience reproached me a good deal that night, the next day's busy pleasure lulled it to sleep, and next Sunday I was very well content to remain away from church again: for Clem had promised to give us a row, in his canoe, upon the little creek that made up from the sea quite to the railing of the lawn.

"So it happened that almost every Sunday was passed in some such way. Aunt was quite satisfied that Aunt Pleasance would take good care of us; and, as no accident ever happened, she made no inquiries into our morning pursuits. Meanwhile, I grew quite careless of my old sabbath duties, and thought it was quite harmless to amuse ourselves in any innocent way, such as walking or playing, forgetting that *amusement* was not the purpose of the day. I made a point of studying my hymn and verses well and cheerfully, and thought that sufficient, and that I was much better than my cousins, who often murmured at what they called those dull afternoons.

"So the period of my visit slipped away. My father had come for me. Every one was delighted with the change that had taken place in me, and congratulated me upon my roses and my high spirits. But, happy as my mother was to have me back with her, so well and bright, I still noticed very often her eyes fixed upon me with an anxious, pained glance, which I was at a loss to understand. I should have been very much shocked if I could have read her meaning, and known that she almost regretted the exchange I had made of my thoughtfulness and reverence for bloom and smiles. She could not but notice my impatience of sabbath restraints, my weariness

in church, and my fretfulness during the afternoon readings, and it made her very sad to mark the change; but she never spoke to me directly on the subject, and it went on in the same way until one Sunday. It was the day before my mother's birthday that the great trouble came. I had been very busy all the week before, in every leisure moment, crotcheting a pair of dressing-slippers as my gift to her: but, as it was a great secret, I had only to take them up by fits and starts, to avoid her notice; and, despite my assiduous industry, twelve o'clock on Saturday night found them still unfinished. I had sat up toiling patiently thus late; and now it was *Sunday*; and, moreover, I was perfectly unable to remain awake any longer. Monday was my mother's birthday; and I could not bear to be disappointed in my long-cherished plan of having the slippers at her bedside that morning. I fell asleep, exhausted with my long labor, and with my vain projects for fulfilling my wish; and next day, as I was dressing, I formed the wicked resolve to stay away from church, and finish the slippers. My ideas of sabbath duties had been so completely subverted by my visit to my cousins, that I had very few compunctions, and accordingly pleaded a headache, and remained at home. As soon as the house was clear, I hurried to my room and sat down to work, stifling my conscience by thoughts of my mother's pleasure in my pretty and useful gift; and so I sat bending over my work for long hours, and never looked up, until suddenly an exclamation of astonishment and horror sounded near me, and, looking up, I saw my mother!

"O Annie! may there never be such a scene between you and me, daughter! I cannot repeat all my mother said,—her stern reproof, her shocked exclamations, her self-reproaches, at not having been still more watchful with me. I was sullen and rebellious at first, and was many

days in disgrace. My mother positively refused ever to wear the slippers; the very sight of them distressed her, she said; and, in my passion, I threw them out into the street. It was a sad week for all, for I would not acknowledge my fault: but mother was very kind; and at last I grew penitent, and was forgiven, by my *heavenly* as well as my earthly parents, I trust. Since then, I have been very careful and very *prayerful* with regard to the sabbath, until it has become to me, as it should be, a day of sweet rest and peace, though earthly thoughts will still sometimes obtrude upon its sacredness.

"So you must not be discouraged, Annie. Watch and pray, my child, faithfully and perseveringly; and we shall yet say, 'This is the day the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it.'"

SISTER KATE.

CARELESS ANNIE.

(Concluded from p. 173.)

WANT of truth and openness formed no part of Annie's character. She had never in her life felt an impulse to conceal any thing; but when the wicked boys had gone, and she was on her return home, she did wish it were possible to hide from her mother all knowledge of the torn shawl. But a crimson flush passed over her countenance as she said to herself, "No: whatever other faults I may have, I will not be untrue."

Annie's mother was in her sitting-room, alone; and Annie told the story just as it had occurred, without seeking to excuse herself, or even saying, "I couldn't help it." She watched her mother's countenance as she proceeded,

and was surprised to see the look of sorrow and displeasure, which it wore when she first showed the shawl, gradually change into interest and pleasure.

"Now, mamma, what shall you say to me? I don't believe you can say any thing to make me more sorry: for it is now almost the 1st of November; and I should have had the money for the ragged-school, I am quite sure, if it had not been for to-day."

"I can mend the shawl very neatly, Annie; and, if you are careful to wear the other corner on the outside, the rent will seldom be noticed. I am strongly inclined to praise you, and not to give you a word of blame. I am very glad you were humane enough to save that poor little dog from falling into the hands of his tormentors. I am quite sure, that if, in accordance with your newly formed habits, you had said, 'I can't touch this dirty little creature, for I shall soil my new shawl,' I should have been seriously displeased with you. Perhaps, if you had always been a careful child, you would have preserved your shawl in this instance. You would have thought of it, and folded it closely to you, as you passed through the gateway; so that a habit of carefulness, if acquired long ago, would have enabled you to have preserved the beauty of your new shawl. I cannot blame you now; but it would have happened otherwise if you had always been careful. Do you understand me, Annie?"

"Yes, mamma; I understand it perfectly. But now about my dress, and the ragged-school money."

"We must make a compromise, Annie. I will get your school-dress, buying a yard more than you need, just as usual; and if, at Thanksgiving, I have no further occasion to complain of you, I will buy the exact quantity for a nice dress, and give you the price of the extra material."

"Thank you, mamma! I was afraid you would not think I deserved any thing. But I am sorry that I must wait a whole month more for the money. Perhaps it will do me good in the end, however, by making me more careful."

When the 1st of November came, Annie had improved so much, that her teacher wrote a note to Mrs. Mackay to say how much she was pleased with Annie's correction of her fault. She had gained, and maintained for a fortnight, the head of all her classes; and Miss Waldron thought that she might be promoted by the New Year, if she continued her new habits of attention. Annie did not know what the note contained; and she looked in Miss Waldron's face to judge of its contents from her expression: but, seeing a very pleasant smile, she felt encouraged, and ran home with great haste to give the note to her mother. "May I see it, mamma?" she asked, when Mrs. Mackay had finished reading. Mrs. Mackay gave her leave; and then, taking from the table near which she was sitting a scrap of paper, she wrote on it the word "incorrigible." When Annie looked up, Mrs. Mackay showed her the paper, and said, "Which do you like best, — Miss Waldron's note to-day, or her word six weeks ago?"

"Oh, the note, mother! I am so glad she wrote it, and so glad you let me see it! I did not know she thought of promoting me. Now I shall work harder than ever. The class above mine is Maggie Loring's; and it will be so pleasant to be with her! and then perhaps Miss Waldron will let us study together. She does let the girls, once in a while."

But, though Annie was learning to be careful in outward things, she found it very difficult to remember to be careful in regard to the duties which were followed by none

of the immediate consequences of carelessness. She often forgot her prayer in the morning ; and then she could not but acknowledge at night that she had been guilty of other omissions, — so small, perhaps, as to escape the eyes of her watchful friends, but large enough for conscience to treasure up, and bring to her remembrance, as she recalled the events of the day. Often, too, she forgot what her friends desired her to do. Sometimes an errand for her mother, sometimes a little kindness for her sister or her schoolmates, were forgotten ; and, when she remembered them too late to perform them, she sighed bitterly over the habit that had gained such mastery in her soul.

The much-desired Thanksgiving Day at length came, and Mrs. Mackay gave Annie the reward she had fairly earned. Annie was almost wild with delight. She set off for church with a real thanksgiving in her heart. All the family — a numerous one, of aunts, uncles, and cousins — were to dine that day at Grandfather Mackay's ; and, after church, the children went to his house.

Annie had a cousin, Willie Aiken, who was full of wild sports and pranks, and who was glad sometimes to meet Annie, and to induce her to enter into some of his noisy fun. On this day she was more than ever ready for fun, because she had the consciousness of having done right. Willie sat next her at the well-filled table, and, as he passed her plate to her, made a mock-heroic bow, and wave of his hand. The whole contents of the plate were, by this movement, thrown into Annie's lap. Willie was very much frightened. The older members of the family were busily engaged in talking, and no one appeared to notice the two children.

"Don't tell, Annie, don't tell !" Willie whispered : "my mother would punish me so, if she knew it ! and your

mother will not think it is strange, because she is always telling you how careless you are."

"Annie's lip quivered; a great part of the happiness of her Thanksgiving Day was destroyed by this unlucky caper: but she was a generous child; and, as she rose to go from the table, she gave the desired promise.

She came back again before any of the older people missed her, and tried to be as merry as she was before, but in vain. Her spoiled dress occupied all her thoughts. After dinner, she went to an old domestic, who had promised to try to take out the grease-spots. This was soon done; but a large dark stain, the mark of cranberry jelly, remained, and would not come out.

"Thank you, Sarah! Don't trouble yourself about it any more. I am very sorry, because I was trying very hard to keep this dress nice, and mother thought I was learning to be careful." Sarah made one more effort; but the stain seemed fixed, and she told Annie to go and have a good play with her cousins.

Fortunately for Annie, her sister Sue, sitting on the other side of Willie Aiken at table, had seen the accident, and heard the conversation; but her mother was so engaged in talking during the afternoon and evening, that she could not speak to her. When the party broke up, Mrs. Mackay's sister wished Sue to spend the night at her house. Permission was readily granted; and, in the little bustle which attended her departure, Sue forgot to tell her mother about Annie's stained dress.

Annie could not sleep that night till she had shown it to her mother. Mrs. Mackay looked very much grieved; and Annie was pained to think that she had fallen in her mother's estimation by apparently ceasing to be careful, after the hope of reward was over. She cried a great deal, and said she was very sorry; and her mother an-

swered, "You are too tired and too excited to talk to-night: to-morrow I will hear about it."

The next morning, a long conversation took place between mother and daughter. Annie found it very hard to tell the truth, and yet to keep her promise to Willie; and once or twice she was obliged to ask her mother to refrain from questioning her any farther. "I think I must take your money, Annie, and keep it till the New Year. Do you think a girl who has done so careless a thing deserves the reward, even if it was given her for her previous carefulness?"

Annie wept bitterly. She had not thought that her mother might take away the money. She rose, after a few minutes, and went up stairs to get it, in order to return it. When she came down, she found that Sue had returned, and was talking with her mother.

The moment Sue saw Annie's tearful and swollen face, she ceased talking of her aunt, and asked, "What's the matter, Annie? Are you crying about your dress, which was spoiled yesterday?" And then turning to her mother, as Annie nodded her reply, she said, "You must not blame Annie, mother. It was not her fault. Willie Aiken was playing; and, as he gave Annie her plate, he contrived to turn its contents into her lap. He was frightened when he saw what he had done, and made Annie promise not to tell that he had any thing to do with it."

Annie burst into a fresh flood of tears; but this time they were tears of relief that her character was cleared in her mother's eyes. Mrs. Mackay took her in her lap, kissed her over and over again, and, when she was calm, said, "I think a little misunderstanding, Annie, does no harm, if it is the means of showing me that you have a truly unselfish nature, and have been generous where it

was very hard to be so. I will not say a word about the dress; and, indeed, I think I shall like to look at the stain, because it will remind me that I have a little daughter who will submit to punishment, and to being misjudged, rather than break a promise or betray a companion."

Annie met with no farther misfortunes which prevented her from enjoying the pleasure of giving away what she had so perseveringly earned. She was already reaping the benefits of greater carefulness, in greater happiness at home and at school, and in the consciousness of improvement, and she was sowing the seeds of future usefulness. She learned, too, that it is never wise to make a promise like that to Willie; and, whenever afterward she was tempted to do so, she remembered her unhappy experience, and resisted the temptation. EDITOR.

THE GOATSUCKER.

THE Latin name for goatsuckers, the bird sometimes called the night-hawk, is *Caprimulgus*; and they are among the *Passeres* what the owls are among the birds of prey. These birds are very closely related to the whippoorwill: indeed, I regard them as belonging to the same family. They fly at night or twilight: they have soft, loose, thick plumage, which does not make any noise when the birds are on the wing; and they have large round eyes, and long wings. Their beak opens to such a width that they can take the largest insects into it, fixing them there with their glutinous saliva; and, when the air enters, it makes a humming noise, like that of a large-sized spinning-wheel. Their nostrils are like tubes; their great toe turns very

much forward, and the nail of the middle toe is notched like a saw. This is said to be a provision by which they are better able to seize their prey; but some persons declare it is to comb the bristles, which grow like moustaches on each side of their beak.

Goatsuckers are found in all parts of the world except Asia. One of the species from Africa has a very long feather springing from each wing, which is bearded only at the top. An American species is of a very large size, and utters loud cries. Some of the Indians are very superstitious about them; and, believing that the souls of their dead inhabit their bodies, never take away their lives. They say, that, if one cries at a white man's door, it is a sign of sorrow, but at the Indian's door it is an omen that some dreadful misfortune will occur; and they await the fulfilment of the presage with the greatest anxiety. Their cries are said to be, "Whip poor Will!" and therefore they are called by this name; and in Demarara one is supposed to be always saying, "Work away! Work, work! Willy, come, go! Willy, Willy, Willy!" The name of goatsucker is applied because these birds pick off the insects on the backs of cattle, as they lie reposing on the ground.

In Van Diemen's Land is a funny little species, which lives in the hollow parts of the gum-tree; and, when the tree is knocked, it peeps its head out of the hole to see what is the matter. It does not make any nest, but lays from four to five white, roundish eggs in the hole. When it is attacked, it makes a hissing noise like an owl, and turns its head in every direction, as that bird does.

The species known in England only stops from May to August: its colors are black, brown, white, gray, and that of rusty-iron, arranged in bars, streaks, and spots.

Selected.



RAIN, STEAM, AND GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGE.

THE LAND STORM.

SEE ENGRAVING.

MANY such a storm as is represented in our engraving have we seen from a beautiful spot which was for several years our summer retreat. The highest elevation of land near was only a few steps from the house, on the other side of the road, which ran directly over the top of the hill; and, when a storm was rising, it was our great delight to stand on this hill, and watch the clouds as they gathered and rolled up from all parts of the horizon. To the north and west, distant mountains bounded the prospect with a rich and beautiful interval of valley and cultivated plains; and, at the west, a little river added its silvery thread to the beauty of the scene. At the north-east was a group of nearer hills; and, nestled at their base, was the village. White, fleecy clouds would gather at first in the west, gradually growing darker on their lower edges, and rolling up over Wachusett. Then they would spread towards the north and east, growing darker and more magnificent every minute. Then the rain would begin to fall upon some of the far-away valleys; and the lightning would dart in its zigzag course from cloud to cloud, or would light up the whole heavens as with a sheet of fire. Every thing on our hill-top—trees, grass, and living creatures—seemed to pause in utter silence; while, below, the giant elms tossed their branches, and bowed in the mighty storm-wind which rushed past them. Then how gloriously the thunder reverberated from the hills! peal after peal re-echoed and sent back, till even the White Mountains, two hundred miles distant, seemed to catch the last faint vibration, and send it back to us. How continu-

ous was that grand harmony ! for scarcely was the echo silent when another burst came from the heavens above, and set in motion again the listening air. At last it drew nearer us. The black clouds seemed to settle upon the village spire, and we could see the rain falling there in torrents ; while the wind came striding up the hillside, tossing the crest of the splendid elm which shaded our house, and twisting the gnarled branches of the trees in the old orchard as if they had been only reeds. Then the first drops began to fall, and we sought shelter in the house. From the western windows, we saw the clouds lift themselves from the west, and the yellow sunlight gild the crown of old Wachusett, and creep towards us, till the river danced in the rays. And these beautiful effects were heightened by the near falling of the rain, which softened like a mist the brightness of the distant prospect. Often have the glorious songs of David come in those moments to our minds, and we have said, with him, "The Lord reigneth ; he is clothed with majesty : the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself. The world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

"Thy throne is established of old ; thou art from everlasting.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice ; the floods lift up their waves.

"The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters ; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

EDITOR.

THE HYDRA.

ONE of the most interesting creatures which live in the water is a little worm called the *hydra*. The substance

of which it is composed is a sort of jelly. It is of the shape of a tube-worm, but so small that you might almost mistake it for a stalk of hay. Naturalists place it in the order of zoöphytes; that is, living creatures whose organs are placed around their mouths like the rays of a daisy, and so are sometimes called *radiated* animals. The hydra belongs to that division of zoöphytes called *polyps*; that is, creatures which have a fringe of arms around the mouth. The hydra is higher in the scale of life than the sponge, because it has *tentacula*, or arms, which the sponge has not.

Hydras are very quick to know when they are touched, and try directly to hide themselves. But they never feel what we call pain. You may cut one into four or five pieces, and it hurts it no more than cutting our hair into four or five parts. This is because God has seen fit to make the jelly-tube of a hydra without any nerve of feeling in it. But its Creator has given the little creature a sense of light, as well as some will of its own. The hydra is a fresh-water gentleman, and it is not unlikely that he may be a near neighbor of yours; for he lives in weedy ponds, and in the slow-moving water of ditches. About May, the hydra is found abundantly in the ditches. You and I may have often passed by without observing him; for he looks like a delicate thin hair or tube, about the length of one of your finger-nails; and, if at all frightened, he curls himself up into a small circle.

These hydras were first observed about one hundred years ago by a Mr. Trembley, of Geneva, in Switzerland. This gentleman was fond of looking at plants; and one day, when he was closely examining some water-plants which he had placed in a basin, his attention was caught by something that resembled small strings of the stalk sticking to the leaves. He watched these strings or fila-

ments to see what they could be; and very soon he found they moved, and snapped up insects, and even worms. He saw these little strings did not like to be in the dark; for they crept round to that side of the basin where the most light fell. Do you think Mr. Trembley threw his basin of plants away? No, indeed! he was deeply interested: he felt sure that he was looking at some little creatures no man had before observed. For several years he kept them on the leaves of water-plants, and fed them with insects and small water-worms. He often examined them with his microscope, and then found that the hydra has neither head nor feet; that it has no shell over it, no skin, no bones, no muscles; but that it is altogether one soft, transparent tube of jelly flesh, open at both ends, having only a few spots or grains in its flesh, which spots, some think, are made of lime.

One end of the hydra's tube is narrower than the other. This narrow end some call the tail, some the foot, because, when the hydra curves up the edges of this end of its tube, it forms a sort of cup or sucker; and, by this sucker, it sticks tight to the stems and leaves of plants. The widest end of the tube is called the mouth; and this mouth has a crown all round it of ten or more *tentacula*, or tendrils, as fine as the most delicate baby's hair. These fine arms are hollow; and the hydra can either push out these tendrils, or bury them in its hollow body, just as a snail draws in its horns. When the hydra wishes to send forth its arms, it fills them with a little fluid, which it forces into them from the inside of its tube; and, when it wants to draw in its arms, it empties them, and then they shrink down close to the mouth.

Mr. Trembley found the hydra a very voracious creature. It was always casting its arms about like fishing-lines, and prowling over leaves in search of insects, small

worms, and shell-fish. If an insect did but touch one arm, the hydra felt it in a moment, and, quick as thought, twirled two or three more of its arms round the struggling captive, pouncing upon it like a spider on a fly. As soon as its prey was safe, it bent its arms round, and twisted the worm or insect into its mouth; then, opening wide its tube, it would often swallow a portion of food that looked bigger than itself. Mr. Trembley once saw two hydras throw their long arms over the same worm. They pulled and tugged to get it away from each other, till at last the largest and strongest conquered, and drew both the captive worm and the smaller hydra into its mouth. "Poor little hydra! now you are dead," thought Mr. Trembley; but this was a mistake. To his astonishment, he beheld the little hydra very happily landed in the inside of the bigger one's tube; and there it lay, sucking away at the same worm which the juices in the large hydra's tube were dissolving; and, when the worm was all eaten up, the big hydra cast the little one, uninjured, out of his mouth. Another time, Mr. Trembley was desirous of knowing what the inside of the hydra's tube was like; so he turned the hydra's tube inside out, like the finger of a glove. Do you think this killed the living hydra? Not it; it mattered not to the little creature which was the inside or which was the outside of its body; and the turned hydra went on eating as if nothing had happened. When the hydra has eaten all it wants, it usually looks like a quiet round ball, having its arms drawn short in round its mouth.

When the hydra wishes to walk upon a leaf, it fixes the sucker end of its tube tightly down, and then stretches out its body till the mouth end leans on the leaf. Then, loosening the sucker, it gently draws the sucker-foot close up to the mouth, and, again fastening it down, throws its mouth

forward. Thus it travels on. But, before its mouth is thrown forward, the hydra always seems to stop, as if thinking what to do next. So it takes this gentleman a long summer's day to travel seven or eight inches. But, if the hydra is in a great hurry, it makes somerset after somerset, like a boy, and so rolls itself onward.

In the water, the hydra glides along most pleasantly. It begins by raising the foot end of the tube out of the water to dry its flat edges; then, gently pulling the dry foot just under the water, the water shrinks away from the edge of the dry foot, and, rising a little way up round the tube, a sort of cup or hollow is left between the water and the end of the dry sucker. This little hollow keeps the hydra from sinking; and, till its foot becomes wet, it hangs in the water at its ease, gliding across the pond or ditch; and, all the way as it swims, it casts its fishing-lines about for food. That is something like the way in which we trail for blue-fish and pickerel.

Since the jelly flesh of the hydra has no nerve in it to occasion pain, the hydra is very tenacious of life. Indeed, it seems almost impossible to kill this little creature. Mr. Trembley, one day, cut a hydra into two pieces: not one of the pieces shrunk or curled itself up. But the mouth end began to fish; and presently he saw a new foot beginning to grow at the cut end; and, to his surprise, the foot-piece, which he had cut off, had in four or five days a new mouth, and fresh tentacula, or arms, thrown out. Even a single arm, when it was cut off, soon made a perfect hydra. At one end a mouth sprouted out, and at the other end a foot appeared. From this circumstance, we find that the powers of life are the same in all parts of the hydra's body, just as we find that in the cuttings of a geranium there is perfect life in each little piece of a cut-off branch; for one end throws out a root, while

branches come forth at the other end of the stalk. It has been observed, too, that hydras which grow out of cut-off pieces are always larger than those which are born of a parent. When they are born, they seem to grow on the sides of the parent like buds on a tree. These little jelly buds keep growing till they become a tube, having a mouth end crowned with arms, and a foot end with a sucker. When these are complete, the little hydra falls off the parent, and walks or swims away. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE IBIS.

AMONG the birds of Egypt, there are few more beautiful than the ibis, which you know the ancient Egyptians used to worship. Bayard Taylor, who writes the most pleasantly and racily of all Egyptian travellers that I have ever read, gives the following description of birds in general, and the ibis in particular: "A most beautiful feature in the Nile voyage is the sight of birds, as tame as if domesticated, perching on your boats, on the house-tops, on the palms, on the backs of oxen and of camels, chirping, warbling, skipping everywhere, as free and joyous as if they never knew an enemy. Nor have they an enemy in the native population; for the Egyptians do not molest birds: only travellers affright them with the sportsman's gun. This may be because the Egyptians are an unarmed people; but, to whomsoever the credit belongs, let Egyptians have the praise of the land where birds are safe and free. Most sweetly do they carol, at sunrise and at sunset, in the acacia groves and in the palms. Some of

unknown names are of beautiful plumage and delicate form; but the bird for which the traveller looks, from the moment he enters Egypt, is the pure and sacred ibis. We had several times seen, at a distance, a bird that we conjectured must be this; but to-day we had a nearer view, that, by comparison with the sculptured form, quite satisfied us of its identity. It was a most delicate creature, about a foot long from the beak to the tip of the tail, with long, slender legs, and a neck that curved gracefully, and terminated in a long, crooked beak. It was of stainless white, and, when it flew, seemed rather to swim with gentlest motion on a buoyant sea. The selection of such a bird as sacred, and the association of it with their religious sculptures, show a nice sense of beauty in the old Egyptians. There swims not in the air a bird of such delicacy of form and purity of color." — *Selected*.

"I'LL BE REVENGED ON HIM."

"COME along, Charlie Barrow: I can't wait for you, if you stop talking there. No more last words, I say." This speech was made, in an imperious, impatient tone, by Master James Graham, a boy of some thirteen or fourteen years, attired in the most elegant costume, and twirling in his hands a miniature cane. The companion whom he addressed was perhaps a year younger than himself, plainly and neatly dressed, who was talking to a boy of about his own age, whose patched and faded garments bore evidence of struggles with pinching poverty. Charlie seemed to pay no attention to the impatience of his play-

fellow, but finished his conversation; and then, bidding the poor lad a kind and friendly farewell, he rejoined James, who was tapping his shining patent-leather boots with the end of his cane, for want of a better employment.

"Why do you stand talking to that ragged fellow, Charlie?" he cried. "I should think you would have too much spirit to be seen speaking to him."

"And I should think, James, that you would have too much good sense, not to speak of any thing better, to make such a remark as that."

"Good sense? I don't see that sense has any thing to do with the matter; and, if it has, I rather think it is on my side. He is in a different rank of society from you and me; and I don't see why we should notice him."

"I did not speak to him to gratify him then; though I should do so, if I had no other reason. I wished to inquire for his mother and sister."

"Mother and sister! Worse and worse! Why, how happened it that you knew he had any? And how came you to know him at all?"

"Before you came to live in the neighborhood, James, John Lee was my only playmate; and I am glad to play with him now, whenever he can be spared for a little amusement. He used to go to our school; and though he dressed plainly, and it was evident that wealth did not belong to his family, there was not a boy better loved or more respected. I sat next him for a long time; and I noticed that his clothes, when they grew old, were not replaced, as heretofore, with plain though good articles, but ~~they were~~ carefully patched and darned. One morning, when he came to school, he looked very sad; but, as we ~~were~~ ~~required~~ to attend to our lessons, I did not find out the cause. After school, he went to the master's desk and told him that he could no longer attend school, be-

cause his services were needed at home. The master was very kind, and inquired if he could not be spared for a part of the day ; but John said that he had obtained employment as a doctor's boy, and that he was needed at all hours of the day. I was sorry enough for him, poor fellow ; but we agreed to see each other as much as possible in the evening. I go very often to his house. His father has been dead many years. The fortune which he left was quite small, but enough to support the widow and her two children comfortably, though with strict economy. It was John's darling wish to go to college, and be educated for an engineer ; and the energies of the whole family were exerted to gratify this desire. But the failure of a company in which half of Mrs. Lee's property was invested put an end to all these bright plans ; and John was obliged to seek an employment which might support himself, and add something, however little, to the scanty resources of the family.

"No one could know Mrs. Lee without feeling an involuntary respect for her. She never complains, and is all the time busy with her needle, except the necessary time spent in nursing her daughter, who is an invalid. John loves his sister dearly. She is sixteen, — three years older than himself ; and it is his delight to do any thing for her in his power."

"All that may be true, Charlie, and John Lee may be a very good boy ; but, still, I don't see why we should associate with him."

"I have known John Lee three years, and have never discovered any thing bad in him. He has his faults, of course ; but he is a far better boy than I am."

"Very probably ; but there is such a want of refinement and good breeding in that class of people !"

"Wrong again, James. Your mother is an elegant

woman; her manners are polished and lady-like, but no more so than Mrs. Lee's. If Mrs. Lee, by a sudden turn of fortune, were to become mistress of such an establishment as your father's, she would be equally capable of the etiquettes and refinements which you consider so necessary."

"Upon my word, Charlie, you grow quite eloquent. Why don't you go and play with those fellows?" — pointing to a group of quarrelsome, dirty lads, who were kicking football.

"Simply because I do not believe our tastes and pursuits would agree. They would not be happy in my company, and I should not enjoy theirs. John Lee and I have many pursuits and thoughts in common; and so we have chosen each other for friends. Come, James, shake off this nonsense, and let me introduce John to you. He's a capital fellow, though a little shy at first."

"No, no, Master Charles! It is bad enough to go with you, if you will persist in associating with him, without becoming acquainted with him myself."

Charlie's spirit was a little roused at this; but he knew that he could not convince James, if he became angry; so he quietly let the subject drop, hoping that circumstances might prove to James the folly and worldliness of his opinions, if they were worthy the name of opinions.

John had lingered a moment to look after Charles, and heard James call him a ragged fellow. He did not stop to hear Charlie's defence, but hurried off, his cheek glowing and his eye kindling with indignation. His first impulse was to tell his mother how insulted he had been. "But no," he thought: "it is hard enough for her to be poor, without hearing any thing foolish boys may say to me. I'll be revenged on him myself, though; see if I won't!" When John entered his home, he found his sister unusual-

ly languid. "Can I do any thing for you, Mary?" he asked.

"If you will read to me, John, I shall like it very much. Mother has been so busy finishing the sewing which must be done to-night, that I could not ask her."

John took the Testament, and read. At length he came to the passage, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

"I believe that verse was made for me," thought John. "I wonder if I could not get my revenge in that way? Perhaps I might."

Three weeks after, John Lee was startled from his sound slumber, in his little attic over the doctor's office, by the violent ringing of the office-bell. Hastily throwing on his clothes, he ran down to the door. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the wind blowing violently. The moment he opened the door, James Graham sprang in; but, seeing only John, he asked in a hurried manner for the doctor.

"He has gone to his cousin's to spend the night," replied John, "and will be at home at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Oh, my mother! my mother! What can be done?" cried James. "I have been to the other doctor, and he is sick; and my mother will die if she cannot get relief."

"The doctor would come, Master Graham, I am sure, if you would send for him."

"But we have no one to send. My father is absent on business; and our servant has only been with us a day or two, and does not know the way. I would go myself, if I knew it. Oh, dear! Something must be done quickly."

John considered a moment, and then resolved that it would be right for him to leave his post and go for his mas-

ter. "Master Graham," he said, "if you will run home and tell your servant to get your chaise ready, I will go over for Dr. Ayres. He often trusts me to drive his horse; and you need not fear any accident. I will come to your house as soon as I can."

In quarter of an hour, John sprang into the chaise at Mr. Graham's door, and drove rapidly away. It was a lonely ride under any circumstances, but in the dead and darkness of night it seemed doubly so. The muttering of distant thunder, too, was soon heard, and the cloud approached nearer and nearer. Now a flash of lightning startled him, lighting every object for a moment with a strong glare, which only made more terrible the succeeding gloom. John had a courageous disposition, and his mother had strengthened it, frequently saying to him, "There is nothing to dread, my son, but sin."

Nevertheless, he could not help an indefinable sensation, half fear, half loneliness, at finding himself, with the exception of his horse, the only animated thing amid the wild contest of the elements. The brave animal seemed to feel that something was at stake. Although at every flash of lightning he plunged violently, and held his head as closely to the ground as possible, as if to shut out the flaming heavens, still he kept boldly on. The twenty minutes of John's drive seemed to him an hour. Fortunately, the doctor had not retired. He had been engaged in a long conversation with his host, which had detained him, without thought of the hour, until after midnight; and then the fearful grandeur of the storm prevented his retiring.

"You, John, at this time, and in such a storm?" he exclaimed, as he answered the boy's hurried summons.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Graham is very ill, and her husband away; and neither Master James nor the servant knew

the way here. I offered to come and get you. I hope I did not do wrong to leave the office, sir."

"No, no; quite right! Wait a moment, and I will be ready."

Dr. Ayres went into the house to take leave of his host; and in a moment more the wheels rolled swiftly down the avenue on the homeward way. The thunder and lightning had almost ceased, though the rain still fell in torrents. Dr. Ayres insisted upon driving, and bade John go to sleep, if he could, in a corner of the chaise. Under the doctor's more powerful hand, the ride home occupied only about fifteen minutes. He sprang out of the chaise at the door, and hastily entered the house. John, half asleep, now that the necessity for action was over, wet and tired, slowly followed. He had reached the garden-gate, when he felt himself seized by the arm; and, turning round, he saw James Graham.

"You must not go home till you have dried your clothes," he said. "There is a great fire in our dining-room. Come in, and sit down and rest."

In vain John tried to excuse himself. James pulled him back, and, dragging him into the comfortable dining-room, where the fire did look cheerful certainly, he placed him in an arm-chair directly in front of it, and gave him a cup of the hot coffee which the housekeeper had made for the doctor in the midst of all her hurry and distress. In a few moments, the doctor entered the room.

"I'm glad to see you here, John," he said; "for I need some medicine, and I think you can find it for me." He gave him the directions; and away went John, as if there had been wings to his feet. The doctor thought he had better remain at Mr. Graham's half an hour longer, as his services might be required again. James, during this time, was constantly running between the door of his mother's room and the dining-room. Now he listened to

her faint moans of pain ; and then, unable to bear to hear her distress any longer, he rushed back to the dining-room. At length the doctor came down stairs again ; and, in answer to the boy's eager inquiries, he informed him that his mother was now out of danger, but that she required great quiet, and that the best thing he could do would be to go immediately to bed. " As for you, John," he added, " you may go home, and sleep as hard as you can, to make up for lost time."

" Wait a minute, John," cried James, as the doctor left the room, and John prepared to follow. " I called you hard names the other day, and I am very sorry for it. I should like to know you better ; for I am sure you are a boy of the right spirit. I can never forget " — here James's voice became choked — " what you have done for us to-night ; and, if my father can ever befriend you when you go out into the world, I will answer for it that he shall do it. But don't think that I imagine any thing would repay your kindness ; only I should like to show, better than by words, how much we feel it."

John went home very happy. He had revenged his injury in the truest way ; and James was more sorry for his thoughtless and heartless words than if John had planned the most subtle scheme of injurious vengeance. Boys, will you try this method of revenge ? You will find it, as did John, by far the most satisfactory and effectual.

EDITOR.

WORSHIP OF THE GANGES.

I KNOW of no one among all our foreign missionaries who writes more readable letters home than Dr. Scudder, who has long been laboring among the idolaters of India.

From one of his letters, I learn some interesting facts. It seems that rivers are favorite objects of worship with the Hindoos. One of the most celebrated of these is the river Ganges. It is called the Ganges after the Goddess Gunga. The Hindoos say that the Goddess Gunga — who was produced from the sweat of Vishnu's foot, which Brahma caught and preserved in his alms-dish — came down from heaven, and divided herself into a hundred streams, which are the mouths of the river Ganges. All castes worship her. The sight, the name, or the touch, of the river Ganges, takes away, it is said, all sin. To die on the edge of the river, or to die partly buried in the stream, or to drink its waters while their bodies are besmeared with mud, is supposed to render them very holy. On this account, when it is expected that a person must die, he is hurried down to the river, whether willing or unwilling. Sometimes the wood which the people bring to burn their bodies after death is piled up before their eyes. Oh, how inhuman is this! After it is supposed that they are dead, and they are placed on the pile of wood, if they should revive and attempt to rise, it is thought that they are possessed with the Devil, and they are beaten down with a hatchet or bamboo.

Were you standing on the banks of the Ganges, you might perhaps, in one place, see two or three young men carrying a sick female to the river. If you should ask what they are going to do with her, perhaps they would reply, "We are going to give her some Gunga to purify her soul, that she may go to heaven; for this is our mother." In another place, you might see a father and mother sprinkling a beloved child with muddy water, endeavoring to soothe his dying agonies by saying, "It is blessed to die by Gunga, my son; to die by Gunga is blessed, my son." In another place, you might see a man

descending from a boat, with empty water-pans tied around his neck ; which pans, when filled, will draw down the poor creature to the bottom, to be seen no more. Here is murder in the name of religion. He is a devotee, and has purchased heaven, as he supposes, by this his last deed. In another place, you might see a person seated in the water, accompanied by a priest, who pours down the throat of the dying man mud and water, and cries out, "O Mother Gunga! receive his soul." The dying man may be roused to sensibility by the violence ; he may entreat his priest to desist ; but his entreaties are drowned. He persists in pouring the mud and water down his throat until he is gradually stifled, suffocated, — suffocated in the name of humanity, — suffocated in the name of religion.

It happens sometimes, in cases of sudden and violent attacks of disease, that they cannot be conveyed to the river before death. Under such circumstances, a bone is preserved, and, at a convenient season, is taken down and thrown into the river. This, it is believed, contributes essentially to the salvation of the deceased.

Sometimes strangers are left on the banks to die, without the ceremony of drinking Ganges water. Of these, some have been seen creeping along with the flesh half eaten off their bones by the birds, others with limbs torn by dogs and jackals, and others partly covered with insects.

After a person is taken down to the river, if he should recover, it is looked upon by his friends as a great misfortune. He becomes an outcast. Even his own children will not eat with him, nor offer him the least attention. If they should happen to touch him, they must wash their bodies, to cleanse them from the pollution which has been contracted. About fifty miles north of Calcutta are two villages, inhabited entirely by these poor creatures, who

have become outcasts in consequence of their recovery after having been taken down to the Ganges.

At the mouth of the river Hoogly, which is one of the branches of the Ganges, is the island Sanger. Sanger Island is the place where formerly hundreds of mothers were in the habit of throwing their children to the crocodiles, and where these mothers were wont to weep and cry if the crocodiles did not devour their children before their eyes. Think what a dreadful religion that must be which makes mothers willing to do such things! The British government in India has put a stop to the sacrifice of children at that place: but mothers continue to destroy their children elsewhere; and will continue to destroy them, until Christians send the gospel to them. It is not improbable that many children are annually destroyed in the Ganges. Mothers sacrifice them in consequence of vows which they have made. When the time to sacrifice them has come, they take them down to the river, and encourage them to go out so far that they are taken away by the stream, or they push them off with their own hands. — *Selected.*

SICKNESS.

OH, how the weary hours and days drag on! Perhaps you are suffering severe pain in head, or limbs, or body. Perhaps the pain shoots along the nerves, now here, now there, always changing; or remains in one spot until you think any change, even a worse pain elsewhere, would be a relief. Those nerves, how wonderful they are! — a whole system of telegraphs. Comes an enemy in shape of disease or pain to attack any part of the body, be it ever

so minute or distant, and instantly the nerves telegraph to *head-quarters* of the trouble, and make the brain sympathetically feel with the suffering member. It is very wonderful and curious, and quite beyond our power of understanding, how these delicate fibres can so affect our thinking organs, and bring to our minds knowledge of what our bodies do and feel and suffer.

But when pain seizes them, and they give us notice of terrible head or tooth ache, of fevered blood and aching limbs and great weakness, then we are inclined to consider them somewhat troublesome monitors, to forget their wise and good uses, to overlook the exquisite pleasure they often give, and dwell only upon the wearisome pain, which we are sometimes disposed to think nothing will ever cure. Perhaps we must lie in bed from weakness, unable to occupy or amuse ourselves in any way; we may hear our companions out enjoying the fresh air and health and liberty, playing their games, going where we so much like to go, and doing things we like to do, while we must bear pain and fever, and strive to make ourselves patient; or, what is harder to a thoughtful person, must see others performing our duties, with the additional care of waiting upon us, — duties we should be so glad to do if we could, — while we can only lie still, and study out again and again, though already so weary of it, the pattern of the room-paper, and imagine how it would look if it went some other way from what it does, or was some other color; or look for the hundredth time at the pictures on the wall, searching for some new point or new idea, or thinking over the old train of thought connected with them. Most probably our appetite quite deserts us, so that not even choice delicacies, such as in days of health we should consider rare treats, can tempt it; and, to our aching heads and weary eyes, even the sunshine becomes painful,

and we gladly shut out the blessed light of day. And so the hours go wearily on, how slowly! If we could only make them move as slowly when we are well and occupied and happy, and they seem to fly so swiftly past us! Or if we could only hasten their pace a little now, and bring the time of relief and health onward!

"Oh pain and benumbing sadness
That brood in the heavy air!" —

we feel, if we do not say, and perhaps grow quite impatient and discontented with our lot.

Rather a dark picture, is it not? Let us see if there are no sunny spots to be found. Many of you have doubtless had illnesses, and suffered severe pain, or perhaps have been kept by weakness from joining your companions in their games and studies and duties. Did you find it very hard? Were there not some pleasant things about it that made you sometimes almost forget the suffering and disappointments? We will try to find some of these pleasant things, — *compensations* they are, — and to remember them the next time a cold, or headache, or more serious illness, confines us to the house.

And one of the first is, I think, the luxury of *sleep*. True, that luxury does not always come to us, or, coming, does not always refresh us. Pain and fever keep away the gentle messenger of rest, or feverish dreams and restlessness weary and overtask you; but, if you do lose your consciousness in a quiet, easy nap, how wonderfully refreshed and brightened you feel! It seems like waking in a new world, where at first pain and weakness are not. I do not imagine there are many physical sensations sweeter than that of waking from sleep so renovated, except, perhaps, *going* to sleep, and losing thus your sense of suffering and weariness.

Then, when your head and eyes have suffered from the glare of day, have you ever noticed how beautifully, softly, and soothingly the twilight steals on, and night shuts down over your weary world, —

“Like a curtain from God’s own hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose,” —

like his own tender love, encompassing and blessing us, showing us new beauties and wonders that daylight hides? Is *sickness* any thing like the night, teaching us truths and lessons we should never learn in health, as night discloses her own peculiar jewels and glories, never exposed to the eye of day?

Probably, when you are well, you like fun and frolic and noise; you do not want to be still; dislike quiet above all things: but, if you have been sick, did you never feel very grateful to the kind friends who moved so softly about your room, and hushed all disturbances, and anticipated your wishes? And, if you have had sleepless nights, have you ever listened to the *silence*, and felt how beautiful it was? On a still winter’s night in the country, that intense silence is like music to some weary brains, and it is almost worth a sleepless night to feel its soothing power.

But there are also the kind attentions of friends to cheer you; very often a warm interest expressed for you, of which you were quite unconscious; and an unselfish love evinced for you by father and mother, brothers and sisters, which makes you happy now, and will always make you happy if you treasure it in that wonderful storehouse where you hide many treasures, — your *memory*.

A thoughtful friend brings you a fragrant bouquet: were ever flowers so lovely or odorous? They give you a delight unknown before, and seem to whisper of new

life and health, of freshness and beauty, and all that is fair. You watch and treasure them to the last bud or fading leaf or blossom, with more care than you would if they were not so fragile and fleeting in their loveliness; and many a holy hope and thought do they bring your silent heart. Or a beautiful picture may give you the same thoughtful joy, and cause you to forget all pain and weariness for a time.

The pleasure of getting well, too, — what a delight that is! To grow strong and hungry, to go about, and ride or walk out, — you must experience it to appreciate it. And another thing you must *experience* is the pleasure of overcoming your impatience and discontent, of keeping your cheerfulness even through disappointment and suffering, having a spirit so bright as to make all things bright about you. *Try that!*

And, if you ever intend to be sick again (or if you never yet have *had* that experience), I should recommend you very earnestly to store your mind with pleasant verses of poetry and soothing hymns, the beautiful and cheering thoughts of others. There is great pleasure in learning them; and you will find it a greater one when you can neither read nor talk, and must perhaps pass some solitary hours to amuse and cheer and refresh yourself with repeating poetry and hymns. You can find them suited to all moods of mind and heart, and interest yourself thus often, when without such a means you would find it much harder to bear pain and confinement. Many a sufferer — from not merely a short illness, but life-long invalids — could tell you of the comfort and ease bestowed by recalling beautiful poems and holy hymns learned in health, but gaining new meaning and beauty in sorrow and sickness.

Older people often prize the leisure which convalescence affords as a time for thought, and for rest from the busi-

ness and cares which usually perplex and weary them. You do not feel this need ; you want to be active at work or play, to be learning new things in life, and using all your restless powers in studying the objects around you. But even the youngest of you may feel the pleasure of knowing the heavenly Father's nearness and love, and may learn to know that in sickness this faith in him and love toward him may be more clear and more delightful : you may learn also of that other life, which is to be more beautiful and more noble than this, where there is no more pain, for which we are now daily preparing ourselves. Perhaps you may have drawn very near to the gate which opens into that new life, and almost made the change from earth to heaven. There is nothing to fear in that change, if you love goodness and holiness ; for Jesus has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Strive, above all things else, to keep your truth and purity untarnished, that, blessing you, he may add, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." H. S. H.

THE FALL OF THE ROSSBERG.

ONE of the most terrible calamities of modern times was that of the great land-slide in Switzerland, generally known as the *fall of the Rossberg*. In my early boyhood, I had read a thrilling account of the disaster ; and I have a distinct recollection now of lying awake at night, thinking about it, and shivering with terror as each heart-rending scene passed in review before my mind. Little did I venture to hope then that I should ever climb the mountains of the classic land of William Tell, and see with my own eyes the spot where so many human beings were

ingulfed by the treacherous Rossberg. I had dreams, sometimes, of long rambling amid such scenes in foreign lands; and pleasant dreams they were, too, from which I was always sorry to awake. However, these dreams became realities in after-life; though even then they often seemed like dreams.

It was in the month of June, 1852, that I visited the charming valley, once so widely desolated by this avalanche from the Rossberg. The day before, I had climbed the Righi, and, that very morning, had seen the first beams of the sun light up the tops of the snow-covered mountains. Our excellent guide, with baggage enough on his back, we thought, to make a respectable load for Hercules, had conducted us safely down the slope of the Righi to Arth, a somewhat insignificant village on the margin of Lake Zug; and here we were right in the neighborhood of the Rossberg and its victims. Before I describe the catastrophe which has made this spot so memorable all over the world, let me give you a glimpse of a Swiss mountain-guide. He is a character, you may be sure of that. I have a picture of him, which I must exhibit to you. Don't for a moment suppose that the artist has exaggerated the size of the loads he is able to carry. The man we employed carried, apparently with the utmost ease, all the way up the Righi from Weggis, and down on the other side to Arth, a load which, for weight and bulk, was perfectly astonishing. It consisted of three carpet-bags, one valise, three overcoats, three shawls, two umbrellas, sundry walking-sticks (for future use; the *alpenstock* is the fashion among the Alps), besides a budget of curiosities too numerous to mention. And I have seen other fellows, in the same line of business, carry still greater loads. Some of the peasants in this part of Switzerland, who cultivate little patches of ground and keep

a few cows, will go to market with a load which a donkey would stagger under; and, what is more, they will smoke half the time, and sing cow-herd songs the other half. They are as merry as the chamois that roam over the mountains.

But I must not detain you longer from the account of the fall of the Rossberg, which took place in the beginning of the present century. The village of Goldau is built over the very place where former villages were buried. Dr. Zay, of Arth, was an eye-witness of the catastrophe; and I will avail myself of his description of it, as well as his statement of the cause which produced it.

The Rossberg, or Rufiberg, is a mountain four thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight feet high. The upper part of it consists of a conglomerate or pudding-stone, formed of rounded masses of other rocks cemented together, and called by the Germans Nagelflue, or Nail-rock, from the knobs and protuberances which its surface presents, resembling nail-heads. From the nature of the structure of this kind of rock, it is very liable to become cracked; and, if rain-water or springs penetrate these fissures, they will not fail to dissolve or moisten the unctuous beds of clay which separate the nagelflue from the strata below it, and cause large portions of it to detach themselves from the mass. The strata of the Rossberg are tilted up from the side of the Lake of Zug, and slope down toward Goldau like the roof of a house. If, therefore, the clay which fills these seams be washed out by rains or reduced to the state of a slimy mud, it is evident that such portions of the rock as have been detached from the rest by the fissures must slip down, like the masses of snow which fall from the roof of a house as soon as the lower side is thawed, or as a vessel, when launched, slides down the inclined plane, purposely greased to hasten its descent.

Within the period of human records, destructive land-slips had repeatedly fallen from the Rossberg, and a great part of the piles of earth, rock, and stones, which deform the face of the valley, derive their origin from such catastrophes of ancient date; but the most destructive of all appears to have been the last. The vacant space along the top of the mountain, caused by the descent of a portion of it, calculated to have been a league long, one thousand feet broad, and one hundred feet thick, and a small fragment at its further extremity, which remained when the rest broke off, are also very apparent, and assist in telling the story. The long and wide inclined plane forming the side of the mountain, now ploughed up and scarified, as it were, was previously covered with fields, woods, and houses. Some of the buildings are still standing within a few yards of the precipice which marks the line of the fracture.

The summer of 1806 had been very rainy; and on the 1st and 2d September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain; a sort of cracking noise was heard internally; stones started out of the ground; detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain. At two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 2d of September, a large rock became loose, and, in falling, raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above; and, when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances. Soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed; insensibly it increased. Springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe

became still stronger ; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe, when told by a young man, running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling. He rose, and looked out ; but came into his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty : looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third ; but she went in for another who still remained (Marianne, aged five). Just then, Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress. At that instant, as Francisca afterward said, "The house appeared to be torn from its foundation, and spun round and round like a top. I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child." When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downward, much bruised, and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth. With much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by her name. The child answered that she was on her back, among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and even something green. She asked whether people would not soon come to take them out. Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in heaven.

They prayed together. At last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg; then seven o'clock struck in another village; and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavored to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper; but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downward and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable. After prodigious effort, she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the mean time, the unfortunate father, who with much difficulty had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look for the rest of his family. He soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above ground. She was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh; and, saying that Francisca was not far off, a further search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of. She was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about one thousand five hundred feet.

In another place, a child two years old was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattress upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which he had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the Lake of Lowertz, although five miles distant, that one end of it was filled up; and a prodigious wave, passing

completely over the Island of Schwanou, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and, as it returned, swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The village of Seewen, situated at the further end, was inundated, and some houses washed away; and the flood carried live fish into the village of Steinen. The chapel of Olten, built of wood, was found two miles from the place it had previously occupied; and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position.

The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. A party of eleven travellers from Berne, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Arth on the 2d of September, and set off on foot for the Righi a few minutes before the catastrophe. Seven of them had got about two hundred yards ahead. The other four saw them entering the village of Goldau; and one of the latter, Mr. R. Jenner, pointed out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg, where some strange commotion seemed taking place. All at once, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled. As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends; but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors, one lost a wife to whom he was just married; one, a son; a third, the two pupils under his care. All researches to discover their remains were fruitless. Nothing was left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. With the

rocks, torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground toward the Lake of Lowertz, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley toward the Righi. The rocks above, moving much faster than those near the ground, went further, and ascended even a great way up the Righi. Its base is now covered with large blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down as by cannon.

A long track of ruins, like a scarf, hangs from the shoulder of the Rossberg, in hideous barrenness, over the rich dress of shaggy woods and green pastures, and grows wider and wider down to the Lake of Lowertz and to the Righi, a distance of four or five miles. Its greatest breadth may be three miles; and the triangular area of ruins is fully equal to that of Paris taken at the external Boulevards, or about double the real extent of the inhabited city. The portion of the strata at the top of the Rossberg which slid down into the valley is certainly less than the chaotic accumulation below; and there is no doubt that a considerable part of it comes from the soil of the valley itself, ploughed up and thrown into ridges like the waves of the sea, and hurled to prodigious distances by the impulse of the descending mass, plunging upon it with a force not very inferior to that of a cannon-ball.

The effects of this terrible convulsion were the entire destruction of the villages Goldau, Bussingen, and Rethen, and a part of Lowertz. The rich pasturages in the valley and on the slope of the mountain, entirely overwhelmed by it and ruined, were estimated to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. One hundred and eleven houses, and more than two hundred stables and chalets, were buried under pieces of rocks, which of themselves

form hills several hundred feet high. More than four hundred and fifty human beings perished by this catastrophe, and whole herds of cattle were swept away. Five minutes sufficed to complete the work of destruction. The inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages were first roused by loud and grating sounds like thunder. They looked toward the spot from which it came, and beheld the valley shrouded in a cloud of dust. When it had cleared away, they found the face of nature changed. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

THE JAPANESE.

THE country of the Japanese consists of several large and small islands, lying close together at a short distance from the eastern coast of Asia. They are among the most civilized of the heathen nations; and they exercise a great variety of useful and ornamental arts, in some of which they surpass even the ingenious Chinese. As to religion, they are idolaters, — a large portion of them being followers of the Buddhist religion, which consists in the worship of Buddha, otherwise named Gaudama, who was supposed to be an incarnation, or human manifestation, of the Deity.* Others adhere to the more ancient religion of the country, which is called Sinto. Their worship, it is said, consists in prayers and prostrations. The celebration of festivals, and going on pilgrimages, are among their religious acts. Their temples are ordinarily built upon eminences, in retired spots, at a distance from bustle

* This religion, which originated probably in India, is very widely spread over the eastern part of Asia.

and business, surrounded by groves, and approached by a grand avenue, having a gate of stone or wood, and bearing a tablet or doorplate, which announces the name of the deity to which it is consecrated. The temple itself is described as a small, mean wooden building, either empty, or containing only a mirror of polished metal set in a frame of braided straw, and at the entrance a basin of water, in which the worshippers wash for purification.

Their private dwellings are slightly built of wood and plaster, one or two stories high, and partitioned into rooms only by movable screens. The windows are of paper instead of glass. The houses being constructed of wood, even in their large cities, subjects them to frequent and destructive fires. They have had the art of writing for a long time, and also that of block-printing after the manner of the Chinese. Books are therefore common; and reading is a very common amusement among them. Among their books are mentioned poems, lives of their great personages and saints, histories, entertaining and instructive narratives, &c. Besides their own mode of writing, they also employ the Chinese characters, apparently in a similar way to the use of French and other foreign phrases in our books. The Chinese language also, or at least its written characters, seems to be taught as a kind of learned language among them, — a necessary accomplishment of a literary profession.

Japan was first made known to Europeans by Marco Polo, between five and six hundred years ago. About three hundred years ago, the Portuguese sent missionaries to Japan to convert the natives to the Catholic faith. They were very successful, and large numbers embraced Christianity in the form in which it was presented to them by these missionaries; but a jealousy, not without reason, of the interference of these foreign teachers in the affairs

of the government, induced the Japanese to banish them from the country, and to require their converts to renounce their new faith. They were severely persecuted, and in fact exterminated. Since that time, the Japanese have kept themselves entirely secluded from the rest of the world, admitting only a trifling trade with the Chinese and Dutch, and allowing no foreigners to set foot within their territories, except under strict guard. The most that we know of them has been derived from accounts given by the Dutch, who visited Japan for trade, and whose only opportunity of seeing the country was an occasional visit of ceremony to the dairi or emperor at Jeddo, the capital city of the empire.

The Japanese chiefly subsist upon vegetable food, and fish, it being contrary to their religious principles to indulge in animal food. By some sects, the deer, hare, and wild boar were eaten, and some birds by the poorer classes. Although they have had, from time immemorial, the horse, the ox, the buffalo, the dog, and the cat, none of these are ever used for food. Of vegetables they possess a great variety, including most of those cultivated in our gardens. The staple article of food, however, is rice: barley is cultivated for the horses and cattle. From rice they also prepare a kind of intoxicating liquor called saki, of which they use large quantities.

The laws of the country are very strict; and a very exact degree of order is maintained in all ranks of society. After the banishment of the Portuguese missionaries, all the inhabitants of the country were required to perform the ceremony of trampling on the cross, in order to insure the greatest security against any attachment to the Catholic religion. This ceremony, it is said, is still yearly performed under the direction of appropriate officers. This severity towards Christians and Christianity appears to

arise from no special hostility to the Christian doctrines, but from an extreme jealousy of foreign influence and interference, which leads them to exclude, with the greatest rigor, every thing which can give it opportunity of entrance. From the same jealousy, they are unwilling to communicate to foreigners the knowledge of their own language, or of the geography and state of their country. On the contrary, they are very inquisitive to learn whatsoever they can of foreigners, even to the minutest particulars. From the intercourse maintained with the Dutch, by the occasional visit of a Dutch trading-ship, they have kept themselves informed of whatever they wished to know of the state of foreign affairs, and of the progress of the arts and sciences in Christian countries, of which they have adopted as much as seemed to be useful to themselves, — such, for instance, as the art of calculating almanacs, constructing time-pieces, &c.; for, in this respect, they have manifested a disposition quite opposite to that of the Chinese, who have affected to despise every thing foreign. — *New-Church Magazine.* D. H. H.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

PERHAPS our little readers have not forgotten the old man of the mountain, and his half-promise that they should hear from him again. He did not forget you; though he was unable to fulfil his desire, and write another letter. With the cool winds and falling leaves of autumn, his strength gradually failed. Seated in his arm-chair, now removed from the old elm-tree to the ample fireside, serene and happy, though very, very feeble, he

would watch for hours the ever-changing clouds that flitted across the deep-blue sky, or the trees now robed in the brilliant and varied hues of the autumn. It was a beautiful but sad sight to see him, once so active and energetic, now so calm and peaceful, patiently awaiting the time of his departure, so near at hand.

One Sabbath afternoon I went, as usual, to make my weekly visit. The first snow of the winter had fallen during the past night, and the earth was now robed in a mantle of the purest white; the rays of the setting sun were reflected back as from a wilderness of diamonds; the air was keen and piercing. As I walked quickly on, the few calm words which he uttered at my last visit flashed quickly upon my memory: "I shall hardly outlive our first snow; I am going home very soon." Involuntarily I quickened my steps. Robin, who was now staying with him, opened the door, and hushed my usual welcome, whispering in a low voice, "Grandpapa is asleep; pray, don't wake him. He has been chilly and cold all day," continued Robin; "though I have heaped log after log on the fire, as you see." — "Where is your mother, child?" said I. "She went to lie down a little while ago; and left me to wait on grandpa. When the sun was setting, he told me to lift the curtain, that he might look out, and said, 'It is very beautiful!' and then he went to sleep." He was indeed asleep: it was the sleep of death, as calm, as heavenly, as full of peace, as the last sunset on which he gazed. It was a fitting time for him to die, so ripe in years and virtues. Death had no terrors for him: he only thought of it as going to his heavenly home, and always spoke of it with hope and joy. We hardly dare to mourn him; for we know that he is happy now. Thus peaceful, calm, and happy, was the end of the

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A. M.

THE SEASONS.

FIRST CHILD.

I LOVE the Spring, when first the leaves and flowers
 Peep from the ground,
 And the rain falls with its refreshing showers
 And rushing sound.
 Ah, then how gayly, gladly pass the hours
 That Spring has crowned !

I love the first soft airs that, gently blowing,
 Break Nature's sleep ;
 And the free streamlet from the hillside flowing,
 So full and deep ;
 And velvet carpet of the green grass, growing
 On plain and steep.

SECOND CHILD.

Give me glad Summer, for the Spring is chilling
 With its fresh gales ;
 But the warm breath of Summer, ever filling
 With joy the dales,
 Comes, and to my heart, attuned and willing,
 Tells its sweet tales.

Yes ! give me Summer ; for the earth is ringing
 With glad delight ;
 And lovely flowers in every field are springing,
 Than Spring's more bright ;
 And the sweet warblers of the grove are singing
 From morn till night.

THIRD CHILD.

The Autumn, with its wealth of fruits abounding,
I love the best :
The harvest-home is merrily resounding ;
And gay the jest
Of the good farmers, when, the board surrounding,
They take their rest.

Then wears the sky a deeper tinge, and brighter
The sunset's hues,
And the full moon makes night than day seem lighter,
And gleam the dews,
Till the white frost locks all in keeping tighter, —
His reign renews.

FOURTH CHILD.

Mine be the Winter, with its dazzling glory
Of drifted snow ;
And the old trees, that bow their heads so hoary
To winds that blow :
Then, then I hear the ghost or wizard story
By firelight glow.

The pure, clear air, that whistles through the valley,
To me is dear :
I let its breezes with my garments dally,
Nor danger fear,
When forth into the storm I boldly sally
With hearty cheer.

MOTHER.

All have their joys, — the Spring, that brings the roses
 Among its train ;
 The Summer fair, that thousand sweets discloses
 On hill and plain ;
 Then the ripe Autumn, with its well-filled closes
 Waving with grain.

Last, Winter comes, and, round the fireside bending,
 We feel no cold.
 Then from our full hearts let us ever, sending
 Forth praise untold,
 Thank the great God, and pray that we, ascending,
 May reach his fold.

EDITOR.

“CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD HOW THEY
 GROW.” — MATT. vi. 28.

WE have chosen, dear children, a text appropriate to the season of the year. Before this month has passed, the lilies, as well as many other beautiful and early flowers, will cover the face of the earth with their bright blossoms. Our Saviour always drew his teachings from the objects that surrounded him ; and we, too, would draw our lesson for the month from the silent and pure preachers which grow, too often disregarded, in our daily path.

Consider the lilies. How well each flower is adapted to its place, and springs up in just the soil which is needed to make it flourish best ! We do not find the columbine, which needs a dry soil, by the brookside ; nor the white

violet, which requires moisture, among the rocks: but the columbine repays us for a scramble up the steep hillside, and the white violet is cheaply obtained at the expense of a few splashes of mud and water.

God has put each in the fitting spot. Ought we not, from this great fact, to learn, that, in his garden of the world, he has placed his human flowers in just the best places for them? One child thinks he should be happier if he had not so many brothers and sisters. This thought shows a selfish heart; and God has wisely given that child brothers and sisters, that he may be obliged to give up selfish actions, and learn to be generous, not only in deed, but in thought. Another would like to be rich, so that he might never be obliged to exert himself. He would like to take his ease, and to be waited upon; but God sees that riches would only increase the indolence of his disposition, and has ordained his lot in a family where he must learn from infancy to help himself. We might go on with these instances; but two will suffice to show you our meaning.

If you examine a flower with an older friend, who can tell you its different parts, and the office which each part performs in the plant, you will gain a new and beautiful idea of the wisdom of God; and you will learn, too, that every thing in creation is busy, even to the leaves and flowers, which might be supposed to be idle. The root draws the moisture and nourishment from the ground: the leaves have their office to perform in attracting the sunshine and the dew, and in extracting from the air the element necessary to the life of the plant. The flower must come to perfection, and its leaves must drop off, in order that the seed of the future flower may ripen.

God has adorned the earth with these, his beautiful creations. Many of them are of no known use to man or

animal. Thousands of them grow up and wither where the eye of man never sees them, as if God, in making this lovely world, would leave no portion without its ornament, no place that did not bear witness to the exceeding greatness of his love. The moss of the desert had power to fill with love and gratitude and faith the soul of Mungo Park when he was perishing in the desert, and inspired him with the courage to make the needful exertion to save his life. Shall we not, too, learn faith in the goodness and fatherly care of Him who has "so clothed the grass of the field"?

EDITOR.

LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MY DEAR FANNY,— Will you think I pass over the bounds of friendship, if, in answer to your kind letter, I give you a moral lecture? To speak the truth to a person, especially a truth which concerns his own character, is a very difficult task; and I trust I may perform it in all gentleness, and that you will take it as it is meant. Of course, if I did not feel interested in you, and did not see in you the elements of many good qualities, I should not take the trouble to do this. It is because I really desire your good that I write.

But without further preface, since mine has been too long already, let me say that I fear you have not sufficient independence of character. You are too much influenced by those with whom you are thrown or whom you happen to fancy. I do not speak now of your readiness to oblige, which is so attractive in a young girl, but the excess to which that readiness carries you, and which will prove fatal to many excellences if it is not checked.

The first which it must injure is your truth. I know there are a great many forms of speech which have come to be considered as mere words of politeness, and which are uttered as matters of course ; but every young person should guard against using them, unless in perfect sincerity. For instance, I heard you say to Miss Harrison, in reply to her invitation, that you should be happy to visit her ; and afterwards you told your mother that you knew no inducement strong enough to tempt you to stay with her. If this was the case, why would it not have been better to thank her for the invitation, and express your sense of the kindness that prompted it, without sacrificing truth ? I know Miss Harrison is sensitive and exacting in regard to etiquette ; but I think she would have been satisfied with the expression of your pleasure at her civility.

It is embarrassing oftentimes, I know, to reconcile truth and politeness. I have been frequently called upon to admire a picture which I did not like, or a book which I could not approve, or some article of apparel which seemed to me in excessively bad taste. Formerly, I used to praise every thing, as I was expected to do ; but a shrewd old lady opened my eyes to the folly and wickedness of this ; and now I find a great many ways of being perfectly civil, and yet preserving my truth. I think no one has a right to be offended, if you say that your taste is not suited, provided you say so in a lady-like and proper manner.

“Oh, don’t ask her !” I once heard one lady say of another : “she thinks every thing is pretty ; and her judgment is not worth a farthing.” I afterward saw the lady in question, and knew from observation that she had fallen into the habit of acquiescing in the opinions of her friends, from a want of sufficient independence to disagree with

them; and her friends found her out, and valued her opinions, at length, at just what they were worth,—nothing.

You lessen your confidence in yourself, and your own self-respect, by this want of independence. How is it possible for you to do otherwise than despise yourself, when you are conscious that you are continually violating truth and principle? and how can you have any confidence in yourself, when your opinion changes to agree with that of every different person you meet?

I had once a friend who did not approve of the waltz,—it was before the polka became the fashion, Fanny. At home, she was supported in her disapproval by father, mother, and brothers. She went, however, to make a visit in a distant and gay city. One evening, at a small party, she was conversing with the lady of the house about this dance. “Absurd,” said the lady, “for some persons to make so much ado about waltzing! It makes me quite vexed at their prudishness. Do you see any possible objection to it?”

My little friend, distressed at the idea of being considered prudish, uttered a faint “No,” and felt herself so self-condemned for her weakness, that she could no longer listen to the conversation or take part in it. After a time, the brother of the lady to whom she had been talking came and claimed her as a partner in a waltz. She drew back, and declined; but he said, “Just one turn round the room. I would not have asked you, had not my sister told me, that, unlike many ladies in your section of the country, you approve of waltzing.”

What could she do? She would not add to the falsehood she had already told by pleading fatigue or illness, neither of which she felt; and she accepted his invitation. She was graceful; and she had repeated invitations in the

course of the evening, all of which she felt forced to accept. She did not sleep at all that night. Thoughts of her injured self-respect, of her falsehood, of her want of moral courage, made her almost ill; and her headache and heavy eyes, the next morning, quite alarmed her friends. She never waltzed again, however. Afterwards, when she went into company, she deprived herself of the pleasure of dancing at all, that she might not be obliged to participate in any amusement which her conscience condemned.

These visits — this journeying round in the world — have a bad effect on a person who is deficient in moral courage. A young girl, who has been in the habit of morning and evening devotions, makes a visit in a family where the things of this life are the all-important ones. It requires, at first, a great deal of courage to kneel down quietly, and ask for a blessing on the occupations of the day, or pray for preservation through the still watches of the night, in the presence of a careless and indifferent person. But it must be done, or conscience will not be satisfied, — done at once: the first time the question comes up, it must be decided aright, or every succeeding morning and evening will make it harder and harder.

Sabbath occupations, too, are a matter in which you will be called upon to exercise your independence, — your moral courage, I should rather say. I consider running about from church to church to hear some famous preacher, pleasure-riding, light and frivolous letter-writing, novel-reading, inconsistent with the right use of the holy day. You must settle these points for yourself; but, after you have once decided that any one of these is wrong, do not be turned from your decision by the customs of those friends with whom you may happen to be.

I trust I have said enough to show you what I mean;

and I dare say, as you read, you will remember instances in your own experience, where you have, from a desire to oblige or a fear of being thought to set yourself up above your companions, sacrificed your sense of right.

For the moment, I know it will be hard for you to assert your own convictions, but only for the moment. If your friends are really such, though they may disagree with you, they will respect your conscientious scruples; and your own consciousness of having been true to yourself will repay any exertion which you may have made. If, however, you still feel that you are an object of ridicule to your companions, though your conscience gives it glad approval, ask yourself whether their esteem is really valuable. In nine cases out of ten, you will find their judgment is not based on high Christian principles, but on the current notions of the world around them.

If this letter does not commend itself now to your heart, I shall trust that the seed has been dropped which shall germinate by and by. If you think me severe and uncivil now, you will not always think so. A few years more will redeem me from any such charge from you; and then, if not now, you will consider me

A TRUE FRIEND.

EDITOR.

THE AMERICAN BISON.

I AM going to tell you about the bison, which is one of the most remarkable animals in our country. It is about as large as an ox. It inhabits both parts of the American continent; and, in North America, immense herds are frequently seen. The fore-parts of the body of this ani-

mal are very thick and strong ; the hinder are much more slender ; the body is covered in many parts with long shaggy hair ; the horns are short, rounded, and pointing outwards ; and on the shoulders is a great hump, which is the distinguishing mark of the bison.

The bison grazes like a cow : he runs wild in forests, and his appearance is threatening and ferocious. No person could see this animal in the woods, for the first time, without showing him his heels, and escaping from his company as soon as possible.

The chase of these animals is one of the favorite sports of the Indians, who use the flesh as food, and have several ingenious ways of killing them. The vast herds of bisons in the Western country sometimes present a most astonishing spectacle. They press close together, so as to appear to be one solid mass, and then rush onward, driving before them, or crushing, every thing that comes in their way. Their line of march is seldom stopped even by deep rivers ; for they swim over them without fear, and nearly in the order that they traverse the plains. When flying before their pursuers, it would be in vain for the foremost to halt, or attempt to stop those behind him, as they rush on, no matter what is before them. In their course, they frequently brush down large trees.

The Indians have a curious method of luring these animals to leap over a high precipice. A swift-footed and active young man is selected, who is disguised in a bison's skin, having the head, ears, and horns so fixed as to deceive even the bisons themselves. When thus arrayed, he stations himself between the herd and some of the precipices, which often extend for several miles along the rivers. The Indians surround the herd, and rush upon them, with loud yells. The animals, being alarmed, and seeing no way open but in the direction of the disguised Indian, run towards him, and he, taking to flight, dashes

on to the precipice, where he suddenly hides himself within some crevice. The foremost bison of the herd arrives at the brink; he cannot turn back; there is no chance of escape. The poor creature shrinks with terror; but the crowd behind press upon him, and he is hurled, with those who follow him, over the precipice. This seems a cruel and wasteful method of killing buffaloes; and, fortunately, it is not often resorted to by the Indians.

A better way of killing bison is that of attacking them on horseback, in which some of the Indians are very expert.

The sense of smell in the bison is wonderfully nice. It is said by hunters that the odor of the white man is far more terrifying to them than that of the Indian. In Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, a story is told of an exploring party, who were riding through a dreary country where a vast number of bisons were used to roam. As the wind was blowing fresh from the south, the scent of the party was wafted directly across the river Platte, and, over a distance of eight or ten miles, reached the bisons. The instant their atmosphere was infected with the tainted gale, they ran as violently as if closely pursued by mounted hunters; and, instead of fleeing from the danger, they turned their heads towards the wind, eager to escape this terrifying odor.

The skins of the bison are commonly of a reddish-brown color. They furnish the Indians and whites with excellent coverings in winter. A sleigh-ride would be uncomfortable without them; and they form an excellent protection from the rain and cold. They are called *buffalo robes*; the term buffalo being generally, but incorrectly, applied to the bison.

The bisons have often been seen in herds of three, four, and five thousand, blackening the plains and prairies as

far as the eye could view. At night, it is impossible for persons, unaccustomed to their noise, to sleep near them. Their continued roaring sounds like distant thunder. Although the bison is a very fierce-looking animal, it is, at the same time, generally quite harmless. A little boy might go near them, and perhaps even chase them, without their turning to injure him.

A young bison, it is said, displays an affecting instance of attachment to its mother, when the latter happens to be killed by the hunters: the young one then will not leave her, but, alarmed and trembling, follows the hunters who are carrying away its parent.

To the Indian tribes, the bison is an invaluable gift. He supplies a large part of the food used by the natives, and coverings to their tents and persons; while his very refuse is used for fuel in the desert places where not a tree or shrub is to be seen. How wonderfully are all things adapted to the wants of man! — *Forrester's Magazine.*

THE SAXONS.

THE Saxons were a tribe or nation that inhabited a part of Germany, and that from a very small beginning gradually extended their power along the Rhine, and as far north as Denmark. When the Roman power declined in the fifth century, and the Romans, too busy with their own affairs nearer Rome, were unable longer to maintain their strength in Britain, and protect it against the barbarous encroachments of the Picts and Scots who inhabited the North, then the Britons applied to the Saxons, and the Angles, another German tribe, for help. This was readily granted. The Northern hordes were conquered and driven back. Then the allies conceived the idea of con-

quering the country to themselves. Accordingly, instead of returning home, they invited fresh hordes of their countrymen to visit the island; and, after a long war, the Saxons and Angles triumphed over the Britons in almost every encounter, and drove the miserable remnants of the nation to seek refuge in Wales and Cornwall. The struggle lasted nearly a century and a half, and ended in establishing the Saxon kingdoms in the south of Britain. To this territory they gave the name of Anglo-land, or England. The Christian religion was established in Britain by the Saxons in the sixth century.

The early Saxons were chiefly devoted to war. They were bold, hardy, and energetic; but the barbarous state of manners prevalent at that period prevented them from turning their mental and physical strength to any useful account. Agriculture afforded but little employment, and that little was confined to the servile class called serfs. Foreign commerce was hardly known, and there were very few products of industry or art to afford materials for trade. They had no literature, and religion had at that time but very little influence upon them. It was natural that they should turn to war.

In the ninth century, there was a marked improvement in the condition and character of the Saxons. Schools had been established, the laws were reformed, trial by jury was introduced, and various other improvements were made, that mark an advancing civilization.

At this time they had various mechanical arts. Gold became abundant among them, and in their manners they exhibited a curious mixture of barbarism and rude luxury. They were divided into nobles, ecclesiastics, freemen, and serfs: the last were born to servitude, and sold like cattle. The language which they spoke at this early period we could not now understand; yet it forms the basis of the modern English. — *Selected.*

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Edited by
Harriet L. Brown.

VOL. XXVII.

FOURTH SERIES, VOL. IV.

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
1856.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,
22, SCHOOL STREET.

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THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THIS pretty little rural picture perhaps resembles some of the favorite resting-places of our little friends who live in the country, or who spend their summers there. That little stream of which we obtain a glimpse suggests beautiful lilies, and speckled trout, or tiny minnows; and the shade of that tall tree spreads very invitingly over the heads of those children.

But we especially observe one thing,—and that is the pleasure which this brother and sister find in each other's society. That boy never teased his sister; he never tried experiments with her favorite doll; he never laughed at her because she could not climb a stone wall or run as fast as he. And that little girl never wished her brother out of the way. She never said, "Here comes Willie; and he'll spoil all." She always has hemmed his flags and the sails of his boats for him; and he has made little tables, and three-legged stools for her dolls.

Now, how do we know all these things? Only from the

expression of their faces ; and just as we judge of the expression of faces in a picture, so we do of living ones. If you are gentle and loving, and try to follow the golden rule, gentleness and kindness will beam from your eyes, will play round your mouth ; and all will know you for little Christians, because even here the smiles of heaven will be upon your faces.

EDITOR.

AN EXCURSION THROUGH ETRUTRIA.

THERE is just enough known of the ancient Etruscans to excite our wonder and admiration, and to make us anxious to learn more of their early history. That they excelled the whole world at one time— Greece, perhaps, excepted — in some of the fine arts, and in many branches of mechanical genius, there is not the shadow of doubt. Their vases, to speak of nothing else, have never been surpassed, whether we regard the tasteful design of these articles, with their peculiar *bas-reliefs* and paintings, or their execution. But how and when these Etruscans derived the perfect knowledge of the arts which they possessed, and what nation had the honor of imparting this knowledge, are questions about which the *savans* disagree widely enough. It has been warmly contended that Greece herself received her knowledge of the fine arts from Etruria. Be that as it may, however, it is certain that Etruria was nearly at the zenith of her glory while Greece was in a state of semi-barbarism.

There are two modes by which the curious traveller can see the most noteworthy of the Etruscan ruins. One is, to land at Civita Vecchia, and hunt them up at that point ;

and the other, to proceed directly through Etruria, from Florence to Rome. I chose the latter mode, and was rewarded for a very fatiguing excursion by a half-hour's gaze at some Etruscan tombs. I would tell the reader ever so much about these, — how they were constructed, and of what materials; what there was in them (that would not take long, as most of the articles of value found there are scattered all over Europe) besides bats and lizards, and what there had been in them. But, as I learned very little new myself of Etruscan life and manners, I presume that the sketch I might give would be but a *résumé* of what the reader knows well enough already; and so I will not run the risk of tiring him with my Etruscan researches. But he shall have a glance at the lights and shadows of this excursion through old Etruria, nevertheless.

There are two routes to Rome from Florence. One is by the way of Siena, the other by the way of Perugia. The best route, on most accounts, is the latter; though we — myself and my two Scotch friends — took the other. "And why not take the best route?" For the same reason, precisely, that Jack did not eat his supper. The first thing we did, on our arrival at Florence, was to apply at the office of the diligence for seats to Rome; but all the seats were engaged for some ten days ahead. It was on the eve of Holy Week; and all the world, with some exceptions, were pressing Romeward. We were obliged to hire a *vettura* at an enormous price; and as we had not time, after seeing the lions of Florence, to go by the way of Perugia (a route which requires more time than the other), without losing some of the exhibitions of Holy Week, we went by Siena.

A most remarkable personage was Francesco, the man of whom we hired our carriage. He was of truly alder-

manic proportions, and carried himself right regally. He had the finest *cavalli* in all Florence. Everybody would tell us so, if we would take the trouble to ask everybody. And such a *vetturino* as he would give us! — the greatest driver in Europe, by all odds. He knew all the best inns in Italy; and he would feed us as if we were three princes all the way. When Francesco had completed this puff of his horses, carriage, and driver, he went off in a perfect tornado of rhapsody on his own merits. He made himself out to be a man of most wonderful capacities. Since Adam's time, there had not been such an adept in the *vetturino* business, if we were to credit his story. And then, to complete the catalogue of his graces, he remarked, with emphasis, that he had the highest possible sense of honor, and that he would not do violence to the promptings of his conscience, in the slightest particular, for the whole world. He must have set a great store by that conscience of his, as he frequently interlarded his encomiums upon himself by the expression, "On my conscience, signore, — on my conscience!" lifting his eyes solemnly to heaven at the same time, and laying his hand on his capacious stomach, as if it were the shrine in which that inestimable treasure was preserved. This last attempt to "suit the action to the word," considering the physical developments of the worthy Francesco, set fire to some shavings of mirthfulness which were lying in the vicinity of his three auditors; and both the Scotchmen and the Yankee laughed so noisy, that a policeman came up to see by what means the peace and quiet of the Grand Duke's dominions were disturbed in that fashion.

We made a bargain with Francesco. He was to take us to Rome in four days and a half, and board and lodge us on the road, at a price somewhat above three times the sum which we afterwards learned he was in the habit

of charging in ordinary times,—the *buonamano* (drink-money) to the *vetturino*, to be graduated under the dictation of our own generosity, according to the manner in which his duties were performed. Then followed the filling-up and signing of a blank instrument, duly attested by the government, of which instrument two copies were made, one for the benefit of each party, and which bound all concerned with ever so much minuteness to observe the terms of the compact.

The day of our departure arrived. Pietro, the *vetturino*, was in due time installed over us. Now, Pietro is an innocent, red-faced, square-built little Italian, who prated much less about his honor and his conscience than his master, but who nevertheless impressed us quite as favorably.

There is a railway from Florence to Siena; and the lights and shadows of our *vetturino* ride did not properly commence until we reached the latter place. After dinner in a poor inn in this city, we committed ourselves to the tender mercies of Pietro, and set out. There was room enough in our carriage for half a dozen more passengers, so that we had an enviable amount of room. We had heard shocking stories of the robberies which had just taken place on the route. A prince had been waylaid, and robbed of an enormous sum. Another party, in resisting the robbers, had been killed, and robbed to boot. So my careful Scottish companions had purchased two huge horse-pistols in Florence, which they duly loaded with I know not how many balls, and left them within arm's-reach in the carriage. However, nobody robbed us, nobody killed us, nobody threatened to do either. True, our blood was shed pretty freely on the road; but the robbers had no hand in that.

The country, for much of the way between Siena and

Rome, is rather barren of interest. The people, for the most part, are ragged, dirty, and poverty-stricken. Countless beggars assailed us at every stopping-place; and they ran after our carriage sometimes for nearly a mile, in the hopes of getting a few coppers. Donkeys abound in this quarter, and so poor that you can count each individual rib with perfect facility. Yet, poor and apparently inefficient as these beasts are, I saw one of them carrying a great over-grown man, a woman of the same type, together with a huge bag, from a hole in one end of which protruded a head that must have belonged to a girl in her teens, while the opposite end exhibited the horns and beard of a veritable live goat. A favorite mode of riding in these parts, where there are two men upon a donkey, is back to back. In going up a hill, you will not unfrequently see two lazy fellows riding in this manner, and a pedestrian helping himself along by grasping the poor animal's tail. The women in this Etruscan district are uninviting in their personal appearance and habits. The market-women, who carried vegetables and oranges to the little villages and larger towns on the road, had a very masculine mode of sitting on their donkeys, which would excite some merriment in Broadway, I am confident. These women belonged to the *better class*, you must understand. The females of the *lower class*, the real, unmistakable *lazzaroni*, were the most consummate vagabonds, in appearance. And such inveterate beggars! They begged with every muscle in their sunburnt faces, as well as every tone and semitone in their squeaking voices. When we threw half a dozen small copper-pieces into a platoon of them, as we did once in a while, the Amazons scrambled, and fought, and pulled each other's hair (they never wear a bonnet, seldom a hat) at a terrible rate. When we did not give them any thing, which was the case in at least nine in-

stances out of ten, they poured out all the vials of their Italian wrath upon us, and uttered all the anathemas in their vocabularies.

The first night after leaving Siena, we slept, or tried to sleep, — the fleas allowed us to perform that somewhat necessary operation but imperfectly, — at La Scala. One of the most notable places on the route is Bolsena. This little village is pleasantly situated a little distance from the margin of a lake of the same name: it is on the site of the Etruscan city of Volsinii. Beautiful, however, as is the village, with the adjacent lake, there exists here the most virulent malaria; and it is dangerous for travellers, and even for the natives who are engaged in cultivating the soil, to visit the immediate vicinity of the marshes around the lake during the night. It was at Bolsena that, according to the chronicles of the Romish Church, was performed that astonishing miracle, in commemoration of which Pope Urban IV. instituted the festival of *Corpus Domini*. The miracle, they tell us, took place in 1263. A Bohemian priest, officiating in this place, doubted the real presence of Christ in the celebration of the Eucharist. He went one day, sceptical as usual on this head, to the Church of Santa Cristina; and, while engaged in consecrating the host, the blood flowed from the wafer, and dropped upon the floor. Of course, he was convinced of his error; and hence the origin of the festival of the *body of our Lord*. We went to the church to see where the blood fell. A monk was holding forth with great earnestness when we went in. After he had got through, we were conducted to a dark and dirty vault, and pointed to a space covered with an iron grating, which we were assured was the identical spot where the blood fell. Upon our expressing a slight doubt touching the miracle, the priest declared, that, if we had come a little earlier, — it

was the hour of the evening twilight, — he would have shown us the blood.

The lake is now, and from time immemorial has been, famous for its fine fish. Its eels are puffed by the Muse of Dante, who tells us that Martin IV. testified his admiration of them, by eating so many at once, that they were the means of his death.

Viterbo is another place of interest. It is situated in the Papal dominions, and contains a population of some fifteen thousand. The city used to be famous for its fountains and its beautiful women. The fountains we saw: the beautiful women did not show themselves. We spent a short time in the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Lorenzo, where we saw some fine pictures. It was at the high altar of this cathedral that Prince Henry of England, son of the Earl of Cornwall, was murdered by Guy de Montfort. We were shown the place, too, in the piazza of this cathedral, where Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever wore the tiara, compelled the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa to hold his stirrup while he dismounted from his mule.

At Ronciglione, a little dirty town, containing some four thousand inhabitants, and which is said to be the site of an Etruscan city, we visited a cemetery connected with a monastery of Capuchins. Here an old woman, for the sum of two francs, showed us into a room filled with skulls and other human bones, arranged in the most fantastic manner imaginable. It was a Golgotha, in the strictest sense of the term. Skulls grinned upon us from every point. The old crone who acted as our conductor took the money in a vessel formed of half a skull. Fancy-chapels, with a Madonna in the centre, were formed by an ingenious arrangement of innumerable bones. Even the Papal arms at the entrance of the building were repre-

sented by the same process. Many of the souls belonging to these dismembered bodies are supposed to be in purgatory still; and the woman assured us, upon her honor, that the money we gave her would be conscientiously devoted to Masses for their benefit. It would not be her fault, she added, if they remained in that awful place. She expressed a great deal of surprise when one of my companions told her there was no purgatory in England. "I don't know what to make of it," she said, "for they tell me that there are multitudes of English people in hell."

The last night of our *vetturino* excursion we slept at a miserable inn, at a place which I will not dignify by giving it a name, and which was situated nearly in the centre of the crater of an extinct volcano. The breakfast provided for us at this inn, take it all in all, was quite a curiosity; and, to one inclined to philosophize rather than to eat, it might have been tolerably acceptable. To us, however, who were hungry, it presented rather a cheerless aspect. I assure you, the best elements in it were a dozen native figs; in eating which, we had to dispute the ground with worms.

Reader, if it should ever fall to your lot to travel between Florence and Rome, avoid the route by Siena. Heed the exhortation of one who wishes you well, and go by the way of Perugia. Make a note of that. And another thing: by all means, take the diligence, provided it will take you. If you trust to a *vetturino*, you are sure to be conducted to the most miserable inns, where you will be entertained after a fashion worse than (if you are the humane man I take you to be) you would entertain your dog. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

LETTER TO BERTHA.

MY DEAR BERTHA, — You must not be surprised if the letter I am now addressing you should creep into print; for there are many young people to whom I have often longed to utter certain things, if I had the opportunity. The press and the periodical furnish me the only, or certainly the least objectionable, opportunity I can expect. And, if your reception of an epistle so frank should be satisfactory, I shall be encouraged to approach others in a more indirect manner. To them and to you I would plead against the indulgence of a spirit of false independence.

I have already protested against the practice of idolatry. In young girls, it is a thing so common, that I only wonder it has not more frequently been made the subject of direct remonstrance among moralists. Few young females of strong affections and sanguine temperament grow up without putting themselves too exclusively, for a season at least, under the influence of some human being, and lavishing upon one the love and service which should be divided among others as near and as deserving; thus weakening their own characters, and committing a daily injustice, if they do nothing worse.

But another class, my dear Bertha, run to the other extreme. They pride themselves upon their "independence." They boast inwardly, perhaps openly, that they think and act for themselves. The consequences are sometimes sad and serious enough. These young persons are apt to be the very ones who are quite incompetent to think or act wisely. Their hastiness, their impulsiveness, their impatient reluctance to wait till a matter can be

fairly examined on all sides, make it a painful thing for them to endure the caution of their elders; so they rush on. They give their opinions promptly; do what, at first glance, seems to them the thing that ought to be done; and dignify this mere impatient heedlessness with the name of independence.

To these, one chief grace of the Christian character is wanting, — *humility*. In spite of the stress laid upon it in the gospel, it is left out in their catalogue of virtues; and, even worse, I have known those who committed the positive sin of being proud that they were not humble. I once heard a rough and homely but appropriate answer made to a damsel of thirteen, who exclaimed that she “never asked or wanted anybody’s advice.” — “The more fool you!” said an old country-woman, who sat vigorously plying her knitting-needles. And she could hardly have needed a more decided indication of folly. The young lady betrayed her ignorance of her own ignorance; she betrayed that she did not know what a tremendous claim she was setting up: for surely she never would have dared to say in so many words, “God has made me a living wonder, a moral phenomenon; for, at an age when I have scarcely emerged from childhood, he has given me the wisdom, the knowledge of my own character and of human nature, which others have to learn by painful experience; so that I know at once, by a wonderful gift of understanding, exactly what to say and do. Stand in admiration before such a marvel of precocity!”

There is such a thing as true independence; and a noble element of character it is: indeed, there is no nobleness without it. The opposite is meanness, littleness, and servility: it is full of danger to the moral nature. But the spurious independence is almost as mean, and quite as full of peril. It loves the reputation

of independence, and perceives not, that, to win such reputation, it sometimes gives up the reality. I have known those who would do certain things only for fear it should be thought they dared not do them, — because they feared *somebody would say*, “She is afraid to do it!” Is not this a littleness, and an inconsistency? All who are not travelling in the right road are sure to blunder into inconsistencies; and, when these are detected, we should be ready to accept the warning, and get back to the strait and narrow path. What can prove a more thorough subservience to the opinions of others than to take a certain course for the sake of proving our independence? Yet many a boaster does this, consciously sometimes, more frequently unconsciously.

Then there are those who really care little for what the world may say, and actually do as they see fit on all occasions, heedless who may or may not know it. Their only consideration is, “What should I prefer to do? — what will give me most pleasure?” And to carry this out, without the least regard to any thing beyond, is their idea of independence. Again: we find things called by the wrong names. This is not independence, but recklessness, self-will. It is a shame to dignify with so noble an appellation that which is the child of selfishness and obstinacy.

There is no intrinsic difficulty, my dear Bertha, in distinguishing between the genuine independence of an upright mind and conscientious heart, and the foolish pride which assumes a name to which it has no claim.

If you are right-minded on this subject, you will have but one question to ask on all occasions; and that is not, “What will people think?” nor, “What should I like to do?” but, “What is right?” You will take all possible pains to ascertain that point. If the matter is of conse-

quence, you will consult others, whom you believe to be wise and good, because you will fear being misled by your own inclinations. He who has no respect for the opinions of the wise and good is usually far below them, either in wisdom or goodness.

Having satisfied yourself as to what you ought to do, looking at all the circumstances and probable consequences, then *you will do it*, laugh who may, frown who may, come what may. This is true independence, to do what is right, however unpleasant may be the result to yourself. Do it, not because of a proud "I choose," but because of a calm "I ought."

I will tell you, honestly, that I have been distressed by your inconsistency on this point, my dear young friend. I have known you to say things which gave great pain, which you were under no obligation to say, which you did not imagine would do any good, simply because you "were not afraid to say what you thought." Others were guarded, lest they should occasion unnecessary distress; you spoke out, because you were "independent." I have heard you utter crude, hasty, and irreverent opinions in your Sunday-school class, quite careless of the pain you gave your teacher, or the bad influence you might exert on others in the class.

I have known you to show your "independence" by violating deliberately the regulations of a reading-room, — laughing and talking loud enough to disturb those who came to read and study, and were quietly using the apartment for its only legitimate purpose. I have known you to show your "independence" by treating with rudeness certain persons, only because they were awkward and uninteresting.

And, on the contrary, I have known you to show a lamentable want of independence in a matter which I

should say was one of principle. It was at your earnest entreaty that your father was induced to have wine and punch at your late party. He was hesitating; and you exclaimed, "O father! you would not do such a mean thing!" — "Why, my child, you may expend the same amount of money in hot-house flowers, or any thing else you please: but I really have got to be something of a teetotaller; and I have seen some of the young men a good deal the worse for wine at your parties lately." — "Don't use that vulgar word teetotaller, please, father. And, as to the young men, it is none of our business what they do: nobody minds their being a little lively after supper." — "But people ought to mind it, my dear; and I hardly feel as if it were right to put temptation in their way." — "Now, father, that is really being too fastidious. Everybody has wine; and we should make ourselves perfectly ridiculous if we did not have it too. I would rather have no party at all; and certainly I should be ashamed to invite F—— and H—— to a supper, with nothing for their throats but ice-cream or hot chocolate. How they would laugh and swear at you for an old miser!"

Then your father grew a little warm, for him, and exclaimed, "Those are the very young men whom I wish you would not invite. They ought not to be invited into any respectable house."

"But they are invited everywhere, father; and I can't be the only one to leave them out. I can't be so odd as that."

And so the colloquy went on; and the indulgent father yielded; and the condition in which those young men left the house you cannot but remember, as well as the fact that your young brother drank punch for the first time, and has seized every opportunity of drinking it since.

O Bertha! had you but been blessed with *real* inde-

pendence, looking only to the right, what an opportunity for its exercise!

So, too, in regard to a species of dance, which seems to me decidedly indelicate. Ungraceful and vulgar it is, to a degree which makes me marvel how it ever came to be adopted at all in refined society; though, if that were all, I should not have a word to say. But, when I first saw the dance, the wonder was greater and sadder. And how did you answer my expostulations? You did not say it in so many words; but the inference was this, — that you would rather subject yourself to that personal familiarity, and shock the sense of propriety in many of the spectators, than risk being called a prude by certain young men. Where was your independence then?

I have known a fair and charming woman, who, with a singular modesty and gentleness, united great decision on all these points; and her influence was like some subtle, invisible fluid, — it attracted no attention, but was felt with a mysterious power.

She said little of her views or purposes; but, born as she was in a family which lived much in society, she neither rushed into a bold eccentricity, rebuking and scorning the habits of those about her, nor did she compromise her conscience in the slightest instance. She knew exactly how far to conform to the world around her, without the sacrifice of one principle. How had she cultivated this nice discrimination? By making every thing a subject of religious consideration; and so her conscience had been trained from childhood to such habits of vigilance and activity, that it was no longer a perplexity and struggle for her to see and do what was right. Conscience, like the organs of sense, can be educated to a high degree of efficiency, — a fact of the deepest importance in self-culture, — and its growth is just in proportion to the degree

of obedience yielded to it. Thus she saw at a glance how much of her time she could yield to society, in compliance with the wishes of parents, whose comfort she was bound to consider, and how she could secure enough for the cultivation of her moral and intellectual nature. And thus she blended the various lives she led in one harmonious whole.

In society, she steadily declined dancing with any young man who was considered dissipated. I heard a lady say to her, "I should think you would be ashamed to have young men think that you know who is dissipated." Her answer was, "The shame is theirs, not mine."

No temptation could induce her to remain past midnight in any gay scene: it was only in the sick-room that she kept late hours. Thus she preserved not only her bright eyes and blooming cheeks, — beautiful for what they indicate, — but the steadiness of her nerves, the freshness of her faculties, for all duty. She had no occasion to lose the morning hours in sleep, or drag through a day in exhaustion and lassitude, because of the "parties" of the week. Neither parent nor servant was obliged to sit up till exhausted by waiting her return from a ball; no young man felt himself justified by her example in tasting a glass of champagne; no profligate received any further notice from her than the coldest bow. At her own parties there was no extravagance, yet no want of hospitality. And, at home and abroad, the unattractive and uninteresting were drawn towards her by that Christian feeling of hers, which taught her sympathy for all who experienced the deep pain of *neglect*.

She was a thorough Christian lady; and, Bertha, she was a woman of the highest, most genuine, uniform *independence*. She is now an angel.

You, my dear girl, are now approaching a period of

life when questions will thicken upon your mind; and it is of the greatest importance that your convictions of duty should be settled, your plan of living clearly defined, so far as the uncertainty of human events will permit; and your determination to maintain the independence of a conscientious Christian should be beyond the influence of censure, ridicule, or temptation of any kind. There is no girl who may not lead a noble life in this respect, — few who study and understand the subject. There is not only a great deal of real, but a great deal of assumed, irreverence around us, springing from false views of independence; and if you err on either side, my dear Bertha, let it not be because you have not carefully examined this whole field of moral responsibility.

Affectionately your friend ever,

E. J. H.

INSECT FUNERALS.

THE animals below man have their customs and manners as well as we. Some build houses, some spin, others weave; and so on. None of the animal tribes, however, are more remarkable in their customs and manners than the honey-bee. Who has not observed its activity, knowledge, skill, and industry? Who, that is wise, has not learned to profit from its example?

I was at work last summer, say in June, in my garden, with my son; when suddenly he turned to me, and said, "Father, what insects can these be, up here, near the house? Why, the air is full of them! They look like bees." And bees, sure enough, they were, — a whole

swarm of them, — evidently looking for a place to alight, where they could take up their residence.

We soon saw they were gathering round the house, and beginning to alight on one of the chimneys. It was a chimney whose fire-places had been for some time unoccupied. They were determined on making it their future home. A doubtful home, indeed, you will say; and so did I, — a curious bee-hive, open at the top, and exposed to all the peltings of the storms. But a poor dwelling-house is better than none, we sometimes say; and so, perhaps, the bees may have said to themselves, — if, indeed, their reasoning powers ever go so far.

They were soon all quietly settled in the chimney. There had been a little drumming, &c., on tin-pans and kettles, to divert them, and draw them away from the chimney; but it had been to no effect. There they were in the chimney; and, now, what could be done?

We consulted with a neighbor, who had kept bees, who told us to take an empty hive and set it over the chimney during the night, and the bees would probably come up into it, especially if we made a temporary fire, so as to annoy them a little by the smoke. But this did not succeed. Either with the smoke or without it, they clung to the chimney. When the smoke troubled them, they would crawl to the outside of the top of the chimney; and, when the smoke was gone, they would return to the inside again.

Another plan was resorted to the next day, or rather the next evening. Waiting till it was almost dark, we then took a common watering-pot, and, after sprinkling water over them till they could not use their wings, a neighbor came, and, with a square pan for a ladle, scraped them all out of the chimney, or nearly all, and put them

in the hive. The hive was set in as good a place as we had, and the bees were left to their own reflections.

It was rainy a day or two ; but the bees remained in the hive, except a very few who were left behind at the chimney. They neither attempted to gather honey or to escape.

When the storm had passed away, and the weather became fair and pleasant, they issued from the doors of the hive, and collected outside of the hive in great numbers. Before this, however, we noticed many dead bees lying about. The thought had at first struck me that they were preparing to leave the hive ; but, when I saw that the dead bees were being removed one by one, I concluded that what was going on was an insect funeral. Mary smiled at the expression ; but I am not quite sure I was wrong in my conjecture. Certain it is, that in a few hours all the dead bees had disappeared, and we never saw them more, and that the living ones returned to the hive at evening, and proceeded to occupy and build in it, according to the usual rules of their art. And what, now, is more natural than the belief that they were summoned together by their queen, on the day above mentioned, to perform the office of removing and disposing of the bodies of their dead companions ?

It is true, they did not flourish in their new residence ; for, before winter, they had all disappeared. But we found worms and moths in the hive ; and we had no reason for believing that the disappearance of the bees had any thing to do with the events of the day to which, in the above remarks, I have alluded.

W. A. ALCOTT.

A DUCK-MILL.

ALL young persons should take pains to inform themselves concerning the manufactures of our country, which form so important a source of its prosperity. They should never neglect an opportunity of visiting a manufactory, and seeing the wonderful operations which are carried on within its walls. The city of Lawrence, which we visited a short time ago, and which within ten years has sprung up into being and activity, is one instance of their importance and growth. We propose to give our young readers a sketch of the process of making duck, which, as you know, is a kind of coarse cloth, chiefly used on board ships.

The mills at Lawrence are all turned by water, conveyed from the Merrimack River into a canal, and from thence by underground channels to the lower part of the mills, where it turns the immense water-wheel which sets the whole machinery in motion. From this wheel a shaft runs horizontally, and is connected with the bands which move the different machines.

The cotton, when taken from the bales, is very dirty, and mixed with sand and dust. It is placed in a large frame, with a bottom of fine wires, and shaken, in its passage across them, till the greater part of the dirt is removed. The current of air from the machinery then carries the cotton up through a box, which runs the whole length of the room, and communicates with the story below. The same process is again repeated in another room, and still again in a third. From this third sifting, the cotton is carried, in the form of soft flakes, into the carding-room.

Here are a number of large, horizontally placed cylin-

ders, of the size of a large drum. These are composed of pieces of wood about an inch and a half wide and several feet in length, on the inside of which wire needles are set, several thousand to every square inch. The cotton being enclosed in these cylinders, which revolve rapidly, is subjected to the action of these wires, which card or comb out the curled and matted fibres of the cotton. From every twelve of the carding-machines the cotton is conveyed to a machine, which draws it into a rope of perhaps half an inch thick, beautifully white and soft. This cotton-rope is received into upright tin cylinders, which are made to revolve so that the cotton may be equally piled in them. Women remove them as fast as they are filled, substituting empty ones.

The rope from three of these cylinders is then acted upon by another machine, which makes of the four a thread of about half the size of one of the former strands. Of course, this reduction in size is accompanied with great increase of length. This process is repeated a second time, four of the threads being now combined. It is then, instead of being received into cylinders, wound upon iron bars of perhaps a foot in length, which are placed in rows one above another, and so set into narrow shelves that they can be removed when full.

The thread is now of the size of a pipe-stem, and resembles strands of wicking, as it is perfectly soft and untwisted. The process of twisting is carried on in an upper room by similar machines to those employed below ; and the same combining of several spools, to make a longer and finer thread, is repeated. The first thread is here wound on wooden spools placed in rows, as the bars of iron were. Each spool revolves upon an iron rod, which passes through the hole in its centre.

The process of *doffing*, or removing the spools, is quite

curious to witness. Suppose a machine on which a row of thirty or forty spools, some three or four inches in length, are revolving. Immediately above these revolving spools, upon which the thread is being rapidly wound, is a row of stationary and empty ones, each exactly over the one which is filling beneath it. When the lower row becomes full, the turn of a crank stops the machine. Then three or four little girls, with a rapidity perfectly marvellous, break off the thread, and lift the spool from the rod with one hand, while the other hand seizes the empty spool above, places it on the rod, and twines the end of the thread around it. The full spool is thrown into a little box on wheels, which these children push before them. The whole number of spools is thus taken from the machine in less time than it takes to read this description.

A number of these smaller spools are now placed in drawers, and the thread is wound from them upon others of perhaps a foot in length. Women are in attendance here to join the thread from the separate spools together. The next process is to prepare the thread for weaving. This is done in still another apartment. Upright frames, eight or ten feet in height, with rows of narrow shelves about a foot apart, contain numbers of the large wooden spools which were filled in the other room. From each, a thread runs to a machine which conveys them to a horizontal cylinder. They are placed side by side so as to touch each other, and are wound upon the cylinder. Each thread, before passing over the cylinder, passes under a little piece of bent iron, shaped like a lady's hair-pin, except that it is very short, and perhaps a quarter of an inch in breadth. Should a thread break, this little pin, not having any support, but being hung on the thread, falls to a lower part of the machine, and stops it instantly. When the thread is repaired, it is again set in motion. The

purpose of it is to unite the threads, and make them of still greater length.

The thread is then wound on another cylinder the width of the cloth which it is proposed to make ; and one thread near each edge passes through a preparation of indigo, which gives it a deep stripe in the edge when it is finished. From this lower cylinder the thread passes to another on the ceiling of the room, which communicates, by means of apertures or slits in the floor, with the weaving-room above.

To this room we now propose to conduct our young readers. Here the noise of the machinery is deafening, and the sound of the human voice, even when raised to the highest pitch, inaudible at the distance of a yard. The threads come up from each cylinder at the ceiling of the lower room to a separate machine, about the height of a low table. It is arranged to divide the threads so that every alternate one shall be above the shuttle as it passes, and the others beneath.

When the shuttle flies back, the order is reversed, and those which were before uppermost are now below. The shuttle is of wood, not unlike those used in making tatten, except that it works sidewise. To each end of this shuttle a leathern strap is attached ; and the machine, now pulling one, and then the other, sends it between the threads so rapidly that the eye cannot follow it. To our minds came the lamentation of the holy man of old, — “ My days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.” Should the shuttle stop between the threads, the machine instantly stands still.

When the duck is woven, the remaining operations are performed by hand. A girl with a small hand-broom dusts each piece carefully, and, with a pair of scissors, cuts off the knots which are made by the joining of the threads. A man then measures it ; another folds it into compact

bundles; and a third marks it with the width in inches, length, names of the mill and owners.

Here, too, we saw the twisted thread wound off into balls, as balls of cord are wound; and it was curious to observe the ball change its place on the iron rod on which it was, as the symmetry of the ball required the thread to be wound on the upper or lower part.

It almost seemed as if some of these machines must have an intelligence of their own, instead of being only combinations of wood, steel, and leather; and the most wonderful reflection of all was, that the human mind had invented all these different machines, each adapted to its own work, each performing it with incredible rapidity and accuracy, and each capable of being stopped by a slight motion of the hand.

Our thanks are due to the kind and courteous superintendent of the mill, who took care to explain every process in the clearest and best manner, and called our attention to every thing worthy of note. We visited another mill to observe the operation of printing calicoes; but we must reserve our account of this visit until another number.

EDITOR.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

"WILL you come, mother? — will you?"

Mrs. Mayhew was reclining on a sofa, reading, and gave no heed to her son's eager question. The child looked towards the half-open door, where his sister, older, but more shy and timid, stood waiting the result.

"Ask her again, Bertie: she did not hear you."

Thus urged, the boy ran to the sofa, and, interposing his bright, rosy face between his mother's eyes and the book, began again. "There is a poor woman down stairs in the kitchen, mother, with a baby; and she has a sick child at home, she says, and no food or medicine for her; and she had to leave another girl to take care of her, while she came out to beg for something. Come and see her, mother, and give her some money, — will you?"

Mrs. Mayhew gently put aside Egbert's curly head. "And you believe it all, I suppose?" she said, smiling, and feeling for her purse. It was not in her pocket, however; and it was too much trouble to go after it. "Well, run away, Bertie, love: tell Esther to give the woman enough to eat and drink, if she is hungry."

She had already resumed her book, when the girl, who had come close to her brother, spoke. "But, mother, I wish you would come and see her. Or, if we might" —

"Oh, run away, Estella! don't trouble me any more," answered Mrs. Mayhew, hastily; and the timid child stole off again.

Egbert kept his place more resolutely. "Estella has a half-dollar, and I a quarter; and all she wanted was to know if we might give them to the woman."

"No — yes — I don't care."

The two children left the room, in their eagerness forgetting to close the door. Their mother heard their rapid steps, then Estella's soft voice, saying, "Mother is lying down; but she said I might give you this." Then followed Egbert's eager tones. "And I, this; and she says Esther must give you enough to eat."

"God bless her! she is very kind," replied the poor woman; and Mrs. Mayhew, who heard the words, knew how little they were deserved, and was half disposed to go down herself. Then a voice said, "O Lizzie! — here

comes Lizzie ! ” And Mrs. Mayhew resumed her reading, saying to herself, “ Lizzie will see to it.”

But, for some reason, the fictitious sorrows which had before brought tears to her eyes failed to interest her now : her thoughts wandered from the book to her boy's simple story, and the book dropped unheeded from her hand. She had been up late the night before, and was weary ; and, while still thinking of the woman, her eyes closed, and she fell asleep. Her last waking thoughts probably formed the groundwork of her dream, — a dream so vivid as to seem reality.

Her kind husband was dead ; her fortune entirely lost ; herself and her children reduced to poverty. In a miserable room, scarce able to keep out the wind and rain, she struggled to support her darlings, and struggled in vain. Her fair, delicate Estella lay sick, perhaps dying, and she could do nothing to save or help her ; her bright, joyous Egbert pined and drooped with cold and hunger. What could she do ? Beg ? Alas ! there was no other resource ; and sadly she took her boy by the hand, and, entreating a pitying neighbor as poor as herself to sit with the sick girl, went forth on her errand. Turned away rudely from house after house, scorned and almost insulted by the servants, dismissed with cold indifference by the mistresses, her heart died within her ; and when, at last, Egbert, wearied with the long walk and faint with hunger, lay down upon the steps of her own former residence, sobbing that he could go no further, he must die, the anguish of the mother's heart was so great, that, with a sudden cry, she awoke.

She looked around, for a moment bewildered ; for the dream had been too like reality to be at once dispelled. Seated side by side on the carpet were her darlings, bending over a book of prints. Models of childish health and

beauty, it seemed as if sorrow never could come near them. And at a little distance, a young girl, some sixteen years old, with a sweet, placid face, had dropped her sewing to listen to the children, and answer their questions.

Mrs. Mayhew contemplated the scene a few minutes, while tears of mingled gratitude and penitence rose to her eyes; then she softly called, "Estella! Bertie! come here!" Springing up at the sound of her voice, both children ran to her side; and, as she clasped them to her, she said, "What were you telling me a while ago about a poor woman? Is she gone?"

"Gone? Oh, yes, mother!" answered Estella; "but Esther gave her and the baby plenty to eat first; and, you know, you said we might give her our money. And Lizzie came in, too, just as she was going, and asked her name, and where she lived, and told her that either you or herself would see her soon."

Lizzie, still sitting by the fire, colored, and gave a quick glance at Mrs. Mayhew, who said nothing. Egbert took up the story.

"And I was naughty, mother. Forgive me, and kiss me, and then I'll tell you. I was cross with you because you wouldn't come down; and I said you wouldn't go,—you'd rather lie on the sofa and read."

"And what did Lizzie say to that?" asked Mrs. Mayhew, half smiling.

"She said you were tired to-day, and I was naughty to speak so; and she told the woman, that, if you were not well enough to come, she would. Then, when we came back here, you were asleep, and Lizzie said, 'See, Bertie, how tired poor mother was!' Oh, I was so ashamed of my cross speech!" And, as if to atone for it, he threw both arms round his mother's neck, and kissed her repeatedly. "Lizzie is always good: I wish I could be."

"Yes, Lizzie is always good," repeated Mrs. Mayhew, with a glance of fond affection at her eldest daughter, — hers (though Lizzie Mayhew had had another mother), if the tenderest care and affection for twelve years could make her so. Mrs. Mayhew herself was yet young, and Lizzie was now more like a sister than a daughter to her; and, though the young girl herself could see no fault in this, the only mother she had ever known, Mrs. Mayhew was willing to acknowledge that her Lizzie's beautiful unselfishness and steadfastness to principle were often an example and lesson to her.

Mrs. Mayhew was by no means indolent or selfish; it was but a temporary fit of lassitude that had induced her to deny the request of her children; yet, had it not been for her dream, she might have contented herself with allowing Lizzie to visit the poor woman. With that vivid impression on her mind, however, she went herself, and saw that present wants were relieved, and measures adopted for the woman's future welfare. Nor did the effect pass away: she taught her children, both by precept and example, to feel that the poor are our brethren, children of the same Father, and have a claim upon our compassion and benevolence.

A. A.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No one, who has not listened to the song of the nightingale, can give any idea of the sweetness of his melody. I heard this music first when driving through a miniature forest not many miles from Florence; and the peculiar delicacy and tenderness of the strain completely enrap-

tured me. I stopped a long time to listen to the music ; and afterwards, while travelling in Europe, I never failed to be deeply affected by the repetition of this astonishing melody. The nightingale is a wonderful bird, it would seem, apart from his vocal powers. A somewhat enthusiastic Englishman, who has long studied the habits of these birds, has told us some things about them which I must repeat to you. The following is from his pen : —

“The first time I became fully aware of the extraordinary power and expression of a nightingale’s eye, was upon the occasion of my pursuing and catching one in my aviary ; not my Peri, but one which had been previously given to me full-grown, and which accordingly made its escape very soon after. It struggled wildly against my hand for a moment ; but, when finding itself hopelessly a prisoner, never have I thought without pain, though it happened years ago, of the look of intensely reproachful but gently reasoning inquiry which it sent, purposely, consciously, — sent through my eyes into my very soul, — saying most intelligibly, ‘ How can you justify this to yourself ? ’ I let it go at once. Another more agreeable instance occurred to me. A person with whom I was conversing, looking towards the nightingales I now have, observed to me that one of them had a blade of grass growing, as it were, out of its beak. I took no notice until my friend repeated his observation, adding that the bird seemed gasping. I then took it into my hand, which, though very unusual, it did not at all resist ; and, as I perceived it really was gasping, I drew out the blade of grass from its mouth, of which it had swallowed nearly half a finger-length, with its bulbous root, but of which it could not manage the rest ; and once again was shot into my soul a soul-proceeding look of gratitude, which absolutely startled, not only me, but my companion ; and nothing in this world could now persuade

me that nightingales are not very much more highly organized than is generally supposed. Another peculiarity of theirs — at least, so far as my experience goes, it is peculiar to them, in the manner and extent of it — is, that while other birds, when hesitating whether or not to trust the hand that offers them food, keep looking at the food as they advance to or recede from it, — at most, casting a shy, furtive glance at the offerer, as if to see whether they are observed, or may safely steal, — the nightingale, when he begins to think of trusting you, looks up openly, candidly, inquiringly into your eyes, and asks if he may indeed trust you. I am perfectly convinced that every one, who has studied the real, unadulterated nightingale with sympathy and affection, will confirm all I have said upon this subject. Such persons will also, no doubt, have observed what I call ‘the ecstasy’ of nightingales; that is, after having been taken in the hand or otherwise much frightened, they become fixed, as it were ecstatic. They remain perfectly still, looking out on vacancy, and neither heed the voice nor the offer of food, or even the attempt to re seize them; and this state continues sometimes for half an hour or more after the cause of alarm, or, as I believe it to be, of offended delicacy or dignity, is past. The first time I saw this, I thought the bird was about to drop dead. I afterwards came to understand it better; and then it became to me inexpressibly affecting, as intense silent emotion always is. Seeing a human being thus, we should suppose him rapt, absolutely rapt, in prayer or inspiration. No intimacy, no domestication, prevents this strange seizure. Peri flew constantly upon my hand, upon my shoulder, or my lap; would eat out of my mouth, and, when I placed a worm under my hand, would force his beak between my fingers to get at it; and yet, if I seized him unawares or against his will, he would

fall into that ecstatic state, and more than once remained in it on my bosom, where I had placed him in order to let him fly away. What I am about now to say I do not give on my own authority, but I believe it without difficulty, from the equally curious things which I have seen, from the universality of the belief of it here, and from the assurances of those on whose words I rely, and who themselves have seen it. It is, that, when the nightingale who is hatching her young brood finds out, by her marvellous instinct, that the nest has been profaned by the hand of man, she immediately poisons her offspring, preferring their death to their slavery. But how does she know that slavery will ensue? I am told, however, that this Roman heroism is not confined to nightingales.

“Again, nightingales are the only birds which I have ever observed to endeavor, untaught, to make themselves understood by us through sounds. Nightingales positively do. The first time I observed this was when I put a strange nightingale into the cage with Peri. He was excessively annoyed and alarmed, and for some time fluttered and flew wildly through his cage, as birds generally do on such occasions; but, as if recovering his presence of mind, he presently flew upon the upper perch, and putting his face close up to mine, which was peering over him, and looking his look of intelligence and *communication* into my eyes, he rapidly uttered what we should call a *jabbering* remonstrance or entreaty, just raising his voice to what we should call the speaking-tone; and I could no more have resisted that appeal than if he had uttered it in English! He repeated the same thing on another occasion.

“Leo was in one of his tyrannical moods; for he was rather of a fitful temper. Dear bird! — of whom I may truly say, ‘I loved thee for thy virtues, and for thy faults

I believe I loved thee still more," — he took it into his head to break the thread which prevented his passing into Peri's cage, drove him out, and took possession of it. I knew nothing of this, as it occurred during my absence from the aviary; but no sooner was I within the door, on my return, than Peri, who seldom went upon the ilex-branch, started out from the centre of it, and thus arresting my attention, and fixing his eyes upon mine, once more repeated his most peculiar, rapid, jabbering complaint; and, although I cannot tell how or why, I perfectly understood in one moment all that had occurred. No sooner had I chased Leo out of the cage, and replaced its temporary hinges, than Peri, who had anxiously watched the whole process, flew down from the branch, and, with their peculiar, noiseless, mouse-like mode of escape, slipped into it, and remained there until, doubtless, he believed the giant's wrath had evaporated. And what became of this intelligent, beautiful, and pleasure-giving creature? I sent it, also in its own cage and with all its appurtenances, to another friend, whose villa was about a mile distant, through a winding, woody road, and on a different elevation from mine. Notwithstanding all this, he, who scarcely ever left his cage even when it was open, made his escape, came home, and was taken in his old, but then empty, aviary. Are domesticated birds not happy, then? He was consigned to the kind old priest already alluded to, thoroughly skilled in the management of birds, and by whom he also had been nursed in his infancy for me, and who, I am convinced, would have sacrificed a finger to have been able to bestow him upon me a second time; but, alas! who can minister to the mind diseased? My Peri died in a few days of a broken heart." — *Youth's Cabinet*.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Boys, most of you feel very enthusiastic about the Fourth of July. For weeks beforehand, you begin to save your spending-money to buy crackers and little pistols and torpedoes, — in fact, any thing which makes a loud noise, — in order to celebrate the day. Some among you cannot wait for it to come, but begin two or three days in advance to make your noisy demonstrations. We have nothing to say against all this, provided you are careful not to disturb sick or aged persons, or to throw your crackers in front of horses to frighten them.

We have nothing to say against these things, if you are trying to cultivate a spirit of true patriotism.

Do you know what this spirit is? In order to find it, we must go back to the men of the Revolution, — to the men who made the Fourth of July a day of honor and glory. What made Washington a patriot? He did not spring up at once into the character when his country demanded such a one: no, that character had been ripening from his boyhood. It showed itself when he cut the tree, and scorned to tell a lie; it showed itself a few years after, when, in accordance with his mother's wishes, he gave up his commission in the British navy. Think you, if he had denied his exploits with his hatchet, he would ever have become the "Father of his Country"? Think you, if, in the too-prevalent spirit of the present time, he had felt, or pretended to feel, his mother's counsels of no value, he would have been fitted to govern others when he came to man's estate?

Little as you may feel disposed to believe it, my boys, all true patriotism springs from obedience and truth. If

you are not obedient now to those whom God has commanded you to respect, you will not obey his laws when you are men; and if his call comes to you to stand up nobly for the right, in face of opposition and in peril of your life, you will shrink back in cowardice.

Good and true men are looking now upon the state of our country with deep grief. Shall these things be always so? Shall Freedom cry in vain? From those now on the scene of action there comes no reply: it is left for the next generation to answer.

Boys, will you respond to this call? Will you come nobly forward on the side of right? Will you refuse *now* to do any thing which you know to be wrong, however much you may expose yourself to the ridicule of your companions by your refusal? Will you yield to the wishes and commands of those wiser than yourself? The spirit of "Young America" has been a source of much laughter. To us, it seems to call for serious thought and serious endeavor. Let "Young America" live with the fear of God before its eyes; let it be trained up in the spirit of true courage and true humanity. Then iniquity in high places will no longer be winked at; then laws will be just, and impartially enforced; then shall we fulfil the promise of the earlier days of our republic, and be "a glory and a praise" among all the nations of the earth.

EDITOR.

A GLIMMERING LIGHT.

Do you remember what we told you about Japan,—how she hates foreigners, and has barred her doors against Christianity? Then we told you about Commodore Perry's

visit, and we bade you to see how the gospel would get in there: for the gospel must go everywhere; God has said so. From what I shall relate, you will see that the gospel *actually* has pressed in and got a little foothold on one of the Japanese islands.

In the spring, a vessel bound from China to London was damaged at sea, and put into the Island of Bermuda for repairs. As it would take some time to make them, one of the passengers, a gentleman, instead of waiting, concluded to visit the United States. He landed at New York, and introduced himself as Dr. Bettelheim, of the Japanese Mission. "Ah, indeed!" people said, "*is* there a mission at Japan?" Yes, a little one: the gospel has been preached nine years; and a few of the dusky natives have thrown away their idols, and become worshippers of the true God. This is good news; and who dared to go and do it?

Dr. Bettelheim, a converted Jew, was sent out from London, by some pious officers of the English navy, to establish a mission to the Jews in China. On his arrival at Hong Kong, the providence of God directed him to the Loo Choo Islands, which you will find, by the map, are on the eastern coast of Asia. These were supposed to have been Chinese; but they are dependencies of Japan. He arrived there in an English brig, May 1, 1846. The natives tried to hinder his landing: they threw some of his goods into the water, and behaved in a very threatening and angry manner. But the missionary family would not turn back; and they were not frightened, for they trusted in God to take care of them.

Their firmness and kindness seemed to make the natives believe they were superior beings; for when the vessel left, and they were alone in the midst of a great heathen people, they could have been easily killed: but they were

not killed, though they suffered a great deal of ill treatment. The government built eight huts round their hut, and put five spies in each hut, so that they were surrounded by forty spies; and, when they went into the streets, the women and children fled before them as if they were wild beasts. From the spies, the missionary learned the language of the country; they little knowing all the while how he was getting words from them to preach down their idols with, and to preach a Saviour from heaven.

The hearts of this pious family were very much drawn out towards the little children of the country: they longed to take them by the hand, and lead them to Jesus, just as pious parents in Christian lands do. "And how can we make them lay aside their fears, come to us, and love us?" they said; for I told you the children ran away and hid themselves when the good doctor and his wife and little girl walked down the streets. At last they hit upon a plan; and a very good one it proved. The doctor built a brick oven, — there were no such ovens in Loo Choo, — and his wife baked nice sweet cakes; and she used to fill a large bright chintz bag full of cakes, and go and toss them on the ground for the children to pick up. The cakes tasted very good; and I suppose the little Japanese began very naturally to think this did not look much like wishing to harm them. The doctor says he dates the success of his mission from the *first kiss*, which he received from a little child; and that was not until five years after he had been there. Let people who are disposed to complain, because they do not immediately see the fruit of their labors, learn from this a beautiful lesson of patient continuance in well-doing.

Dr. Bettelheim, by great perseverance and diligent study, has mastered the Loo Choo and Japanese languages, made a grammar and dictionary, and translated

Genesis, the four Gospels, and the book of Acts, into them both. Thus has this solitary mission family for nine years been shut up in a distant island, almost unknown to the great Christian world, steadily and prayerfully at work making instruments for converting a nation. The Loo Chooans have no intercourse with other nations; and they were once four years without hearing from England. The gospel is in the native tongue: it only needs wings to fly all over Japan, and light in every grove. They will try to kill it; but it has a heavenly life, which cannot be killed. The printing-house furnishes wings; and we hope, before long, the gospel in Japanese will be printed. And this is one object which Dr. Bettelheim had in leaving Napa, where his station is, and going to England, or, as it turned out, coming to this country; for he supposes all Christians are equally interested in this great and good work.

The doctor numbers but few converts in Loo Choo, and one of these has already died a martyr's death: but the good seed is planted; the Saviour of sinners has been preached; a little band of praying disciples are there; and the Lord Jesus *himself* is there, for he has promised to be with his disciples; and so the blessed light of Christianity has begun faintly to glimmer on the dark borders of Japan. Let us watch its kindling rays. — *Child's Paper*. H. C. K.

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

It is Sunday — cold, snowy, and blustering. Let us peep into that darkened room. It looks attractive, with its bright-green walls, carpet, and curtains. A pretty baby-house occupies one corner, filled with all necessary housekeeping

articles. There is the music-room, containing a tiny piano, with noiseless keys; there the parlor, dining-room, and chambers; the kitchen, too, with tiny range, sink, closets, and roller of spotless white, and black Dinah presiding in conscious dignity.

In another corner of the chamber stands a neat little bedstead, with white coverings. On the walls hang two bright pictures of children gathering fruit and flowers; and beneath one of them is an image of Samuel, with folded hands, in the attitude of prayer. In one window hangs a cage of canary-birds; but their song is hushed now, for a handkerchief is thrown over the cage. See! the bed is occupied. A little child of four years old lies there: flushed cheeks, and dark eyes of lustrous brilliancy, reveal full plainly the raging fever which is wasting her little frame. Her mother sits by her side, clasping one little hand: her face is sad, and deeply anxious. The doctor comes: he watches and examines the child with deep concern,—orders prompt and powerful remedies. She is very ill; human aid can avail little. She is in God's hands: let us trust and wait.

A week passes. This sabbath is bright and beautiful. The pretty green room is less shaded to-day. Fresh flowers are scattered on the pillow, and a few choice toys from the child's "treasury" are on her couch. Look! she even takes them in her tiny hand, and shows them to the doctor for his approval. The kind doctor smiles: by God's blessing, his skill has triumphed; the fever has gone, and he pronounces his little patient convalescent.

A week later. The little girl is listening to her mother's usual Sunday teachings. "Two weeks ago, darling, you were very, very ill: mamma even feared you might die."—"Why, I did not know I was so sick, mamma; but, if I had died, I should have gone right to my heavenly

Father, you know. I should have been very happy." —
"Yes, darling, and have waited for mamma and papa and brothers," answered her mother, with a swelling, grateful heart, — grateful that the precious one was restored to her ; and grateful, too, for her trusting faith. A. M.

WILD FLOWERS.

"Born to blush unseen."

THERE are flowers that grow in the untrodden glade,
'Neath the long-tangled grass or the vine-woven shade,
Whose smiles to *man's* vision are never unveiled,
Whose fragrance no mortal has ever inhaled :
Not created for nought is their beautiful bloom,
Nor lavished in vain their delicious perfume.

For the messenger spirits from regions of light,
As earthward they speed on their love-guided flight,
Pause on their swift pinions to gaze on the flowers,
That blush all "unseen" in the wilderness bowers :
Delighted they bend o'er the blossoms so fair ;
For the finger of Him whom they worship is there.

Then happy the flowers of the unexplored wood,
Undreamed of, unsought, in their wild solitude :
Too pure for humanity's eye to behold,
'Neath the bright glance of angels their petals unfold.
Oh ! blest is the boon to Humility given ;
The unnoticed of earth are the favored of Heaven.

Selected.

THE TALE-BEARER.

"How do you like the new scholar, Janet?" asked one little girl of another on their way from school.

"I don't know: I did not speak to her; did you?"

"Yes. Emeline Day says the family moved into the house next to hers about a week ago; and Emeline knows her a little. She says she is very full of fun; and she must be a good scholar, for she is younger than any girl in the class where Miss Wilson has placed her."

"I hope I shall like her as well as Maria Erving. I was so sorry when she went away! I think she was the best girl I ever knew."

"Always excepting me, Janet."

Janet laughed. "I shall not even except you, Elsie, though I do love you so dearly."

"It is almost as much of a compliment not to be excepted; no, it is a greater one. You loved Maria without her faults, and you love me in spite of mine. Aha, Janet!"

"As you like, Elsie; but be cautious in forming an intimacy with the new scholar. Remember Harriet Dyer."

"Yes, yes, I shall remember: but you know Miss Wilson likes to have us try to make new scholars feel at home; so I shall just play a little with her."

"Did not Miss Wilson call her Delia?"

"Yes: her name is Cordelia Van Ness. Emeline Day says she has just come from New York. Perhaps that is the reason why she has such a funny name. Dutch, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. And now good-by. Remember my advice."

Janet entered her own house ; while Elsie Fisher, whirling her satchel in the air, danced down the pretty village street.

Cordelia Van Ness gained rapidly the affections of her schoolmates and those of her teacher. She was diligent, obliging, and lively ; and even Janet Temple forgot her caution to Elsie, and was soon on terms of intimacy with her.

"Come and play with me this afternoon, Janet," said Cordelia to her one morning, when school was over. "You can learn your lesson for to-morrow before dinner, and then we shall have a nice time to play. Do say yes!"

"I should like to come, but it must be as my mother says. Perhaps she may want me at home, or may have an errand for me to do. You need not expect me if I do not come before half-past three."

The afternoon came, and Janet went to her friend's house. Mrs. Van Ness was very much pleased with Janet's quiet, gentle manners, and spoke kindly and pleasantly to her. What a nice time they had in the barn! Janet's father had no barn ; and she enjoyed all the more a romp upon the fresh sweet hay, and swinging adventurously on the beams.

"I wish Elsie Fisher were here," she said, at length ; "she enjoys a game on the hay so much."

"She is a wild little thing ; don't you think so, Janet?"

"Yes — no — I don't know. I suppose she is a little bit of a romp ; but, then, she is so generous and truthful that she is a great favorite. Poor Miss Wilson ! she wants to laugh at Elsie so much sometimes ! I can see the corners of her mouth twitch ; but she either speaks very gravely, or gives Elsie a bad mark. And then Elsie cries so."

"I think she is quite a baby. I should never think of crying in school."

"Oh! that is nothing; a great many scholars do it. I know it troubles Miss Wilson; and so I try not to cry when I feel badly."

"Have you known Elsie long?"

"Oh, yes! ever since I was a very little girl. We used to live side by side."

Here Cordelia, who had been rolling on the hay, suddenly uttered an exclamation on discovering a nest of hen's eggs carefully hidden in the hay. This put an end to all further conversation regarding Elsie; and very soon the little girls went towards the house, carrying the eggs very carefully in their aprons.

Janet Temple was detained at home after the hour of commencing school the next morning. After giving her excuse for tardiness to the teacher, she went to her seat beside Elsie Fisher. Elsie never looked toward her or smiled, but her whole thoughts seemed to be engrossed by her examples in arithmetic. Janet knew that the arithmetic lesson was a hard one, and that, owing to her tardiness, her time for arithmetic was very short; and she was soon as busily at work as her neighbor. She thought it rather strange that Elsie never turned toward her; but, being of an unsuspicious nature, she studied attentively till recess. When the bell rang, she said, "O Elsie! how I wish you had been at Cordelia's yesterday! We had such a nice time upon the hay!"

Elsie made no reply, but, taking her luncheon from her basket, went to Emeline Day, and began to walk up and down the room with her, talking in a low voice.

"What is the matter with Elsie? Elsie, why don't you speak to me?" cried Janet. But Elsie maintained a dignified silence, and answered only by a little consequential

toss of the head. Janet sat down in her seat, looking very much distressed.

"I wouldn't care," said one and another of her school-mates. "I dare say it is some little foolish thing, which will soon pass over."

"But she was never angry with me before," replied Janet, sadly.

"I'm sure I should think it no great loss if she were always to be angry, if I were you, Janet. I should not wish to be intimate with anybody that talked about me as she talks about you." Cordelia paused, waiting for Janet to ask her what Elsie had said. But Janet could scarcely believe that Elsie would say any thing against her; and she shrunk from hearing it repeated, if it had been so. She sat in silence, therefore; but one of the group near the desk asked, "What did she say, Delia?"

"Why, she told me this very morning that Janet was always meddling with what did not concern her, and giving her advice whether it was wanted or not."

"Did she *really* say that?" inquired Janet, her eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, indeed, she did."

"I am sure I do not remember meddling," said poor Janet. "What can have made her so unjust?" And, hiding her face beneath the desk, she indulged in a hearty fit of crying, uncomforted by the various tempting pieces of luncheon, the consolatory expressions, and the kisses, of her friends who gathered round her.

Mrs. Temple was unable to suggest any satisfactory cause for Elsie's behavior when her daughter related the story to her. "I would not feel unhappy about it, Janet," she said: "it will all come right, I am sure. It is a school-girl's trial, and you must bear it patiently."

Janet had hurried home from school, and Cordelia

joined Elsie for their homeward walk. "Janet feels badly enough," she said.

"She ought, I'm sure," rejoined Elsie. "It serves her right. I can tell her I am no more of a romp than herself."

"Oh! she has said something worse than that to-day: she has said she thought you were unjust."

"Unjust? What does she mean by that? I'll ask her this very afternoon."

"No, no! you must not do that. The best way is to be very dignified, and say nothing at all to her: that is the only way to make touchy people come to their senses."

"Touchy, you may well say! I don't see what has come over her."

"She is to blame, and she ought to tell you so."

"Well, I don't care! I can live without her, I suppose." And, with an air which was intended to express great indifference, but which, in reality, betrayed both injured and indignant feeling, Elsie bade her companion good-by.

In this way, or in a worse way, matters went on for a week. Each child considered herself the aggrieved person, and each heard repeatedly of unkind things said of herself by the other. Emeline Day was involved in the matter too. She had taken Elsie's part, and Janet was reported to have said unkind things about her. In fact, the affair had begun seriously to affect the well-being of Miss Wilson's school. Little notes were privately written, and slipped into each other's hands, thus taking up the time which should have been devoted to study; and, when the eyes of the pupils were on the books, their thoughts were wandering. Miss Wilson had not been unobservant of what was passing; but she had resolved to wait till the

end of the week, and, on Monday morning, to use her influence and authority to terminate the difficulty.

On Friday morning, Cordelia was absent from school, and Elsie Fisher said she was sick. On Saturday, she was still absent; and Miss Wilson, having occasion to send for something needed in school, gave Janet and Emeline leave to go for it. Neither child liked to refuse to go with the other; so they walked some steps in silence. At last Emeline said, —

“I did not think, Janet, that you would ever say I was proud.”

“I did not say so, Emeline.”

“Did not? Cordelia Van Ness says you did.”

“No, *indeed*, Emeline. She herself asked me if I did not think so; and I told her that a person might think so who was not well acquainted with you. Upon my word, that is all I said.”

“I’m glad to hear it, for I’m sure I want to be good friends with you again. Cordelia must have misunderstood you; and I dare say she misunderstood what you said about Elsie. Did you tell Delia that you thought Elsie was a romp, and afterwards that she was very unjust?”

“Oh, what a wicked girl!” cried Janet. “Now I see the cause of all this trouble. A week ago, when I spent the afternoon with Delia, she asked me if Elsie was not a romp; and I answered, that I supposed she was a little bit of one, but that she was so generous and so honest that we all loved her. And then, when she told me that Elsie said I was always meddling, I said, ‘How can she be so unjust?’”

“Why, she must be a real mischief-maker. Elsie never said you were always meddling. When Cordelia told her that you thought she was a romp, she replied, ‘Well, I

wish she wouldn't meddle,' just as any of us say if we are a little cross. One thing is certain,—I shall be on my guard when I am with Miss Cordelia. I do not wish to be drawn into any more quarrels."

In recess, Emeline immediately began her explanation of the quarrel; and, in two minutes, Janet and Elsie were sobbing for joy in each other's arms. Cordelia was surprised to see them pass her window together, and still more surprised on Monday to find herself shunned by all her schoolmates, and to hear all conversation stop when she drew near.

Miss Wilson talked to her very kindly after school upon the trouble she had already caused, and the unhappiness such a fault would occasion to herself and others. Cordelia promised to try to reform, and she actually did so; although it was a long time before she recovered the confidence of her schoolmates, who, on their part, learned that it is not always best to trust to first impressions.

EDITOR.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

THIS is one of the largest and noblest of all those birds that have received the name of Eagle. The length of the female is three feet and a half: it weighs from sixteen to eighteen pounds; but the male seldom weighs above twelve pounds. Its bill is three inches long, and of a deep blue, and the eye of a very brilliant hazel color. The sight and sense of smelling are very acute. The head and neck are clothed with narrow, sharp-pointed feathers, of a deep-brown color, bordered with tawny ones; but

those on the crown of the head, in very old birds, turn gray.

There are numerous species of eagles, all of which are generally found in mountainous and ill-peopled countries, and breed among the loftiest cliffs. They choose those places most remote from man for their residence, and build their nests on the inaccessible cliffs. These are sometimes protected by a jutting crag, but are frequently wholly exposed to the winds; for they are flat, though built with great labor. It is said that the same nest serves the eagle during life; and the pains bestowed in forming it would seem to authorize that belief. When a male and female have paired, they remain together till death.

The eagle is at all times a formidable neighbor. He carries away hares, lambs, and kids; often destroys fawns and calves, to drink their blood, and carries a part of their flesh to his retreat. An instance is related in Scotland of two children being carried off by eagles: they fortunately received no harm by the way, and were restored unhurt out of the nests to the affrighted parents.

Some time ago, it happened that a peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle that had built in a small island in the beautiful Lake of Killarney. He accordingly stripped, and swam in upon the island while the old ones were away; and, having robbed the nest of its young, he was preparing to swim back with the eaglets tied in a string. While he was yet up to his chin in the water, the old eagles returned, and, missing their young, quickly fell upon the plunderer, and, in spite of all his resistance, despatched him with their beaks and talons.

Of all animals, the eagle flies highest; and, on this account, he was called by the ancients the bird of Jove. Of all birds, too, he has the quickest eye; but his sense of

smelling is far inferior to that of the vulture. His principal aliment is raw flesh.

The plumage of the eaglets is not so strongly marked as it is when they come to be adult. They are at first white, then inclined to yellow, and at last light brown. Age, hunger, long captivity, and diseases make them whiter. It is said that they live above an hundred years, and that they at last die, not of old age, but from the beak turning inwards upon the under mandible, and thus preventing their taking any food. They are indeed equally remarkable for their longevity, and for their power of sustaining a long abstinence from food.

The descriptions of the golden eagle given by systematic authors correspond but little with the name. Willoughby says that "the small feathers of the whole body are a dark ferruginous or chestnut;" Linnæus, that "the body is variegated with brown, and rusty;" Latham, that the "head and neck are deep brown, the feathers bordered with tawny, hind-head bright rust color, body dark brown;" Bewick, that "the general color is deep brown, mixed with tawny on the head and neck;" Fleming, that "the acuminated feathers on the head and neck are bright rust color, the rest of the plumage dusky brown;" Baron Cuvier, that it is "more or less brown;" Temminck, that "the young, at the age of one or two years, have all the plumage of a ferruginous or reddish-brown, clear and uniform on all parts of the body;" and, in proportion as they advance in age, the color of the plumage "at first is white, then faint yellow, and afterwards it becomes a bright copper color." — *Merry's Museum*.



WATER-LILIES.

SEE ENGRAVING.

WATER-LILIES! The very thought of them is cool and refreshing during the days of this sultry, summer month; and therefore we have chosen a picture of them for our August number, and hope you will like it as much as we do. But water-lilies are often very difficult to be gathered; and, in general, there is no friendly plank, like that upon which the little girl in the engraving is seated; so that little girls *out* of pictures are forced to call upon some brother or cousin, who can go boldly wading into the pond or the brook to take them from their fresh cool home.

How white those inner leaves are, and what a delicious fragrance they exhale! This flower always reminds us of the young spirit just as it comes from God's hand, and before any sin has stained its spotless purity; and its fragrance is like the love which a pure spirit feels towards its Father in heaven.

Suppose your souls were intrusted to your care, not, as now, enclosed within, and shining forth from the casket of the body, but in some white and beautiful form, like the lily. Every act of sin would spot and stain the white leaves. Sometimes a leaf would grow entirely brown and withered. It would be no longer beautiful, but a scentless, dying, unpleasant thing, and you would wish to throw it away. Just so ugly, just so sad and fading, looks the sinful soul to that Holy One who is of "purer eyes than to behold iniquity."

I have seen children try to restore faded flowers; placing them in the sun or in the shade, and watering them. And

when the human soul is dying; when its white leaves are no longer white; when it droops and fades, — God has provided a way to bring it to a new and better life. In his own good time, he makes that soul feel its own sinfulness, and see how ugly and how deforming sin is; and, when it begins to weep over its own departure from God's law, then every tear of true repentance, every tear that is accompanied by a fresh struggle against temptation, helps to take away the stain from the leaves of the spirit.

Perhaps you will say that this is a very sober way to speak of the lilies, and that they do not suggest to you such thoughts. It is not often natural to children, perhaps, to let the things of nature suggest to them the things of the spirit; but it would be well if all children would learn to see in all things types of spiritual life, and to listen to the "living preachers" that spring up by the brook and by the wayside.

And now you shall have a verse from a fairy-song of the water-lilies, which well suits their graceful forms and their snowy whiteness: —

"Come away, elves! while the dew is sweet;
 Come to the dingles where fairies meet:
 Know that the lilies have spread their bells
 O'er all the pools in our forest dells.
 Stilly and lightly their vases rest
 On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,
 Catching the sunshine through leaves that throw
 To their scented bosoms an emerald glow;
 And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,
 A golden star, unto heaven looks up,
 As if seeking its kindred where bright they lie,
 Set in the blue of the summer sky.

 Come away! for the midsummer sun grows strong;
 And the life of the lily may not be long."

EDITOR.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACCOUNT OF "THE LAST
VOYAGE OF THE 'RESOLUTE.'"

HERE we must stop a moment to tell what one of these sledge-parties is, by whose efforts so much has been added to our knowledge of Arctic geography, in journeys which could never have been achieved in ships or boats. In the work of the "Resolute's" parties, in the spring of 1853, Commander McClintock travelled one thousand three hundred and twenty-five miles with his sledge, and Lieut. Mecham one thousand one hundred and sixty-three miles with his, through regions before wholly unexplored. The sledge, as we have said, is in general contour, not unlike a Yankee wood-sled, about eleven feet long. The runners are curved at each end. The sled is fitted with a light canvas trough, so adjusted, that, in case of necessity, all the stores, &c., can be ferried over any narrow lane of water in the ice. There are packed on this sled a tent for eight or ten men; five or six pikes (one or more of which is fitted as an ice-chisel); two large buffalo-skins, a water-tight floor-cloth, which contrives —

"A double debt to pay, —
A floor by night, the sledge's sail by day."

And it must be remembered that "day" and "night," in those regions, are very equivocal terms. There are, besides, a cooking apparatus, of which the fire is made in spirit or tallow lamps; one or two guns, a pick and shovel, instruments for observation, pannikins, spoons, and a little epitome of such necessities, with the extra clothing of the party. Then the provision, the supply of which measures the length of the expedition, consists of about a

pound of bread and a pound of pemmican per man per day ; six ounces of pork, and a little preserved potato ; rum, lime-juice, tea, chocolate, sugar, tobacco, or other such creature-comforts. The sled is fitted with two dragropes, at which the men haul. The officer goes ahead to find the best way among hummocks of ice or masses of snow. Sometimes in a smooth floe, before the wind, the floor-cloth is set for a sail, and she runs off merrily, perhaps with several of the crew on board, and the rest running to keep up. But sometimes, over broken ice, it is a constant task to get her on at all. You hear, "One, two, three, *haul!*" all day long, as she is worked out of one ice "cradle-hole" over a hummock into another. Different parties select different hours for travelling. Capt. Kellett finally considered that the best division of time, when, as usual, they had constant daylight, was to start at four in the afternoon ; travel till ten, P.M. ; *breakfast* then, tent and rest four hours ; travel four more ; tent, dine, and sleep nine hours. This secured sleep when the sun was the highest and most trying to the eyes. The distances accomplished with this equipment are truly surprising.

Each man, of course, is dressed as warmly as flannel, woollen cloth, leather, and seal-skin will dress him. For such long journeying, the study of boots becomes a science ; and our authorities are full of discussions as to canvas or woollen, or carpet or leather boots, of strings and of buckles. When the time to "tent" comes, the pikes are fitted for tent-poles, and the tent set up, its door to leeward on the ice or snow. The floor-cloth is laid for the carpet. At an hour fixed, all talking must stop. There is just room enough for the party to lie side by side on the floor-cloth. Each man gets into a long felt bag, made of heavy felting literally nearly half an inch thick. He brings this up wholly over his head, and buttons himself in. He has a

little hole in it to breathe through. Over the felt is sometimes a brown holland bag, meant to keep out moisture. The officer lies farthest in the tent, as being next the wind, the point of hardship, and so of honor. The cook for the day lies next the doorway, as being first to be called. Side by side, the others lie between. Over them all, Mackintosh blankets with the buffalo-robos are drawn, — by what power this deponent sayeth not, not knowing. No watch is kept, for there is little danger of intrusion. Once a whole party was startled by a white bear smelling at them, who waked one of their dogs; and a droll time they had of it, springing to their arms while enveloped in their sacks. But we remember no other instance where a sentinel was needed. And occasionally, in the journals, the officer notes that he overslept in the morning, and did not “call the cook” early enough. What a passion is sleep, to be sure, that one should oversleep with such comforts round him!

Some thirty or forty parties, thus equipped, set out from the “Resolute,” while she was under Capt. Kellett’s charge, on various expeditions. — *Boston Daily Advertiser*.

HENRIETTA.

A FEW years ago, my husband and I found it advisable to live on an island near the mouth of a beautiful New-England river, in a fine old farm-house built by his father. We had no children, but are both fond of young people; so I was quite pleased with the contents of a letter I received in the spring from an old friend and schoolmate of mine, living in the city of New York. She had heard

of our plan ; and, being just about to sail for Europe with her husband and an invalid son, she wished to leave her only daughter under my care for the summer, — a school-girl of thirteen. The young lady was to visit some other friends first, and come to us about the end of June.

In the innocence of my heart, I rejoiced greatly for Miss Henrietta, blessed with the opportunity of escape from the crowded, noisy, dirty city, to the quiet and beautiful retreat, which, to my partial eyes, seemed a perfect paradise. If I had not been very busy throughout May, I should have been really impatient for her arrival. I had been attached to her mother when we occupied the same double desk at school, from the ages of ten to fourteen ; and she was then a gay, affectionate creature, not very fond of reading or thinking ; in fact, somewhat lazy and volatile. But, somehow, your more sedate schoolgirls often conceive a strong affection for such lively companions ; and I did for her. We scarcely ever had a “miff” or a “spat,” to use the elegant phraseology of our circle. By the way, I heard lately of an excellent practice in a private school, which I wish were universal. If any of the little maidens utters an ungrammatical, inelegant, or improper expression of any kind, even in the recess hours, it is immediately corrected by her companions and transcribed upon a slate, with her name opposite. The quantity of unmeaning, ungrammatical, vulgar, and even slang phrases, poured forth by the whole race of American schoolgirls, is astounding. I have known some who grazed on the edge of *swearing* a dozen times a day.

If we had no miffs, we also had no sentimentality between us ; but there was a wholesome touch of romance in the constancy with which, in spite of a separation wider than that of mere miles, we retained our mutual interest. She married a wealthy New-Yorker when

scarcely eighteen. Her position in life was quite unlike mine; but we wrote to each other twice a year without fail, and talked of visiting one another. But she went twice to Europe, and three times to Niagara, without being able to find time for a trip to Maine; and, as for me, I think New York seemed as much out of my way as Paris.

So we never met; and I remembered her pretty face with the bloom of fourteen upon it, and her frolicsome ways, and never could make her any older in my imagination. Just such a girl I expected to see in her daughter Henrietta.

There was a little romance, too, in the way I thought of my friend's child while fitting up the good old farmhouse. My husband had built out an additional room for a bookroom, and over it a snug bedroom looking to the east; and Henrietta Carlisle was in my mind while I was putting up the snow-white curtains and arranging the neat painted furniture. I rejoiced that she would have such a fine view of the river's mouth, opening broad into the ocean like a bay, and that she would see such a sky at sunrise; while directly under her lay the garden, more carefully and ornamentally laid out than farmers' gardens usually are. There was only a small matted entry between her room and mine; and I fancied that when she brought her work or lessons into my chamber, or when we walked along the shore or in the woods, I strolling sedately, and she scampering about in the exuberance of youthful spirits, the days of my youth would return. To put the finishing touch to the bedroom, already dear to me because appropriated to her, I hung up two good engravings opposite her bed,—the young Raphael, and the Madonna della Seggiola; while on an hour-glass table of home manufacture, in the corner, I placed a plaster

cast of Thorwaldsen's Guardian Angel, brought from the distant city with great pains. I had a vague idea that these things were rather common, but I thought they could not be too common. When all was ready, I took my husband up to see Henrietta's room, and wished I were a young lady coming there to pass the summer on a visit. He did not seem to believe that I really wished so! The pleasure of such preparations with one's own hands is greater than any can conceive without experience: there is a satisfactory mingling of the actual with the imaginative.

At last the 18th of June came; and my husband went to meet the visitor at a town on the mainland, about five miles from the shore. A friend of her father's was to bring her so far by railroad, and then pursue his journey northward. Our horse and chaise went over in the ferry-boat; for it was only by a ferry, crossed once a day, that we had any intercourse with the mainland. We could see the whole coast opposite from our west chamber-windows, as well as the little pier near our own fields where the boat landed her passengers. A few houses were near it; but the whole island did not contain twenty families.

Up at the highest western window was I stationed, as the clock struck eleven on a beautiful June day. I thought that sky, land, and water never looked more lovely. A few white, floating clouds glided slowly overhead; our orchard was as green as recent rains could make it, and as if it had no knowledge of drought or canker-worm or caterpillar,—which was true enough; and the water was smooth as if the sunshine had polished it into a mirror. I had my husband's spy-glass. I watched and watched: foolish woman! half an hour too soon did I begin my watching, so impatient was I to see the young creature who was coming to supply the only thing want-

ing in our home, and whom I hoped to make so happy. At last the well-known chaise-top appeared wagging along over the hill-top on the opposite shore : it came down the yellow road to the landing. Then there was a very long delay. I saw something that looked like a large bouquet taken out of the chaise ; but it walked about a little. A few stragglers from the village gathered round as usual, and one or two people got into the boat. But I could distinguish my husband's light coat and white Kosuth, apparently in earnest conference with the big bouquet ; and by and by, to my great surprise, I perceived him leading our peaceable old Gray with the chaise, not into the ferry-boat, as usual, but into a neighboring shed. Still there was another long delay, and then some articles were put on board ; and at last, with many pauses, my husband and his companion got in, apparently just as the impatient ferryman, wielding his long sweeps, was about to push off.

I hastened down to the piazza, and, with some strange misgiving, roused our great dog Hero from his nap on the door-mat, and sent him off to the barn ; then I took a look into the parlor again, untied and tied up the climbing rosebush by the steps, and fidgeted about in a style to which I was little accustomed, until the sound of my husband's voice behind the shrubbery gladdened my ears. He appeared at the gate, leading a young girl so completely over-dressed, that I could hardly look at her for her clothes.

A French hat, trimmed with costly flowers, lay on the back of her head : her dress, of some delicate material, flowered all over, had three flounces, and was torn by the sweetbrier as she came in ; for she was petticoated to a circumference perfectly hideous to my unsophisticated eye. Her face had a slight resemblance in the features to her mother's ; but she was very sallow, and the expression

was so different ! She had a look of utter discontent, which seemed habitual, though I tried to account for it by heat and fatigue. I gave her a warm reception, which was coldly received, and then scolded Mr. Temple for letting her walk up from the water.

“Why, my dear,” said he, with a look of some amusement and some annoyance, “I could not persuade your friend that it was at all safe to let old Gray come into the same boat with us.”

I could hardly help laughing ; for our sedate steed was not one whose nerves could be excited even by the approach of a locomotive ; and he was almost as much at home in the ferry-boat as in his stall. I looked again at the childish figure and old face beside me with no small pity, and took my long-desired niece to the room so carefully adorned for her. She glanced her eye about with the same dissatisfied expression ; sat down by the window ; and, while I was pointing out the various beautiful points in the prospect, — a headland here, a sweep of white curving beach yonder, woods coming down to the water’s edge near us, and half a dozen white sails specking the blue surface of the water, — suddenly my guest laid her head down, and began to cry outright.

Now, with all my natural love of children and young people, I wanted experience ; so, having an unaccountable sympathy for that dreadful malady called home-sickness, I was moved to utter all the consolations I could think of. But I might have spared my breath. Not a word of reply could I obtain, or even a look. The weeping mounted into sobbing, and then sunk into a sullen weeping again, till a wiser instinct told me I had better leave this unchecked and uncourteous sorrow to itself. Something whispered me that it was not wholly grief at parting with the parents and sick brother.

L. J. H.

(To be concluded.)

VIENNA.

VIENNA is a large and fine city ; but the streets are mostly narrow. Its Cathedral (St. Stephen's) is a grand building, in its exterior ; dark and solemn inside. Its high pillars dark with age, Gothic vaultings, and fine painted windows, give it an imposing aspect. There is a deal of good carving in wood in the choir ; and the pulpit is all of stone, very elaborately carved. It is three hundred and forty-five feet long, and two hundred and thirty wide in the widest part. It was begun in 1359. The roof is very pointed, and covered on the outside with tiles of different colors, forming a colossal Austrian eagle. We were in Vienna on a Sunday. I went into the cathedral at seven o'clock in the morning, and found Mass going on at four different altars ; and again at ten, when I went, the High Mass was being celebrated. Here, as at several other churches we visited, there was good singing, and all were filled with apparently devout worshippers. In the afternoon, the gardens in the vicinity were filled with men, women, and children. The garden of the emperor's palace, at Shonbrunn, is always open to the public ; and this was one that was thronged with happy families enjoying its pleasant walks ; the same people who in the forenoon filled the churches. There is a very handsome fountain in these gardens ; but, like all the fountains in the city, it lacks one important thing, — water ! Here at Vienna, as in all Catholic cities, Sunday is *fête* day. In the morning, all is quiet, and everybody goes to Mass ; in the afternoon, ice-cream saloons, *cafés*, &c., are all open ; the streets and gardens are thronged with people. Boys were flying kites, and the air was full of them. Almost every city has a fine drive. Paris has its Bois de

Boulougne ; Florence, its Cascine. Vienna has its Prater, — a fine drive, four miles long, through alleys planted with trees. In the *season*, it is said to rival Hyde Park in the splendor of its turn-outs ; for in Vienna are congregated not only the Austrian, but the wealthiest of the Hungarian and Bohemian, nobility. But now is not the season : everybody was out of town, and the court was at Ischyl. A few steps one side from the *Aristocratic* Prater is the *Wurstl* Prater. Here I got out and walked through ; for the crowd was so dense, no carriage could get through. Here are the common people ; and here all sorts of amusements were going on, — swings, fandangoes, and those circles where horses go round, and boys get on and ride. Here were not only horses, but wagons, and the whole circle was filled. Not only children, but men, women, great burly soldiers, were there, and went round as grave as could be ; while a band of music enlivened the place ; for nothing can be done without music in Germany. In another direction was a *café* of the better sort, surrounded with hundreds of little tables, at which were seated coteries of men, women, and children, sipping tea and eating cake ; while a fine military band discoursed excellent music. Eating and drinking were going on, in fact, all over the place ; but I saw no signs of any intoxication. And all this was of a sabbath afternoon.

I shall not bore you with any description of the paintings in the Vienna galleries, simply because there were but very few good ones.

We went through the imperial stables, where are five hundred horses, all groomed in the best manner, and the place kept perfectly neat and clean. Above is the room where the carriages are kept, of which there were any quantity and all kinds, from the tom-fool things called *state* carriages, to the comfortable chariot and buggy.

Then we went to the harness-rooms, where we saw the saddle-cloths used at coronations, very rich and costly, with gold embroidery, &c. : each new emperor has one. The harnesses too: we saw one set for six horses, that cost twenty-four thousand dollars! The exterior of this whole establishment had every appearance of an extensive palace. Then there is the imperial riding-school, a very fine affair, with a roof which is considered a masterpiece of carpentry. Court *fêtes* on a grand scale are given here; and concerts, composed of eight or nine hundred musicians, have been given in it.

There is a fine collection of ancient armor, founded in 1560 by the Archduke Ferdinand. They are the *bonâ fide* armors and arms borne by distinguished captains and others, and form one of the most interesting historical collections in Europe.

In the court-yard of the arsenal is festooned all round the great chain of eight thousand links which the Turks threw across the Danube near Buda, in 1520, to interrupt the navigation of the river. In the building we saw a vast amount of old arms, and new ones too. There are also relics and memorials of distinguished individuals, among them the hat and sword of the notorious butcher Haynau, — very appropriate, and characteristic of the government.

In the vault of the Capuchin church are the sarcophagi of the imperial family: some of them are very splendid, such as those of Maria Theresa and her husband, which are of bronze painted, but with most elaborate ornaments. That of Joseph I. is of silver. Latterly, however, they are only simple bronze coffins; Joseph II. having had the good sense to abolish the custom of so much useless expense. The Duke of Reichstadt lies here in a plain coffin.

Not far from him is that of the Emperor Francis. They say the young Napoleon was his favorite grandson.

There is an enormous establishment, nearly finished, called the New Arsenal. It forms a hollow square. Within this square are numerous other large buildings for workshops, manufactories of arms, depot of military stores, &c. There will be barracks for ten thousand men, a park of artillery, &c.

I have said that the streets are narrow: but this applies to the *old* city only; and this is a small part. Extending entirely around this is the Glacis, a broad and open space, with trees. Formerly it was a part of the ramparts; now it is turned into gardens, walks, and drives, forming the lungs of the city, as well as adding immensely to its beauty. Beyond this is the new city; and here the streets are wide. Some of the finest buildings and palaces face the Glacis. The shops are handsome; but Paris fashions prevail. There are many handsome fountains. The cafés and restaurants are numerous and extensive: half the people seem to take their meals there. Every evening, there is a concert in some of them. We went to one establishment, where Strauss's band were playing for the evening. It was a very large hall, filled with small tables, around which were ladies and gentlemen, sipping their beer or coffee, or taking supper, and listening to the music. As a matter of course, the gentlemen were smoking: the only place where they do not smoke is the church; and I wonder they do not smoke there. The hostler smokes as he curries down the horses; the drivers smoke; the blacksmith smokes as he shoes them; the wood-sawyer smokes as he saws wood; and it's nothing *but* smoke everywhere. We liked the music; but the smoke soon drove us away from that concert. An admission fee of about ten cents is

charged, which is the pay the musicians get. The proprietor finds his advantage in the refreshments he sells.

I was surprised to learn that a system of national education exists second only to that of Prussia; and the number of people who cannot read and write is far less than in Great Britain. — *Ladies' Repository*.

THE SUMMER WOODS.

WE hope, children, that you all enjoy rambles in the woods, and that you use your eyes in these rambles, and see all the wonderful and beautiful things which the woods contain. We shall invite you to take a walk with us to-day, and show you some of the beautiful things that we meet with in the woods where we often go.

In the first place, do you see that neat two-story house, with its great barn and long wood-shed? It is not far from the ocean; and we have spent many happy days there. We will leave that behind us, and, crossing the road, push open a gate, which leads us into an open pasture, across which is a cart-path, leading to a pair of bars. We prefer climbing the wall in a gap close to the bars. You can climb over the bars, or crawl under them, or we can take them down for you. Now, do you see that angle of the stone-wall, nearly opposite? We must direct our course for that; and then, turning the corner, we find ourselves near three tall and beautiful walnut-trees, that stand like sentinels to our wood.

Another set of bars. We must take these down, as they are too high to climb. This is only the outskirts of

the wood; and yet we can observe something here, if we listen. Do you hear that bird-note on your left? Hark! there comes the answer to it, from the trees on the right. How that sharp, clear, exquisite note rings through the stillness of the place! That must be the call and reply of the bird and its mate. What a pity that we are too ignorant to give you any information respecting these inhabitants of the "dark, green woods," or even to tell you their names!

More bars now; and then we walk up this pretty lane, with the dark pine-trees on one side, and a corn-field, with its waving tassels, — a corn-field on the very edge of the woods, — on the other side. And now we are fairly in the woods. Look down into that little glade, and see how beautifully the sunlight dances on the ground, and how the shifting leaves show of all the shades and varieties of green! Here is a bright scarlet mushroom; and there, farther on, is a yellow one. Do not be in too much haste, or you will fall; for these pine droppings, as they are called, — these dead pine needles, — make the path very slippery. Look at that pine-tree on the other side! See how the moss hangs from it! We always repeat Longfellow's lines here: —

"The mutmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand, like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic, —
Stand, like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

And, as the wind sweeps through the boughs, you may hear the "voices sad and prophetic," so like the roar of the neighboring ocean as scarcely to be distinguished from it.

Look at that beautifully green soft moss on which you

are treading! Each piece is like a little star. How exquisite is its formation, when you examine it! and, when you place your foot on it, it is softer than the most luxurious carpet. Now we leave this cart-path, which we have followed until now, and strike into the thick woods. But, just in the centre of the open space into which we turn, observe that old tree-trunk! How overgrown it is with moss! Thus Nature converts the most unsightly objects into beauties. See that fine red moss! That is the coral moss; and it will keep its color for a long time. On this account, it is very pretty to put into those little baskets which are put on card-board and filled with moss.

Now for a scramble beneath these low boughs. It is but a step or two, however; and here we are, at the base of a huge rock three or four feet in height. Just at the foot of this rock, we once partook of a picnic entertainment. A few steps farther onward, and the place looks as if the children of some brother of the Dorchester giant had been flinging, not only rocks about, but trees. See that immense root which is upturned! That must have been done long ago, and its bark stripped off by the lightning. Here are innumerable little pine-trees springing up, wherever, in this rocky soil, their little roots can find a place. Try to pull up that little one, which seems no larger than a peach, and you will find, that, even in its infancy, it is firmly planted in the ground.

Do you notice that tall tree, which is, for sixty or seventy feet, tall and straight, without a single branch, and then is crowned by what looks, from this distance below, like a mere tuft of foliage? Behind that tree is the rock where we will sit and rest: but we need not climb up near the tree; there is an easier place of access, farther to the left. This is a hemlock-tree, growing here, just at the ascent. Look on the lower side of the twigs, and you will see

the tiny cones. Pick your basket full, if you like: they are pretty little things. And now do you wish for rest? Here is a moss carpet, as soft as the other, and free from any dampness. In drying, it has bleached so that it is perfectly white. Throw yourself down near that tree, and look up through its leaves into the sky. You will gain a better idea of its distance than you can acquire in any other way.

Do you not like our walk? We thought you could not fail to do so. On this rock, we have held many a Sunday service, with eight or ten children around us; and many a pleasant week-day afternoon have we brought our sewing here, or our book, while two or three little friends amused themselves with building bowers, or picking moss and hemlock berries.

It is time for us to go home now. Our return will have one or two pleasant additional features. The birds are just flying home to their nests, and uttering their quick notes; and, when we reach our sentinel-trees, we shall see the blue ocean stretching away to the horizon, and dotted with white sails.

On some fine, cool day, we will take another walk in the woods; and perhaps we may make some new discoveries. But we can still find delight in what we have seen before; for Nature is always fresh and new, and wears an everlasting charm to her attentive observers.

EDITOR.

"OH, LET ME RING THE BELL!"

A MISSIONARY, far away
Beyond the Southern Sea,
Was sitting in his home one day,
With Bible on his knee ; —

When suddenly he heard a rap
Upon the chamber-door ;
And, opening, there stood a boy
Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,
With cheeks of ruddy hue,
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled,
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect,
In boyish sturdiness ;
But on his lip you could detect
Traces of gentleness.

"Dear sir," he said, in native tongue,
"I do so want to know,
If something for the house of God
You'd kindly let me do!"

"What can *you* do, my little boy?"
The missionary said ;
And, as he spoke, he laid his hand
Upon the youthful head.

"OH, LET ME RING THE BELL!"

Then bashfully, as if afraid
His secret wish to tell,
The boy in eager accents said,
"Oh, let me ring the bell!"

"Oh, please to let me ring the bell
For our dear House of Prayer!
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,
And I'll be always there."

The missionary kindly looked
Upon that upturned face,
Where hope and fear and wistfulness,
United, left their trace.

And gladly did he grant the boon, —
The boy had pleaded well;
And to the eager child he said,
"Yes, you shall ring the bell."

Oh, what a proud and happy heart
He carried to his home!
And how impatiently he longed
For sabbath day to come!

He rang the bell; he went to school;
The Bible learned to read;
And in his youthful heart they sowed
The gospel's precious seed.

And now to other heathen lands
He's gone, of Christ to tell;
And yet his first young mission was
To ring the sabbath bell.

S. S. Gazette.

SUNSHINE BEHIND CLOUDS.

LITTLE Amy Thurston stood by the window, dressed for a walk, and only waiting the return of the attendant. Presently Margaret entered the room, but without her bonnet.

"Your mother says, Miss Amy, that she thinks it will rain soon, and we had better wait a while and see."

Amy slowly untied her hat, and, without speaking, laid it on the table, and turned back to the window to watch the dark clouds that, slowly gathering, spread over the lately clear sky. At length the last streak of blue vanished; a large raindrop fell on the little hand which rested on the window-sill, and was followed by another and another; and then the rain poured down so fast that Margaret came to shut the window. Amy turned away; and the tears, that had gathered in her eyes, began to fall.

"I did want to go so much!" she said; "and now the sun is gone quite away."

"Oh, no!" answered Margaret, gently; "the sun is not gone, Miss Amy; it shines as brightly as ever behind the clouds; and, as soon as they pass away, we shall see it again. It is nothing but a shower; and, if we could look through the clouds, we should see sunshine above there."

Amy stood considering. "Is it always so, Margaret, even when it rains all day?"

"Yes, always. The sun always shines, though we cannot see it; and the clouds always go away after they have done their work. God sends the clouds, you know, and the rain, to do good to the earth."

"Yes, I know; I will wait patiently then." But Amy did not leave the window; she stood watching the bright

drops until the brief summer shower was over, and the sunlight broke through the parting clouds. "There, it is shining!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Now we can go."

"As soon as the sidewalks are dry," answered Margaret, smiling. And in half an hour they set out on their walk.

Two years after, a sad change had come over Amy Thurston's prospects. Her kind and indulgent father had died suddenly, leaving his affairs unsettled; and, though sufficient property was left to support his widow and child, they could no longer afford the luxuries to which they had been accustomed. Not that Mrs. Thurston grieved much for this: her sorrow for the loss of her husband took away all power of heeding other losses; and Amy was yet too young to appreciate the change.

On a dull November afternoon, when the rain had been falling slowly and steadily all day, and the withered leaves dropped with a mournful sound, Amy, who had been employing herself as she best could, grew weary of the silence of the room, and went to the window to look out. The prospect was cheerless enough, and her involuntary sigh caught her mother's ear.

"It is a dreary day, indeed, my poor Amy," she said. "But it is like our life: our sunshine has left us." And the words were followed by a burst of weeping, which brought Amy instantly to her mother's side.

"But, mother dear," she said, softly putting her arm around Mrs. Thurston's neck, and kissing her, "the sun is not really gone, you know; it shines behind the clouds just the same. It is only that we cannot see it now. It may be pleasant to-morrow."

"And it may not for many days, my child," replied the mother, despondingly.

"But the sun is always there," persisted Amy, gently; "and, if we wait patiently, we shall see the sunshine again. The clouds and rain must do the work God gives them to do. I always love to think of that on stormy days."

Mrs. Thurston wiped away her tears, and pressed her daughter to her heart. "My best comforter!" she said. "My darling Amy! I will trust, and be patient; and, if not in my life, yet in yours, the clouds may roll away, and the sunshine of happiness return to you. I will be cheerful for your sake."

She kept this resolve. Amy's childish trust had aroused a new spirit within her; and the sunlight of cheerful submission soon gladdened their pleasant home. Year after year passed away in peace and happiness; and Amy Thurston, now a lovely girl of fifteen, was the joy and pride of her mother's heart. Mrs. Thurston rejoiced in her beauty, her amiability, her capacity for learning, in the admiration and affection excited in all who knew her, by the gentle loveliness of her character; and, while she thanked God for this her chief treasure, she forgot all her sorrows in Amy's happiness.

One bright spring afternoon, when the soft young grass had covered the fields with its green mantle, and the blossoming trees shed fragrance all around, Amy went to walk with some young companions, bounding back, as she reached the door, to give her mother a parting kiss, and promise her a May nosegay on her return. Some hours passed; and Mrs. Thurston was beginning to think the time long, when she saw Amy's favorite companion and cousin, Hope Lindsay, approaching alone, "Amy must be close by, then; she will soon be here," thought the mother.

The young girl reached the house, hesitated a moment, and then came in. She looked pale, but spoke firmly and without agitation. "Amy wished me to come, Aunt

Thurston, and tell you that she should soon be here. She has met with an accident. I hope it is not a very bad one." Mrs. Thurston could not speak; but she caught her niece by the arm, and looked eagerly, almost wildly, in her face. Hope went on in the same quiet tone. "A runaway horse came round the corner upon us, before we could know it; and Amy and Harriet were thrown down. Harriet's arm is broken. I do not know how much Amy is hurt; but she begged me to come to you, lest you should be too much alarmed. Papa is with her; he will bring her safely. Can I help you to make things ready?"

The last words aroused the unhappy mother from her bewilderment, and she hastened to make all necessary preparations. Amy was soon brought home by Dr. Lindsay, to whose office, close by the scene of the accident, she had at first been carried. She was very pale, and neither moved nor spoke for some minutes; then, as her mother hung over her, weeping, she opened her eyes, and, with a faint smile, said, "Don't be frightened, mother dear! I hope I am not much hurt." She could say no more: the sickness arising from intense pain came over her again, and her eyes closed wearily.

Dr. Lindsay beckoned to his daughter. "Run over for Dr. Grey, Hope; he is at home;—quick!" Hope went, and, in a space of time that seemed short even to the impatience of Dr. Lindsay, returned with the surgeon. There was a brief colloquy between the two gentlemen, and then Dr. Grey begged to examine Amy's injuries. It was most gently and carefully done; yet her suffering was great; and, though she strove to remain silent, that she might not add to her mother's distress, she could not repress an occasional cry of pain.

"There are some broken bones in this poor little foot," said Dr. Grey. "It will be better to set them imme-

diately." And, with the greatest skill and tenderness, the operation was performed. Another consultation followed between the two physicians; and then Dr. Lindsay returned to the bedside.

"You are not in so much pain now, I think," he said in the softest tone, as he bent over the young girl.

"Not quite, thank you," she replied.

"And Amy, my pet, do you think you can bear to be told the truth?"

Amy opened her eyes, and looked earnestly at him. "Am I going to die, uncle?" she asked; and, though her voice did not tremble, Hope, who held her hand, felt her own grasped tightly.

"No, no, I hope not; not so bad as that," answered Dr. Lindsay, hastily. "But this poor little foot was terribly hurt; and, though Dr. Gray has set it so nicely, he is afraid it will be a long time before you can use it again; and, even then, you may be a little lame. We cannot tell yet what other injury there may be; but the bruises will soon be well, and I trust the worst is over. Good-by, love! I shall come again to night." He gave some directions to Mrs. Thurston, and turned to leave the room, accompanied by the surgeon.

A. A.

(To be concluded.)

MOSS.

READER, what stories are you most delighted to hear? Generally, I believe, those stories are preferable which treat of giants, savage and mischievous, who finally get punished for their mischief; or of the little work-thimble, which,

after many sad accidents, was at last fortunate. But let me tell you that in the vegetable world there are likewise powerful giants, with great thick heads and strong arms ; which roar and bluster as soon as the wind begins to contend against them. The great oaks and firs, the mighty beeches and palms, — they are the proud racks, that stretch their arms even to heaven, and are able to seize hold of the clouds with their hands. They take every thing to themselves. “ He hears us ! ” they exclaim, and lay hold of every ray with their broad leaves. Underneath them it remains dark : only little sparklets of sunlight are able to pass through, between the leaves, to the bottom of the wood. The raindrops rush down out of the cloud. “ Here with you ! ” haughtily roars the tree, and sucks in the water with its thousand leaves and buds, and ever so many little roots. Only small pearls of this refreshing beverage of heaven hasten to the other little plants modestly standing between the trees. Yet this arrogance and avarice do not go unpunished. Out of the swarthy storm-cloud darts a lightning-flash. The crown of the trunk falls shattered ; the storms roars on, and breaks the insolent stem ; and in winter the woodman comes, with his sharp axe and polished saw, and fells the haughty trees. Headlong like giants are they thrown down, their branches crashing as they fall. Their dead bodies are sent to the sawmill.

Beneath, on the floor of the wood, lives a little family, meek and harmless, — the moss. Its plants are the dwarfs of the vegetable world. The largest of them are not larger than the finger, and the most are much smaller ; indeed, many of them are not larger than the head of a pin. How neatly they cover the floor of the wood with their variegated turf ! Here swells up a thick bolster of dark green, with long golden threads crossing it, and little heads with crowns of gold on them ; it is the golden hair

of girlhood. Near by stand others, in bright shining garments, which modestly hang up their fruit like little bells. It is star-moss. Here little yellowish-green plants, with many branches, swell up into a soft seat, representing little delicately ornamented arcades; while other kinds, in colors no less fresh and gay, are scattered meanderingly about on the dark ground of the wood. More than a hundred different kinds live quietly in wood and swamp, on trunks of trees and steep cliffs, on walls and upon roofs.

And yet how weak is such a little plant! Its rootlet is hardly noticeable, so fine are its threads. Its stalk is closely enveloped with tiny leaves, and is hardly as stout as a linen thread. The leaves themselves,—how soft and tender are they, how delicately and beautifully formed! Weak and fragile, it is hardly possible for such a puny plant to stand alone. The wind dries it, and the sun bakes it, and the footstep of a little bird turns it aside; yea, a beetle, running past, would knock any one standing alone to the ground. For this cause, the beneficent God has always let it grow in company. Thousands upon thousands of the little plants stand together. Now, as soon as the rain or dewdrops fall, the whole turf sucks up a great many of them, although no single plant could contain any quantity of the so-indispensable water. The wind rushes along powerless over the turf. But if it does, indeed, dry the outer leaves a little, still the inner ones are sufficiently provisioned, so that much will be left remaining for a very long while. The little dwarfings, which would fall for very feebleness if left to stand alone, erect themselves very well in company with the many. They are the industrious good spirits of the shady wood. When, in rough autumn, the leaves of the haughty trees are falling, yellow and withered, to the ground, when all seems life-

less and inanimate, then is the moss most beautifully green, and growing right industriously. It catches up the acorns and the nuts of the beeches and hazels, and wraps them around soft and warm. These are the little children, and the moss is their mother. The cold winter blows through the dry and naked thicket with its sharp wind. The dwarfs rattle against one another shudderingly. The strong trees, which in summer looked down so haughtily upon the little moss, shiver and freeze in the driving snow. The soft moss creeps up along on their trunks, and covers them about. It is a warm winter coat for them.

No flowers are blooming in the field; seldom glances a sunbeam through between the gloomy snow-clouds. It is a most obscure path which leads us between the cliffs. Something shines singularly out of a black crevice in the rock. We approach it. The inner side of the cavity is covered with a wonderful kind of moss, that shines like a cat's eye in the dark. The tiny grotto appears as charming as a fairy temple or a palace of microscopic miners.

The myriad little insects of summer flew off and sought concealment when the autumn winds came. "Whither shall we fly, now that the bitter frost has come?" they cry. "Come to me!" answers the moss. So they creep into the soft, warm couch, and sleep the whole long winter through. It is a capacious bed for the numerous little animals. Here lie little round heaps of spiders; there, similar heaps of butterflies. Here a caterpillar has sought her winter couch, and sleeps till the coming of spring; there, rolled up together, reposes a blind-worm. Now thaws the snow, and the bright drops haste eagerly toward the brooklet, and thence into the river, and out of this into the open sea. "Stop!" exclaims the moss to the fugitives, and with its hundred little arms holds many of

them fast ; "I have many children who need morning drink." So now here the acorn, and there the hazel-nut, receive a good portion of the same. Between yonder leaves waits the little seed kernel of the chickweed ; between those others that of the dogweed, or the scabious, or the blooming flax. The moss presents each of them its little drop. They wake up, and drink and bud. But the tender sprouts would easily succumb to the cold breath of March, which is still blowing through the thicket, did not the moss, like a faithful nurse, carefully spread out all its leaves and shelter the delicate babes. The little plants now burst forth everywhere ; the beetle creeps out ; the snail slides into daylight ; and from the chrysalis come forth beautiful butterflies. Out of distant lands come robin-redbreasts and nightingales again, and begin to build their nests. They carry twigs in among the newly leaved bushes, and weave them into one another. Nothing now is wanting, except a soft little bed for the egg and for the future young birdling. So the old ones fly away to the soft moss and request its aid. It willingly gives up its tiny plants, with which the others thickly line their nests ; and now these have a snug, warm bed for their children. Soon the hare and the doe come seeking a safe and familiar covert in which to rear their young leverets and fawns. They spread out the moss like a soft carpet, upon which they have all a beautiful bed. Near the wood is a swamp. There the moss makes a thick white-and-red bolster. Up above grows the peat-moss continually further and further ; underneath, it dies out and makes peat. Then the turf-digger cuts it up, dries it, and sells it as material for fire. Thus the peat-moss warms us, warms the room, and helps to cook the food. It clothes the hillside with a beautiful covering of fresh green sod. It makes resting seats and soft sofas, and invites children, who are

weary with seeking strawberries and bilberries, to take repose. Then the latter gather some of the handsomest tufts of the green moss, and weave garlands and wreaths of it, at home, for their mother's birthday, which continue verdant the whole year long. And thus the moss proves to us, by its life, that even the least can effect something by association. It teaches feeble man to unite cordially with others, when he feels himself too weak, and thus in partnership carry out the great work which even the most powerful could not accomplish single-handed. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

"LAY NOT UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES UPON EARTH, WHERE MOTH AND RUST DOTH CORRUPT, AND WHERE THIEVES BREAK THROUGH AND STEAL; BUT LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN HEAVEN." — **MATT. VI. 19.**

EARTHLY treasures! What are these? You all, perhaps, possess something which you value very highly. For a little while, it looks as nice as when you first obtained it; but soon, if you use it, it becomes defaced. The colors fade, or the metal rusts, or the wood breaks, and the possession is no longer a treasure. Perhaps your careful mother has put away, in the spring, some nice winter garment which you have taken pleasure in wearing. When the cold weather comes on again, it is taken from the drawer or the closet; but it is unfit to wear. The moths have eaten into it, and it is full of holes. Nothing lasts long here. Every thing is changing. The leaves even now are beginning to lose their bright green, and to change to the most brilliant scarlet, orange, and yellow hues.

But is there nothing which lasts? Yes, one thing. The human soul, and all connected with it, will last for ever. The treasures which you lay up there must be heart-treasures. They must be the recollections of good deeds, of kind words, of good thoughts. Most children are fond of reward. Suppose, then, that a child was offered a reward for every kind deed and every gentle word. Do you not think he would be anxious to obtain as many as possible?

But our heavenly Father has offered a reward, just as surely as if we could see it with our eyes. Our memories are a part of our souls, and every good deed is engraven on them. We may not here be able to recollect our past lives; but, in another world, every thing which we have done in this will rise distinctly before us; and, in that retrospect, our treasures, the only things which will give us pleasure, will be the memory of those things which have given others happiness, or have enlarged and purified our own souls.

In this view, then, no act is trifling, because it will become inscribed on our memory. Do we wish to have many treasures in heaven? We cannot begin too early to lay them up; we cannot have too many pleasant memories. Sad ones enough there will be, even for those who have tried the most to do right; and, in thinking of these, only the sense of God's forgiveness can give us peace.

The gentle reply, when the angry thought has risen to the lips; the soft answer, that turneth away wrath; the courage that dares to say 'No;' the truth which will never swerve to escape punishment; the generosity which will bear blame rather than condemn another; the magnanimity which rejoices at another's success, even though it may have been attended with your own failure; — these, and such

as these, are the treasures which we shall carry with us from this world, and which, even now, we may be laying up in that to come.

EDITOR.

A TALK ABOUT CORAL.

YOU have heard a great deal about the wonders performed by little animals called coral insects ; how, in making their houses in the ocean, they gradually make islands, that at length come to be inhabited by men. Suppose, now, that we have a short talk about these curious creatures.

I want to correct an error into which you may have fallen concerning these animals. I said, at the outset, that you had probably heard much about these little creatures, which are called coral insects. Now, they are not insects, though they are sometimes called so, any more than starfish or oysters are insects. The order of animal life, which naturalists have distinguished by the name of *insect*, is extremely well marked. The fly, the bee, the wasp, are examples. The coral animal is as unlike these insects as possible.

The animal which makes the coral islands belongs to the order called *zoöphytes*. They are sometimes called *radiated* animals, because they have organs, placed like the rays of a daisy, around their mouths. There are a great many of these radiated species. Among them, all those that are made in the shape of a cone or a tube, and have a fringe of arms around the mouth, are called *polypes*. The coral animal is a *polype*, it being a jelly tube with arms. These arms are called by naturalists *tentacula*. All the polypes are an extremely interesting and remark-

ably busy race of creatures. They are pretty low in the scale of animal life, it is true; but they know when they are touched, and try instantly to hide themselves. They cannot have much sensation. Properly, they can hardly be said to have any at all. Think of a polype being cut into half a dozen pieces, and then each one of these pieces becoming a complete animal in itself, and going straight to work on its own hook! One would not suppose that such a strange creature had a very high and intense degree of feeling.

The coral polypes are the *stone-masons* of their race. They build, for the most part, of chalk. They do not walk about much, but are accustomed to spend their days in one place. These animals are great scavengers. Do you know what a scavenger is? Perhaps you have seen men sweep dust and dirt and straws away from the streets of a city: such men are called scavengers; and we are greatly obliged to them for the work they perform, since decayed animal and vegetable substances, when they become putrid, injure the air we breathe. Impure substances also injure water; therefore, to assist in cleansing the seas, the Lord God has seen good to make the poly-piferous family the great scavengers of the ocean; and a very numerous and happy set of workmen they are, ever delighting in their appointed labors. They have no brooms to sweep with, no carts to hurry away what they collect; but every bad morsel of decaying substance that floats past them they fold in their arms; and, with joy, they pour the offensive bits of refuse into their living tubes, where the juice in their bodies turns what they take into part of their own living substance.

The chalk-making polypes do not all rear the same kind of habitation; indeed, the homes they build are so different, that men have given them different names. There are

the corallines, the madrepores, the sea-pens, the sea-mats, and many others. The builders of these substances are generally all of them very small-tube polypes, with delicate tentacula. Some of them are not so large around as a hair of our heads, but some are a great deal larger. In some kinds of coral, each polype makes for itself a hard chalk or horny tube to live in ; others live in a thick gluey skin that is over the chalk ; and thousands upon thousands, joining their tubes together side by side, form masses of wall, miles and miles in length.

If all the barns, houses, churches, and castles, men ever built in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, were put together, we should find that the delicate worms of the polypiferous order have built a far greater amount of solid wall than all the men on earth ever reared. Navigators tell us, that in the South Pacific Ocean, near the coast of New Holland, there is a ridge of coral wall one thousand miles long. The beautiful group of islands called the Society Islands seem to be one mass of rock, formed by the coral and madrepore families. Their work was silently carried on under the boisterous waves of the sea ; and, when they had finished it, God lifted up the crust of the earth, and brought their labors from under the waters. Seaweeds soon gather upon these raised coral rocks ; and, when a little mould is formed, birds come and often drop seeds. Floating pieces of timber, and matted portions of vegetables, from other islands, are dashed upon their shores, bearing grass and other seeds ; and it is wonderful how soon, by these means, a coral island becomes a land of plenty and of beauty for man to inhabit. Though coral reefs sometimes look like solid walls, yet the coral polypes more frequently pile their cells together in the shape of large trees, with huge branches. Whole forests of these living trees are to be seen under the waves of the sea.

The true corallines make the walls of their houses white. There is, however, another species of polypes, generally called coral animals, but which naturalists classify as *asteroids*, which build black and red habitations. These animals make that beautiful coral which is worn as ornaments. I have often seen men dredging for this valuable article in the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas. The polypes of the black and red varieties make their cells in a thick, fleshy jelly, that is deposited over the solid chalk wall, both the chalk and the jelly being formed by their own bodies.

Among these *asteroids* there is one called the *Alcyonian* coral, pieces of which are often thrown up on the sea-shore. This coral looks so much like dull, yellowish, tough seaweed, that a great many people would pass by it without a suspicion that it belonged to the coral family. But if we take it up, and place it in a glass of sea-water, provided it still be alive, the strange little animals that live in its fleshy substance will push out their arms, which look like stars, through the little holes that cover its surface. Then, all brilliant with starry flowers, the whole mass becomes a beautiful sight.

But we must glance at another of these *asteroids*, called the *tubipore* coral. This species has no jelly-flesh of any kind belonging to it; but all the little polypes live in separate pipes, as distinct from each other as separate reeds in a bundle. Because of its form, — something like the pipes of an organ, — the tubipore is sometimes called the *musical coral*. The tubes are often of a fine crimson color, and the polypes of a bright green. I need not tell you that, when they are arrayed in these colors, they are extremely beautiful. How can we help admiring, not only the wisdom, but the goodness, of God, in arranging the works of his

creation in such a manner that they are pleasing to the eye ?

These polypes often draw themselves entirely into their tubes, and close up the opening with a little fold of skin. As their bodies grow upwards, the tubes follow them ; and every now and then the whole colony of polypes, thus growing up side by side, take it at the same time into their heads to make a little knot, which knot divides the mass of tube-coral into a sort of floor ; and from the top of this floor the polypes start up with fresh tubes, and again work on till they deem it suitable to make another floor. Every floor is wider than the one beneath it, because a number of new little polypes have begun their tubes in it, so that the whole mass is larger at the top than at the bottom, just as a loaf of sugar would be if it were turned upside down.

I have one more group of these asteroid corals to describe to you ; and that is the extraordinary one called the *pennatula*, or sea-pen genus. This name is given because the sea-pen has a hard, chalky stick, like the stem of a goose's quill. One end is blunt and naked, like the part of the quill we make into a pen ; and, just where the goose-quill becomes feathery, the *pennatula* also becomes feathery. But the down of the *pennatula* is not like the insensible down of the bird's feather ; for that which looks like down on the sea-pen is all alive ! Each separate little bit of the feather which our fingers can brush upon the side of the quill, is, in the *pennatula*, a long line of polype-houses, each fine line having many polype tubes arranged along it. Row after row of these peopled streets rise up on both sides of the stick, to its very finest top ; and really the whole thing looks as if the polypes had been trying to make their habitation as much like a large goose's wing-feather as possible. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NO. V.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

I LIKE this commandment best of all, mother," said Annie, as our mother came into the library the next Sunday evening. "It is the easiest to obey; or, at least, *I* do not find it very hard to honor *my* father and mother!" And the child laid her head affectionately in mother's lap, and lifted her blue eyes to her face. *I* did not think it difficult either, as I glanced out from my window-recess upon the pretty group, and noted, more fondly than ever before, the graceful dignity of my mother's form, clad in its usual summer dress of white, and the lovelight in her pleasant eyes.

"Thank you, dear," she said, with a smile, and stooping to kiss Annie's open brow. "And yet are you sure you *do* always honor and obey us? We know your little heart is very warm with love for us, and that you have a general reverence for our authority; but is our little daughter always obedient,—unquestioningly and uncomplainingly so?"

Annie colored in confusion. "I know, mother," she began; "but then it is so hard sometimes to have to go to school when you don't want to, or to sit still in the house sewing long seams when every thing is so lovely out of doors, or to get up in the morning when you are so sleepy, or to keep from doing any little thing you want to do so much, just because you are told not to, without knowing why. Oh, dear, mother! little girls have so many troubles!"

Mother laughed heartily, as she passed her hand over and over Annie's auburn curls, at the child's comical tone of anxiety ; and Annie, aggrieved by her merriment, added, pettishly, —

“ Ah, well ! it is easy for you to laugh, now that you can do exactly as you please, without any control or punishment ; but, when you were a little girl, perhaps you didn't like it so well.”

Mother looked grave, — not displeased ; for Annie's tone was not at all disrespectful. “ Have I no control, no punishment, no obedience to render to a Parent, — no obstacle to my wishes ? ” asked she, seriously. “ You have the same idea, Annie, that most children have, — that you need only to be *grown* to be entirely your own mistress and perfectly happy ; but you will discover your mistake, and see one day that your childhood's days were your happiest. You have simply to obey us : we have hours of care and thought and anxiety of which you know nothing ; our duties are far more arduous, our troubles more enduring. Often, when we oblige you to go to school when you had rather take a holiday, we also oblige ourselves to remain at our duties, when *we* would like to walk or talk or read. And for the fulfilment of those duties we are responsible to a Parent far higher than any *earthly* father or mother ; and he often punishes us for neglect. But we are older than you, and have learned to prize this discipline ; to feel that, without it, our feet would wander from the strait path which leads to the heavenly home, and we would stray away and be lost ; so that we would not, for the world, give up the watchful and loving control of our Father. And would you, Annie, be willing that we should leave you entirely to yourself, — to suffer you to do exactly as you please, and never to restrain you in any way ? Do

you think you would be happier? Would you like to try it, Annie?"

Mother had spoken very earnestly, and Annie listened intently. Now she nestled closer to her, and said, eagerly, —

"No, no, indeed, mamma! Why, I should never be ready for breakfast, if I did not know I should have no coffee nor butter if I was late; and I should grow up sadly ignorant, if you let me stay from school as often as I wish it; and I should never know how to sew, unless you obliged me to sit still. I never thought about it before; but now I know I couldn't do without you, mother: though yet it is a little hard sometimes. But then, when you smile, I forget it all."

"I should be sorry to have you so dependent upon me as that, Annie, — that you could never do any thing, except from my authority. That is a very poor spirit which requires to be *made* to do every thing. You must learn to perform your duties because they *are* duties, and to be courageous and resolute and persevering. However, my daughter, I do not fear very much trouble from your disobedience: you love me too well not to honor me. You have never grieved me yet as I once grieved *my* mother." And mamma's tone grew sad.

"O mother!" said Annie, deprecatingly; "but do tell me about it!"

"It cost me a great deal of suffering afterwards," said mother; "and I never forgave myself, though mother did freely. It happened the very May that I was twelve years old; and it was most charming weather, — far too delicious, we girls thought, for us to be shut up in school. The woods were green and fragrant, the gardens and meadows a wilderness of flowers, and the skies blue and cloudless. We decided that a picnic would be a most enjoyable thing

at such a season ; and yet, as we only had half-holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, we did not see how it would be practicable, unless our parents would allow us to remain from school a whole day. 'We could but ask,' said we. So we selected our party ; and about a dozen of us went home that evening, determined to use all our persuasive arts to obtain the desired permission. Some of the girls, whose parents were very indulgent, succeeded ; some others failed, — and I was among the latter. My mother thought it would be very silly to lose my place in my class just for a day in the woods. I was very much disappointed ; and felt still worse, when, on going to school next day, the successful girls sneered and laughed at us for having such 'strict mammas,' and declared 'they would not, for the world, be such slaves !' We had not sufficient independence to disregard such contemptible speeches, and, deeply mortified, asked what they would do if they were in our place.

" 'Why, go without permission !' exclaimed Virginia Rawson, a bold, forward girl, who boasted she could do as she pleased with her parents. 'I should like to see myself so afraid of *my* mother ! She won't whip you, will she ?' she asked, sneeringly.

" 'No, indeed ! My mother says I am too old to be punished in that way. She is very gentle and affectionate,' said I, reddening.

" 'Well, then, I shouldn't care for any thing else,' responded Virginia ; 'besides, she'll never know but that you were at school.'

" She added many more arguments ; and they all desisted upon the delights of the arrangement, until, at length, I was weak enough to consent, and, on the next day, took my way to the confectioner's shop in the village, instead of the schoolhouse. This had been appointed as

our place of rendezvous ; and here I found the girls busy in laying out their pocket-money in dainties for the feast. I added my share ; and we then turned down the street, and across meadows and fields, until we reached the woods, and the particular spot where our dinner was to be spread, upon a large flat rock. The woods were lovely ; the air laden with perfume ; the birds, the breeze, the brook, most musical ; yet I was not happy. We did every thing usually done at such parties, — roamed the glens in search of wild flowers ; swayed to and fro in grape-vine swings ; waded with naked feet in the cool, clear water, to gather up pebbles and shells ; and returned from an expedition to the wild strawberry-beds, in the fields beyond, laden with crimson-pouting fruit. We had brought sugar, and cream in bottles ; and we laid out a charming repast, using broad, green leaves for dishes and napkins alike. We ate cakes and candies and fruit till I was sick of them ; we laughed and talked and played till I was weary of it : there was nothing to mar our enjoyment ; and yet I was miserable. The thought of this, my first act of positive disobedience, haunted me all day, and made my laugh forced and my step heavy. I longed to go home and tell mother all about it, and beg her to love me still. It seemed as though evening would never come ; and when, at length, I was at home, sitting on my little ottoman at my mother's feet, hiding my ashamed face in her lap and sobbing out my story of a wretched day, I vowed never again to disobey her. My heart had ached all day in its attempt to escape from control ; and I determined that henceforward it should rebel no more. And it never did openly, Annie ; though it sometimes murmured and fretted a little, as yours does, pet ! ”

SISTER KATE.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANDREW'S.

WE had often talked of visiting St. Andrew's, a quaint old city in the east of Fifeshire; so, one beautiful summer day, we set out on our excursion. The castle and cathedral in ruins, and the many historical events connected with them, render St. Andrew's deeply interesting to those who love such things. As we wished to see as much as possible, my father, while we passed along one of the streets, said, "Don't you think, to save time, we should get a guide?" "I'll gang wi' ye, sir," said an old man near us, who had overheard him. "Do you know the city well?" my father inquired. "I micht ken't," was the answer; "I've lived seventeen years in't." Well pleased at obtaining such a treasure, we proceeded to see the lions; but, alas! we soon discovered that our guide, albeit a very pleasant, nice old body, could only tell us that "there was the castle, and the cathedral was owre yonder," and did not know where the other places we wished to see were situated. So, giving him a *douceur*, we told him that we thought we could now find our way without making him further trouble. He was such a kind-looking old man, that it would have been barbarous not to have parted from him kindly. He seemed to have conceived a warm affection for us; for he kept in our wake almost the whole day; and, when any of us looked his way, he bowed and smiled most benignly.

Of all the places we visited that day, the castle, I think, interested me most. It was founded by Bishop Roger, in 1200, as the Episcopal Palace of the diocese. James I., of Scotland, was educated in it by Bishop Wardlan; and James III. is supposed to have been born in it.

At the time of the reformation in Scotland, it was here that the sword of persecution, so long unsheathed, was first drawn. Cardinal Beaton, Primate of St. Andrew's,

was a merciless persecutor. The *keep* or dungeon of his castle was filled with persons accused of heresy. This dungeon is thirteen feet in diameter. From the centre of it descends a dark and horrible chasm, cut out of solid rock, to the depth of twenty-seven feet; seven feet in diameter at the top, and gradually expanding to the diameter of seventeen feet at bottom. The keeper of the castle let down into it a flickering taper, that we might see it. I could not help shuddering as I looked down and thought of the martyrs who had been immured there, and of the groans and prayers which must have been uttered in it. Sometimes the captives were starved to death; others were thrown into the bay; and many, who lived unknown —

"Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven,"

suffered martyrdom in front of the castle. Among the latter were Patrick Hamilton, aged twenty-three; Walter Mill, a priest, aged eighty, and so infirm that he was unable to walk without help to the place of execution; and the famous George Wishart. In order that the cardinal and prelate might enjoy the spectacle of Wishart's dying agonies, the front tower of the castle was hung with tapestry, and rich cushions laid for their ease.

After addressing the people, the martyr said, "O Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me! Father in heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands!" Then, just before expiring, he exclaimed, "This flame hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit; but he, who from yonder high tower beholdeth us with such pride, shall, within a few days, lie in the same spot as ignominiously as now he is seen proudly to rest himself."

This prediction was actually fulfilled. The numerous acts of cruelty committed by the cardinal so infuriated the nobles and people, that they ardently longed for an opportunity to rid themselves of him. About fifteen months

after the death of Wishart, Norman Leslie, eldest son of the Earl of Rothes, Kirkaldy of Grange, James Melville, and several others, formed a conspiracy against Beaton ; and on the 29th of May, 1546, they put their design into execution. Early in the morning, they proceeded to the castle ; and, when the drawbridge was lowered to admit the workmen engaged in fortifying the building, they effected an entrance without interruption, and made their way to Beaton's chamber. Alarmed by the noise, he had barricaded the door. The conspirators, however, soon gained access ; and the trembling cardinal knelt before them, imploring mercy. This they refused, reminding him of the tortures he had inflicted upon others, and how merciless he himself had been. Then they stabbed him with their swords, so that his body was covered with wounds. The news of his death soon spread throughout the city ; and the citizens rushed to the castle, where, to convince them that their enemy was really dead, his body was suspended from the same window where he had witnessed the martyrdom of Wishart. I am sure you must all agree with Sir David Lindsay, that, —

“ Though the deed was foully done,
The loon was well away.”

We spent a pleasant day admiring the castle, cathedral, and colleges ; wandering in the churchyard, reading the epitaphs, and moralizing upon them ; and strolling on the sea-shore to see “ the stately ships go by,” till near the hour of starting, when my father counted his flock, to make sure that none were missing, and then hurried us off to the railway-station. The train was about to start, when our *guide* made his appearance, with a bunch of heather in his hand, which he smilingly presented to my mother. We gave one long look at St. Andrew's, waved an adieu to our old friend, and were whirled rapidly homewards. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

SERF-LABOR IN POLAND.

POLAND, you know, is among the European countries which suffer vastly from the tyranny of the Russian aristocracy. Mr. Allen, a recent traveller in the Russian country, gives us the following painfully interesting facts about the extent of this tyranny over the common people: "In every village is an overseer, whose duty it is to call in the evening at each hut, and notify the inmates as to the part of the plantation where they are to meet the following morning, and be ready to start for work. Men, women, and children are included in this order, of course: they assemble as directed, and are then driven like so many oxen to their labor. Of whatever kind the work may be, the women are obliged to toil as the men. The children are assigned lighter tasks, such as picking stones, &c. Over each division is placed an overseer, having in his hand a whip of braided strips of leather; and, should any one presume to stop even for a moment, the lash is unmercifully applied. Children are not exempt from this infliction; and, whoever may be the object of punishment, he or she is obliged to kiss the hand of the inflicter. Should any one refuse to do so, as is sometimes the case, the poor creature is laid upon the ground, and receives forty additional stripes; then, with blood trickling from his back, returns again to work. In some instances (the overseer being in an unusual passion), children, perhaps a son or a daughter, are required to hold down a parent, while another member of the same family is made to administer the lash with his utmost strength. These things seem heart-sickening to relate; nevertheless, they are true, and not a day passes without many individuals being subjected to such

treatment. When they leave their miserable homes in the morning, each peasant carries upon his back a coarse cloth sack, containing the dinner of its bearer. This consists of a loaf of brown bread, having the appearance of baked sawdust ; and, if the bearer has been so fortunate as to have recently killed a pig, he takes with his bread a piece of raw pork. Before commencing work, these sacks are deposited in heaps upon the ground ; and at noon, when the signal is given, they rush with the speed of half-starved animals, every one for his bag ; and then commences a devouring of bread and salt in the most ravenous manner. Each gang is allowed a mug of water ; and this is passed from one to another until all have been served. Such is the manner in which these poor creatures toil on through their period of existence, without a ray of hope to cheer or a single solace to alleviate their woes."— *Youth's Cabinet*.

"AND WHY TAKE YE THOUGHT FOR RAIMENT? CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD HOW THEY GROW ; THEY TOIL NOT, NEITHER DO THEY SPIN. EVEN SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE."— *MATT. VI. 28, 29.*

DRESS is becoming, even among very little children, an all-absorbing subject ; and the evil is spreading to such an extent, that we think a word in our pages will not be unseasonable. The Pharisees thought much of outward adornment ; and it is probable that our Saviour saw some of them before him while he was uttering the words which we have chosen as a text. He commands us to care but

little for our dress, as distinctly as he bids us do to others as we would have them do to us.

What a life for an immortal being is the spending of all the years which should be devoted to preparation for a future state, only to the decoration of the body, which after a little while, at longest, must be laid aside in the grave! Children think too much of the difference in dress between themselves and those who are either better or worse clad than themselves. Many a child has been grieved and mortified by unkind remarks upon his dress, and the vanity of many another has been increased by the remarks of playmates upon its beauty and becomingness.

But think for a moment how small these distinctions are. The prettiest dress that was ever seen cannot give its wearer one half so much pleasure as the sense of an approving conscience. If we spend our time and attention upon the perishing things of this life, instead of cultivating those virtues which shall make us happy hereafter, and filling our minds with the knowledge that shall make us useful here, what account shall we have to render to God in the day of judgment?

God will not ask us then whether our dress has been coarse or fine, shabby or good. He will ask us how we have improved our talents. And if we have suffered the faculties of our spirit to lie buried in a napkin, if we bent the energies of our minds to the things of this world, God will say to us, and the Bible declares it clearly, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness!"

Think of these things, children, when you are disposed to be vain of any thing new in your clothing; think of them when your companions wear any thing that is not according to your taste. Let them check your disposition to ridicule them, and let it check the impulse you may

have to praise the dress of another. The tongue, in this case, greatly aids the sin; and, if you ceased to talk of it, you will soon cease to set an undue value on it. Those whose opinion in this world is really worth having will not think of you according to the clothes you wear; and, in another, the garment of the spirit, and its whole array, will be fashioned, as we believe, by the deeds of truth and love which we have done here. Let us, then, strive that the spirit may be adorned with all that shall make it fair and lovely; and, whatever our dress may be, that spirit will so ornament us that it will not be noticed how we are dressed, and we ourselves shall care only to be shielded from the cold of winter or the heats of summer.

EDITOR.

A MUSICAL OWL. — Mr. Jenyns relates a good owl-story. He knew a tame owl that was so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perched on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the piano-forte, holding his head, first on one side, then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and, driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. The pianist's name was Keevie: he was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of Rev. Mr. Jenyns. — *Selected.*



H. W. Smith

Original Print.

— A. N. D. S. A. P. W. T. H. A. B. S. T. R. A. C. T. —

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THE painter of the picture from which our engraving was taken was a man famous among the old painters, who are considered masters of the art. He has certainly made a very beautiful landscape ; and we do not need to remember, in looking at it, that Abraham "rose very early in the morning ;" for the light of the picture could belong to no other than the early part of the day.

This story used to be one of the favorites of our childhood. We were never tired of reading the beautiful answer of Abraham, in reply to Isaac's question, "Where is the lamb for the burnt-offering?" — "God will provide himself a lamb, my child." Nor the truthful and natural simplicity with which the narration concludes : "And, lo ! God's angel stayed him ; and he fell upon his face, and wept."

In these days there are few, who, with Abraham's faith, are willing to give up to God the thing they hold most dear. There are very few children who are willing to give up any cherished plan which their parents do not consider best, even when the reasons are explained to them. Such children are making but a poor preparation for after-life. God will try their faith in many ways, and they will be found wanting ; and as Abraham's faith "was counted to him for righteousness," so their want of it will be counted to them for sin. Learn it now, in your youth, by unquestioning obedience to the commands of your parents, and the full confidence that they know what is best for you ;

then, in after-years, when God calls upon you to do some great thing, you will be ready to say, with the pious man of old, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth good."

EDITOR.

THE OLD ABBEY OF FOWRE.

IN the central part of Ireland are the remains of an ancient abbey, which is well worthy the attention of those who take pleasure in examining relics of antiquity, and wandering among the ruins of former days. With those mementoes, Ireland abounds. Castles, round-towers, monasteries, or ancient churches, are to be met with in almost every country; their ivy-covered ruins arresting the attention of the traveller, and inviting him to stop, and make acquaintance with those venerable survivors of past ages.

Connected with those ruins are legends and stories innumerable, which the superstitious and imaginative peasantry have received by tradition from their forefathers, and relate with a full conviction of their authenticity. These foolish legends embrace pots of gold, buried under ground within the walls of old castles, over which cocks have been heard to crow at certain hours of the night; mysterious boxes, found on the summit of mountains, the covers of which no mortal hand dare raise, without suffering the penalty of instantaneous death; celebrated trunks of trees, by embracing which serious evils may be averted; and cavities in rocks, approached at the risk of life, but which, having once succeeded in reaching, will purchase for the adventurer a safeguard through some of the most imminent dangers to which humanity is subject.

The ancient name of Fowre was Balogne, or the town of books; the abbey having at one time possessed one of the most extensive libraries of the olden times, both in print and manuscript, from which it derived its name. The town is approached through a mountain-pass, and is surrounded by a natural fortification of not inconsiderable hills.

The place where the abbey stands, which, with its chapel, monastery, and other buildings, covers about two square acres, is literally a large table-rock in the centre of a bog, or morass, and only accessible by a narrow road made of broken fragments from the neighboring rocks. The architecture of those buildings is considered to be admirable, and constructed with such strength and durability as to be for some time formidable even to the devastating army of Cromwell. Even now, it presents one of the finest specimens of monastic ruins. What remains of the walls is covered with ivy, but through its beautiful dark-green foliage the east windows can be plainly traced. The stone staircase is still perfect, and, here and there in its windings, leads to dark, square, tunnel-shaped chambers, reaching from top to bottom of the building, and seeming to have been intended as places of confinement.

.Tradition relates that this abbey was, in ancient times, made the stopping-place for all the religious orders, as they travelled from the metropolis towards the west, being situated about mid-way. From its castellated walls they could look out in security, during troublous times, till a favorable opportunity for departure should occur.

Among those who came to make a pilgrimage to this sacred retreat, was, it is said, the celebrated St. Cuthbert. When he had arrived at a certain distance from the abbey, the first toll of the vesper-bell sounded in his ear; whereupon he immediately fell upon his knees to perform

his devotions, the marks of which, we are told with great gravity, are still visible, being two hollow indentations, on which no grass since then has been ever known to grow. Great virtue is attached to kneeling in the identical spot, which, of course, has attracted great numbers; and one poor woman was seen by a passer-by, endeavoring, with the utmost precision, to place herself on those knee-marks, for the purpose of averting some anticipated evil.

St. Kevin was another of those worthies for which the "Queen Isle" was, at one time, so famed, and was probably included in the list of pilgrims to the abbey. It is recorded of him, among many other things strange and wonderful, that having at one time retreated to a little hut in the desert to enjoy meditation, reading, and prayer, and while engaged in an act of devotion before an open window, having raised his hand towards heaven, a black bird perched upon it, and deposited her eggs in the open palm. The compassionate saint pitied the bird, and neither closed nor drew in his hand till the season of hatching arrived, and the young brood had emerged from their shells. This act of benevolence has been transmitted to posterity by the images of St. Kevin being represented with an extended hand, and a bird sitting on it. Is it not strange that such ridiculous stories as these should find anybody stupid enough to believe them?

Pigeons are now the only inhabitants of this once-famed building, who find in its ruins an undisturbed retreat, and flock there in great abundance.

There are what the neighboring peasantry call "four wonders" connected with the ancient town of Fowre, — an abbey in a bog, a mill without a mill-stream, an anchorite cell, and water that will never boil. This last wonder is so fully believed, that to put it to the test would be considered an act of sacrilege. A young lady, who requested a

bottle from her guide to carry home some of the water for the purpose of proving the truth, or rather the falsehood, of the assertion, was looked upon as an unbelieving heretic; and the guide went so far as to say, "Troth, Miss, if you were to do such a thing, you would never have a day's luck after." This unboilable water is found in a beautifully transparent well in the limestone rock on which the abbey stands.

Near the entrance of the causeway leading to the monastery is a mountain, presenting an almost perpendicular face, from a small fissure in which bursts forth a gushing torrent of water. Under the mouth of this stream a simple mill was once constructed, which, contrary to all modern improvements in machinery, had but *one* wheel, horizontally placed, having the grinding-stones in the upper end of the shaft. The stream has its origin in a beautiful lake, surrounded by mountains, about three miles distant, from whence, having forced a subterranean passage through the rock, without being at all visible at the lake-side, it rushed through the before-mentioned fissure, and turned the wheel of the old-fashioned mill which ground the corn, in centuries gone by, for the solitary inmates of the monastery.

The mill, like its other dependencies, has fallen into total ruin; but the stream still finds its way through its dark and hidden passage in the rock, and falls, with a deep murmuring sound, unheeded at its foot, — a voice from the past, a speaking memento of other days.

The anchorite cell, where have been known to dwell, for many years, two or three successive hermits, is a natural cavity high up in the rock, immediately over the mill. There, in his eyry-like abode, having reached the summit of superstitious ambition, he could slumber within sound of the busy wheel as it performed its unceasing revolutions, and wake at the tumbling fall of the

mountain-stream to renew his devotions when the morning sun had lighted up the walls of the rocky dwelling-place ; —

“ Where, at the last, his weary age
Found out a peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where he could sit, and nightly spell
O'er every star the sky doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew.”

The ground beneath the rock has, since the desertion of the hermitage, been occupied as a burying-place, which adds additional sanctity to the neighborhood. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

LEWIS DAMON'S SOLDIERS.

LEWIS DAMON was the eldest of a family of ten children, seven of whom were boys. He was a well-disposed youth, and a thoughtful one; and it often puzzled him when he noticed the difference between his own family and that of Samuel Drew, his most intimate friend. The brothers of Lewis seemed to him to be continually quarrelling and crying. They were never ready for school at the right time, and never sat down to meals at the proper moment. Samuel's five brothers, on the contrary, seemed, though full of fun and mischief, always kindly disposed towards each other; and punctuality, at the house of Mr. Drew, was held as one of the virtues.

Where lay the difficulty? Lewis asked himself this question again and again. He was sure that his mother did all in her power for the good of the household; and his father's slightest word was law. What could it be?

He had half a mind to ask Samuel; but that would involve the relation of home-affairs, and make him a tell-tale, — a character which Lewis heartily despised. He resolved to watch narrowly every time he went to visit his friend.

It happened, that, the very day after this resolve, Lewis, on his way from the store in which he was employed, called at Samuel's house to leave a book for him.

"Come in!" cried Samuel, who heard his voice at the door. "Where have you been hidden for the last two days? Come, I want to talk to you about learning Spanish this winter. You know it is quite important now in some lines of business; and a clerk who can write in foreign languages always commands a good salary."

Lewis drew a chair near Samuel; and the latter began a narration of his plan.

"Now, Lewis, you see, our fathers would give us the funds, if we asked for them; but then I don't want to do that: I begin to feel independent now that I have fifty dollars a year. I have found, to-day," —

Here a little fellow of about five years old, who had been in the room all the time Samuel had been speaking, suddenly fell, and hit his head against the rocker of the rocking-chair. The servant was, at that moment, entering the room in search of him; but, before she could reach him, Samuel had raised him from the floor, had placed him on his knee, and was talking to him.

"It hurt you, didn't it, Fred? Yes, I know it did, or you would not have cried. You are my little man, you say. Tell Lewis who it is that you are to drill for a soldier."

Freddy smiled through his tears, and said, "Number One."

"Yes, Lewis, you don't know what a famous company we are raising here, — all volunteers. Each boy has to

drill one soldier, — ‘Number One,’ and part of the drill is not to cry for trifles; and another part of the drill is” — And Samuel made a pause, and looked at the child on his knee, who answered, promptly, “To mind in a minute.”

“And another?” asked Samuel.

“Not to quarrel.”

“Ah! you will make a fine little soldier. We shall have you in drill very soon.” And Samuel placed his brother on the floor, and went on talking with Lewis. “Where was I? Oh, yes! I was going to say that I had ascertained to-day, that, in one of the best mercantile academies here, we can learn Spanish at five dollars a term. That would make twenty dollars a year apiece out of our salaries, which we can’t spare. Now, if one of us was to go the first term, and come directly home and teach the other, and the other should go the second term, and teach in his turn, we might save ten dollars, and, I dare say, learn by teaching.”

“I like your plan very much, Samuel; but I’ll take a day or two to think of it. Do your father and mother approve?”

“I have not, until to-day, settled the thing in my own mind sufficiently to speak of it. Frank,” called Samuel to a boy ten years old, who entered the house and flung his cap on the floor, “if you want to be first lieutenant, that isn’t the place for your cap.”

Frank picked up the cap, and hung it on its proper peg.

“I never have thought of studying Spanish; but I know a great deal of Spanish correspondence is necessary in the South-American trade. I believe the language is easy.”

“Very easy to translate, I’m told; but I suppose writing it would be much more difficult.”

"There, I should think, our knowledge of French would be useful to us. But do explain this famous *drill*, that seems to have such an effect upon your brothers."

"Oh!" said Samuel, laughing, "that is only a little plan of mine, — one of my Quixotics, father calls it. You must know that I was reading a book on chivalry the other day, and the list of the virtues that were indispensable to a true knight. Some little circumstance — I forget it now — suggested to me that I might make an order of chivalry in the family."

"The order of St. Samuel?" asked Lewis, laughing, and interrupting him.

"I have not named it yet," said Samuel. "I think the order of 'Number One' would be as good a name as any. But to go on with my story. After tea, I generally have a frolic with the little fellows. So I told them I was going to form a company of soldiers, and that each boy should belong to it who would drill one soldier, — himself, of course. The little ones have only two or three rules to drill him by (you heard Fred say his); but the older ones have others added. You don't know how interested they are in it. I make, once in a while, a little flag or an epaulet out of some gilt paper, and show it to them, and tell them that is for my company. Every night, I inquire about the drill of my recruits. If they have had a good one through the day, then I take them into the yard or the dining-room, and we march round, and have a grand time; but if any boy has neglected to drill his soldier, and has disobeyed the rules, he is not allowed to march. You would laugh, Lewis, if you were to see me gravely stalking up and down the room, with these little urchins behind me, and giving off orders, and words of command, in a most pompous tone. Mother is on my side, and says my drill works well; but father only laughs. However, if it does

not produce any real good, it at least gives the little rogues half an hour's pleasure every day."

Just then, the tea-bell rang. "Stay to tea," said Samuel: "yours will be quite over when you reach home. I have kept you so long that I ought to make amends. Besides, as a further inducement, you shall see us march, and join yourself if you like. Now see the effect of my drill. They lose their march if they are not in the dining-room within three minutes after the ringing of the bell for meals."

When Samuel and his guest reached the door, every child was seating himself at the table. "We'll have a grand march to-night," he said; "and perhaps we can persuade Lewis to whistle for us, which, you know, I can't do."

Lewis wondered whether good table-manners were a part of the drill; for the children all ate and drank with the most perfect propriety and stillness. He came to the conclusion that this part of the exercises must be the result of long practice, and not owing to any efforts which Samuel had made.

After tea, Samuel gave a peculiar whistle, at which each boy left the dining-room. Samuel then invited Lewis into the yard, and gave three short, sharp whistles more. At this signal, the company appeared. Samuel asked each boy, in turn, a few questions with regard to his *rules*, which were satisfactorily answered; and then he invited Lewis to join them. But Lewis preferred standing in a corner, and whistling the "Fest March" and "Wood-up," to any more active participation.

"Voted that the band, which has performed so acceptably on this occasion, receive our thanks," cried Samuel, as, out of breath, and almost as full of fun as his little brothers, he concluded the performances.

"Well," thought Lewis to himself, as he proceeded

homeward, "I certainly have learned something of the causes of the difference between my brothers and his. He seems to like to play with them and amuse them; and this drill is really a good thing. I dare say they recollect a great deal better with the prospect of the march before them."

Lewis began immediately to practise the lesson he had learned of his friend; for, when he reached home, he found Charlie, a boy eleven years old, rubbing his forehead in great distress over a slate covered with figures. "What's the matter?" he asked, in a pleasant tone.

"O Lewis, if you would only help me! I was afraid you would not get home in season; and then I thought you might be busy. Just explain me the principle: if I can understand that, I can do the sums."

Now, it so happened that Lewis was remarkably clear-headed, and that the mists which covered the science of arithmetic were yet thick in Charlie's brain. Nevertheless, Lewis sat down, and applied himself with most exemplary patience to clear away a portion at least of the fog. His efforts, at last, were crowned with success; for Charlie, after several unsuccessful attempts, finished his lesson, and went to bed quite happy.

The next morning, Lewis was awakened by a noise of angry voices from the room next his own. He was about to rise and dress, without paying any attention; but he remembered that this would not be Samuel's way, so he went to the scene of disturbance. There he found Charlie and the brother next younger, both half dressed, and Ned crying with rage.

"What is the matter here?" asked Lewis, quietly. Both the combatants looked very much ashamed, and made no reply.

Charlie spoke first. "Why, you see, we begun to have

a pillow-fight, and we got frolicking; and, when I picked the pillow off the floor, I took up one of my shoes with it, and did not know it; and I flung the pillow at him, and the shoe hit him; and he says I did it on purpose."

"I must introduce Samuel Drew's rules here, I think." The boys looked curious. "One of them is not to cry for trifles, and another is not to quarrel. Now, I had a very nice time there last night; and I will tell every boy who does not quarrel to-day all about Samuel's company of soldiers to-night after tea. Perhaps we might have one too." And Lewis, seeing a prospect of peace, returned to his own apartment.

At breakfast, his brothers were very eager to hear about the famous company; but Lewis still declared that he could not tell them until after tea, and that any boy who had quarrelled during the day would not hear the account.

There was a day of great peace at Mr. Damon's. There were, it is true, one or two symptoms of disagreement; but one or the other party remembered, before it was too late, that to quarrel would be to lose a story, and perhaps — for had not Lewis hinted at a company of their own? — perhaps to lose some farther fun.

When the tea was fairly over, Lewis gathered his brothers around him, and told them about Samuel's company. The boys were highly delighted.

"Couldn't you have a tompany, too, Lewis?" asked the four-year-old John.

"Oh, yes! we could have a company, if you would drill the soldiers. If each boy would drill 'Number One,' I see no reason why our company might not be as good as Samuel's. What do you say, boys? Will you try it?"

The boys, of course, were all eager to make the experiment; and Lewis spent half an hour in assigning the rules, and hearing the boys repeat them.

"Number One," said little Johnny, as he went up stairs to bed. "Number One, — not to *try*, mind in a minute, not to twarrel." And the little recruit was sound asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

It was not to be expected that Lewis's company should go as smoothly as Samuel's did. Difficulties occurred daily; and many a soldier rebelled against his commander's authority, and attempted to march when he had broken a rule. But Lewis was resolute, though perfectly kind and gentle; and they soon found that no teasing could obtain the evening's sport, unless it was fairly earned.

One evening, as Mr. Damon was sitting at the tea-table after the children had left it, he inquired the cause of the noise in the yard.

"That is Lewis's company of soldiers," replied his wife, smiling.

"Johnny tried to tell me something about soldiers," said his father; "but I could not understand him."

"It is an idea of Samuel Drew's," returned Mrs. Damon, "that Lewis has taken up; and, so far, it succeeds perfectly. Each boy drills one recruit, himself, according to certain rules which Lewis gives him; and, if those rules are transgressed, the offender is deprived of his evening march. The principal rules are to obey directly, not to quarrel, and not to mind trifles. Neatness and order, and good behavior at table, are also required of the older boys; and certainly I have had very little trouble with them for the last three weeks."

"That is an excellent plan; but I fear Lewis will tire of it."

"I do not think he will: he is as much interested in it as Johnny, and has already quite an insight into the different characters of the boys."

We have only to inform our readers, farther, that, as

Lewis took more and more interest in and pains with his brothers, the annoyances of his home decreased. The noise of angry disputes was now seldom heard; and all the family arrangements were conducted with increasing punctuality and good order. He continued his company for several years, and then gave the command to his brother next in age, who maintained it with the same good results.

Samuel's plan for learning Spanish was approved by the parents of both boys, and was pursued with profit by them. In after-years, the good conduct of their numerous brothers, and their success in life, fully rewarded the exertions which Samuel and Lewis had made in their favor.

EDITOR.

QUAILS.

THIS little bird, familiar in its disposition and interesting in its habits, is the most abundant and widely distributed of our game-birds. It is very improperly called Quail; the European bird of that name being entirely distinct in habits, and belonging to a different genus. Our own bird bears a much greater resemblance to the English partridge; though it is considerably smaller, and has therefore been named *Little Partridge* by some of the best writers. Being a constant resident throughout the United States, it is well known to every sportsman, every lover of good eating, every farmer, and every trap-setting boy in the country. It is seldom met with in the interior of the forests, unless driven thither by its enemies, but prefers

the vicinity of cultivated places, near farms, and fields of grass; though it generally takes care to stay within flying distance of some thick covert or bushy swamp, in which it takes refuge when pursued. Its food consists of seeds and berries of all sorts; and it is expert in catching grasshoppers and other insects. The nest, which in New England is built early in May, is usually placed among high grass, by which it is sheltered and concealed. It is sometimes, according to writers, covered, and made oven-shaped, a hole being left in the side for entrance. In the course of our own observation, we have never seen an instance of this; the nest having always been constructed with very little art, and left entirely open. The eggs are from ten to twenty, of a pure white. The young leave the nest as soon as they can get out of the egg-shell; and it is highly interesting to observe the native sagacity of these little creatures in concealing themselves among the grass, and that so suddenly and completely as to set at defiance the strictest search; while the mother uses all the artful manœuvres observed in the case of the ruffed grouse to draw the attention of an intruder upon herself. The members of the family remain together during the whole autumn and winter; and, in the spring, the males select their mates, when each pair separates from the others, and proceeds to the business of raising a brood of its own. At this time is heard the loud and agreeable call of the male, "*bob white*," "*ah, bob white*," as he sits perched on a fence or the low branch of a tree; and there is perhaps no other bird-note which better harmonizes with the beauty of a fine April morning in the country. — *Forrester's Magazine*.

HENRIETTA.

(Concluded from p. 58.)

I WENT down, and asked my husband what he thought of Henrietta. He only shook his head, and said, "We won't judge yet." I was uncomfortable enough. At dinner-time, Miss Henrietta would not come down; she did not want any dinner; and she lay on her bed all the afternoon, half crying, half asleep, except when she got up to survey her disfigured countenance in the glass with many lamentations. The exposure to wind and sun, with such shedding of tears, had done any thing but embellish her features and complexion. Still, one grateful smile would have given it beauty in my eyes.

The next day did nothing to revive my romance. The charming girl, who was to make our home more lively than ever, was decidedly sulky; not pensive, not low-spirited, but silently cross, and almost uncivil. She spoke only to find fault. We breakfasted at half-past six. She did not get up till nearly nine. I went into her room several times; but I strongly suspected her of "making believe" asleep. When she did get up, she could find nothing she wanted. Her innumerable trunks and band-boxes had been brought the night before; but I could scarcely find room for them; and she did not know which key belonged to which trunk, nor where any thing had been put. Her mother's maid had packed her clothes, and she had not even looked on. Then she had never been accustomed to dress her own hair; so the first attempt cost her another flood of tears, and more fretting and pettish flinging down of the hair-brush than I could have thought

possible. When the operation was finished, I must own, her appearance was rather fanciful than neat.

At meals she betrayed a sovereign contempt for our plain forks and whole outfit: but fasting and sea-air had given her such an appetite, that she did justice to the roasted chicken and custard-pudding; and, in the evening, her sullenness gave way to an absolute necessity for talking. She had held her peace as long as she was able; and now she went on, without once considering whether her topics could have any interest for us or not.

She talked of a great many people whose names we had never heard, as if it were a matter of course that we must know all about them, and be thankful to hear of their sayings and doings. She gave us a vituperative account of her French teacher; an enthusiastic one of her music-master, though she dwelt more on his white hands and brown mustaches than his musical skill. She gave her uncle a blundering sort of description of the last opera she had attended, — that is, of the scenery and dresses, for she seemed to know little of any thing else; and, when he had left the room in utter weariness, she turned upon me with a minute account of a juvenile fancy-ball, where she had represented Queen Elizabeth. She did not appear to have had any idea of personating the character, only she had worn what she was told was exactly the costume; and the lace ruff had cost so much, the brocade skirt so much, the velvet body so much, &c. Then she digressed to the mean dresses of her friends; then to her various quarrels with certain Emmelines and Lauras and Charlottes; till I began to think she must have fought duels with half her acquaintance, in her heart at least, so bitterly did she dwell on the subject. I was glad there was a pillow for that frivolous head, and thankful when it was laid there for the night.

I rejoiced next morning in thinking, that, although there was but one piano on the island, it was under our roof; and I said to Henrietta, after her late breakfast, that I supposed she would be glad to practise every day. She hesitated, and muttered that she "supposed she should have to do it; but she hated practising new music, and she was tired of the old." I suggested that her music-master would be gratified if he should find her decidedly improved in the autumn; and, with much lingering, she went to find her music, — no easy task. But she had not spent half an hour at the piano before she came to find me, much amazed that I should be making cake, and still more to hear that we had no confectioner's shop on the island. "Why, can't I go anywhere to get some of Stewart's candy, or an ice-cream?" Her dismayed "What shall I do?" almost made me laugh; but I felt little like laughing when I saw her listless life the next day, and the next, and the next. She was utterly without occupation or resource. For rural pleasures or beautiful Nature she had no taste. She was not only quite awkward with the needle, and unused to it, but she hated it. She had a bit of simple crotchet-work with her, which emulation of some particular friend had induced her to begin; but it was badly done, and I could not get her to sit at it twenty minutes. It was with difficulty she got interested, in a languid way, over a novel: but we had scarcely any on the island, except Scott's, which she thought very dull; and no other book would she touch. She said reading history was as bad as studying; and her mother meant she should have a vacation all summer, as father would not let her go to Europe with them.

It came out by degrees that her mother had wished to take her abroad; but her father had an old-fashioned sister, whose influence with him was great, and she had

persuaded him that girls were not rightly brought up in New York, and that Henrietta needed a little New-England training: so the child had been sent to me, with the insane idea, that, in three months' time, I could counteract the terrible effects of whole years of early mismanagement, and break up confirmed habits of selfishness, indolence, and worldliness in its various forms.

It was some time before Henrietta could take in the idea of a mode of life so different from that to which she was accustomed. That I had no occasion for dressing to make or receive morning-calls, like her mother, became intelligible after she had once seen all the houses on the island,—a feat accomplished in one afternoon's drive. But how I could associate at all with the inhabitants of those houses; how I could be all the time so busy; how I could take any interest in the currant and gooseberry bushes, or burn my face and dirty my hands with a little gardening every morning,—she could not understand; still less how I could sit down with such apparent satisfaction to make my husband's shirts or mend his stockings, or think it a great privilege when I could find time to read Macaulay's last volume.

She went to bed early; she got up late; but the days were all too long. I tried to give some variety to her listless hours by carrying her over to the mainland: but there was nothing there to interest her; and, as we seldom had a day when the water was as still as when she arrived, she was in a perpetual panic while in the boat, insisting that it would upset, to the great contempt of old Jacob, the ferryman. She was afraid of cows, even with a fence intervening; and would run from the friendly demonstrations of our faithful English mastiff, uttering silly little screams, till the sensible animal learned to pass her in silent contempt. My neighbors thought her very proud

and disagreeable, and stared at her elegant dresses, on Sunday, with any thing but admiration, their good common sense being shocked by splendors so out of place.

On Sundays, — what was Sunday to her? Of seven dull days, the most intolerable; except for the enlivening occupation of selecting, putting on, and exhibiting the New-York dresses. Alas! here was the canker at the core. In that young heart there was no religion. It may seem a harsh thing to say; for she had been taught to repeat some prayers when a little child, and had been in the habit of going to one of the most elegant churches in New York every Sunday, her father's carriage being one of the handsomest that drove up to those stately doors. But this was all the religion she had; and, to me, it seemed none at all. I could not see that the thought of God or duty ever influenced her conduct, speech, or thoughts, for one moment; and the perpetual presence of such an influence seems to me the essence of religion. As soon as I had studied and sounded her on this all-important point, and found such a total void, I gave up in despair. There was nothing to which I could appeal. Her whole affections were given to the world; and I had no reason to suppose she could even conceive of loving God and Jesus Christ.

The want of native intellect is sometimes strangely supplied by piety; a cold nature is sometimes warmed by it, a passionate one controlled by it: but for piety itself there is no substitute; and, without it, weakness, folly, worldliness, degenerate rapidly into positive sin.

I felt that Henrietta was a sinner. Her dreadful waste of the *time* God had given her, intending to demand an account of every precious day, was sin deep enough to make any soul miserable. And she was miserable. Her habits of idleness, her averseness to all occupation, had deprived her of every resource in the position in which she was placed. She suffered intolerably from *ennui*, and

my friendly expostulations only rendered her irritable and disrespectful. Six weeks had passed, and matters grew no better. My summer was apparently spoiled in the unsuccessful attempt to make her a better and happier girl; when one day, among the letters which came to her weekly, she seized upon one which she had evidently been expecting, read it, and danced round the room with delight. It had come by the last steamer from her parents: it gave the permission she had besought, — to go with some friends to Newport; and she must be off to New York immediately to join them. Her languor was gone. She had learned *one* thing since she had been with us, — to dress her hair; and, indeed, it had been her chief employment. But now she actually condescended to help me to pack her trunks; though I found it necessary to refold and relay every article.

In a flutter of delight, she left us, without one word of regret for trouble given or thanks for kindness shown. It was not honesty that kept her silent, — we could have appreciated that: it was want of thought, — want of heart. Christianity would have supplied these wants.

I went again to the western upper-window, and saw the chaise carry Henrietta Carlisle up the yellow road from the water, away from the hated island; and I thought to myself, "What discipline has God in store for that poor girl? How can her soul be regenerated?"

I went down stairs with a sense of freedom, only with a sadness as for some now-distant evil which I could not cure. I shut the chamber, whose furnishing had given me such delight, and felt no desire to open it again. I had been disappointed; but my own disappointment had been a small thing compared with the wreck of a human character; and I had at last learned to be more grateful than ever for my old-fashioned New-England education.

L. J. H.

BUDA AND PEST.

It was dark when we landed at Pest. We made our way to the Queen-of-England Hotel, a very large establishment; and, from our window, we had a fine view of the Danube, and of Buda, which is directly opposite to Pest. We devoted only one day to Pest; but we made good use of it. Looking out from our window in the morning, I found we were fronting the river, with a wide quay running along the banks: the whole length of this was lined with women, busily engaged in selling their vegetables, meat, fruit, &c. When we first went out, we passed through the market-square, which was filled with women, selling their pretty flowers and nice-looking fruit. Some of the pears and apples were very fine, as were the plums and peaches; and I bought more and better grapes for five cents than I ever purchased in Boston for a dollar! Great big horse-plums, as large as an egg, twelve for a cent! I must say, however, that this was the best place for fruit that we had seen. In this market, too, was sold the bread, — I mean the bread eaten by nine-tenths of the people: it was in very large loaves, weighing five to ten pounds! This is all made in the country: it is brown in color. They tap it on the bottom to show the quality, as we do a water-melon. It was a pleasure to see the women, too, looking clean and comfortable, and knitting or sewing while waiting for customers. Their dress was but little different from that of the Germans.

Pest and Buda are twin-cities: sometimes they are called Buda-Pest. Though the Danube only rolls between them, there is a wide difference in the cities. Pest is on perfectly flat ground, on the left bank of the Danube, and is liable to inundation in the spring, on the breaking up

of the ice in the river ; for it sometimes gets choked below the town. Within a century and a half, thirteen such have been experienced. The greatest was in March, 1838, when a large part of the town was laid under water, totally destroying over two thousand houses in Pest, two hundred in Buda, and fifteen hundred in the environs, besides seriously injuring a thousand others. The rise was in the night, very sudden and rapid, so that many lives were lost. It caused much misery, but opened the way for many improvements. Where formerly poor and small houses stood, are now long lines of lofty and handsome buildings. There are few finer streets of the same length in Europe, out of Paris and London, than the quay, along which, for a mile, extend substantial and handsome buildings. Among them are two of the largest hotels in Europe ; the Exchange, a very fine building ; and others. The streets are wide, and well laid out, and there are many creditable public buildings ; while the private ones, generally, are neat, and often handsome. In some streets we observed, in looking through the doors, that almost every one had a garden in the rear. There is a German theatre, very handsome, with a garden, where, in summer, the audience repair between the acts to eat ices ; and there is the new Hungarian theatre, where the plays are all in the national language. We went in the evening, and saw the tragedy of Othello.

Pest has even its promenade, where the people repair in the afternoon to walk and drive. It is quite extensive, and really handsome. On the outskirts of the city, the road was lined with handsome grounds, neat houses peeping out of the green foliage within them.

A short distance out of town is the field of Rakos, where the Diet, the national assembly of the Magyars, held their meetings in the open air. The deputies used to repair to the meeting on horseback, the magnates armed to the teeth,

and the chief ecclesiastics in their robes, each attended by troops of vassals ; so that often one hundred thousand persons were congregated there, who dwelt in tents while the Diet lasted. Now it is a place for horse-racing.

We crossed over to Buda by one of the finest suspension bridges in the world. There are two magnificent piers, the building of which was a matter of great difficulty. The river is here fourteen hundred feet wide ; and the water where they stand, fifty-four feet deep : below, there are eighteen feet of sand and gravel, before the clay, on which the foundation is laid, is reached. Some of the granite blocks weigh from twelve to twenty tons. The distance from pier to pier is six hundred and twenty-seven feet ; and each of the side openings, two hundred and seventy-one feet. It is thirty-seven feet wide, and forty-three above the ordinary level of the water. Its cost was about two million two hundred thousand dollars. It was first opened on the 5th January, 1849, to allow the Hungarian army of Kossuth to retreat, when pursued by the Austrians. The whole platform was a mass of living beings. During the first two days, sixty thousand imperial troops passed over, with two hundred and seventy pieces of cannon. On the 24th April they again passed over, pursued in their turn by the Hungarians ; so that the bridge was severely tried at the outset. It came very near being destroyed too. A train of three thousand pounds of gunpowder was laid under the Buda end by General Hentzi, the Austrian commander, with orders to set fire to it if the Hungarians should attempt a passage. It was fired by the commanding officer of the Croats, by mistake it is supposed, for he was blown to atoms. The chains vibrated with the shock, but remained uninjured. In July, the old Pole, Dembinski, was going to blow it up ; but was finally persuaded not to.

Buda has one street along the water's edge ; and then

the hill rises very abruptly, and is crowned by the well-fortified rock on which is the *palace* of the Palatine. Houses cover the side of the hill ; and from Pest they make a fine appearance, as they are all white-washed, with dark roofs. Instead, however, of the fine buildings and activity of Pest, we have houses generally of one story, and streets dull and almost deserted. The palace, however, is magnificent, and shows grandly. It is not quite finished yet, the old one having been burnt in the bombardment of 1849.

There are some hot springs in Buda ; and an extensive bath-house is kept up, attached to which is a large café and pleasant gardens on the bank of the river. There are two large baths for poor people, — one for males, and one for females. I entered to look at them, and found the odor any thing but agreeable. The water is changed once a day. In connection with the establishment is a large wash-house. Here wash-women can bring as many clothes as they can carry, and have hot water sufficient to wash them for a couple of cents ; and, what is good also, they stand up to their tubs on benches to wash. It has really often made us ache to see women kneeling down and bending over to wash clothes in the river : it is the common practice everywhere where there is a running stream. The water is about 120° Farenheit, and there is a plenty of it.

The Palatine Rock is four hundred and eighty-five feet above the sea : but there are heights within cannon-shot which command it ; and particularly Blocksberg, which is seven hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea, and completely commands both Pest and Buda. Its highest point is directly above the river, where it forms a perfect precipice. In May, 1849, the Austrians occupied Buda and the Palatine Rock ; while the Hungarians, under Gorgei, were on the heights above Buda, and commenced bombarding the fortress. Hentzi, the Austrian, retaliated by

bombarding Pest. This was entirely unexpected by the inhabitants, as the Hungarian army on that side had refrained from firing on Buda, that the Austrians might have no excuse for bombarding Pest. A lady on board the steamer told us that she was walking the streets, and so was everybody, as usual, when it commenced; and the balls flew like hail about the town. They all left, to the number of eighty thousand, and remained a fortnight in the woods, till the Austrians were finally driven from Buda by the storming of the Palatine Rock by the Hungarians. We saw where this was done; and it was a wonder how they could succeed; for they had to clear the walls, twenty feet high at least, and a very steep declivity below them. We went up the Blocksberg, and there had a fine view, up and down the river, of Buda and Pest. The latter, with its light-colored buildings, almost without exception covered with slate, and white-washed chimneys, looked remarkably uniform and handsome. In fact, I have not seen so *new* a looking city in Europe. The Austrians are now fortifying Blocksberg very strongly. Here we saw women employed in carrying up dirt and mortar. This, and the working in the fields, which is so common, as well as carrying burthens in the streets everywhere, is certainly unwomanly, according to our notions: but they look strong and healthy; and it is a query whether it is not, after all, better so than to be wasting their life-blood making slop-clothing for a miserable pittance, and pining for fresh air. Here, at least, it is considered no degradation; and they get fresh air and good health. The only peculiarity in the men's costume was that the lower class all wore very wide pantaloons of some light-colored, coarse texture, not hemmed at the bottom. They looked like an *enlarged* edition of sailors' duck pants, *not* improved nor corrected. The better class are all Parisian in their

fashions. In riding over the hills of Buda, we found them covered with luscious grapes: they are very abundant. The fields have no fences; yet nobody seems to touch them. So it is with all fruit: we see it hanging over the road, in places where with us it would not stand the most distant chance of reaching the owner's mouth for the naughty boys. Do you remember how I used to eulogize the beautiful festooning of the vines in Italy? You see nothing of that here: they know better. The vine here is a stiff plant, altogether ungainly in appearance; albeit the fruit looks tempting enough, hanging in rich purple or white bunches. We could see whole sides of the hills for miles covered with it. They make much wine in Hungary, and much vinegar. — *Ladies' Repository*.

F U N.

MOST children fail to draw the proper distinction between fun and earnest. They seem to think that a thing done in *fun*, no matter how much it annoys another, is pardonable. Nothing can be a greater mistake than this. Fun ceases to be fun when its object begins to be annoyed. It becomes earnest to that object; and fun, properly considered, is at an end.

There is one species of what children commonly term fun, which has always seemed to us most malicious, and unworthy of any child who wishes to do right. We mean that which consists in finding the sensitive point of a younger and weaker child, and then making him the subject of ridicule. Making fun of a child on account of his dress is one of the common instances. Children seem to

forget that every child dresses as his parents please ; and, if a companion wears any thing old or ugly, it is from his parents' choice, and not his own.

Another species of fun, among boys at least, consists in tricks, such as tying long stems of grass together, so that a companion who is coming may catch his foot in the knot, and fall down. This kind of misnamed fun is not confined to those who are still boys ; and, in some of our colleges, tricks are practised, which are not only annoying in the extreme, but even ungentlemanly and improper.

Still another kind, with some boys, — we hope none of our readers ever have done or ever will do it, — finds its gratification in torturing animals. Many a poor dog have I seen with a tin-pail fastened to it, and chased through the street until it was ready to die with fatigue. And in some cases, though I believe it is generally in foreign countries, the children pass a pin through the body of a particular kind of beetle, that they may see him whirl and spin in the agony which this causes him. Birds' nesting, too, is another cruel kind of fun. If it is confined to taking the eggs, it robs the parent birds of some days of patient sitting upon them ; and if the young brood, you must all of you have witnessed the distress of the parents when any danger threatens their nestlings. Pelting frogs is another cruel sport. We hope you all remember the fable about the frogs who were pelted, and the sensible address of the old frog to the boys, and the conclusive argument, "What is fun to you is death to us."

There are plenty of ways in which you may enjoy yourselves to your hearts' content, without resorting to means which shall annoy your elders, your companions, or those inferior creatures which the Bible says God intrusted to Adam that he might show a kindly care towards them. Innocent fun does our hearts good ; and a laugh is pleasant

at almost any time : but, when mirth is purchased at the expense of others, it becomes melancholy, and then we almost fancy we detect a hollowness in the loudest shout of laughter.

EDITOR.

THE BABIES OF EGYPT.

W. C. BRYANT, in writing from Egypt, says, —

“ Among them were women in blue cotton gowns, barefooted, with infants perched on their shoulders. This is the way in which the Arab mothers of the laboring class in Egypt carry their children. As soon as the little creatures get the voluntary use of their limbs, they are transferred from the arms to the shoulder. I have seen instances of this kind which would supply striking subjects for the pencil. At old Cairo, the other day, a Coptic woman in the loose blue dress of the country, barefooted, her face unveiled, with symmetrical features, silent and sad-looking, opened to us the door of the old worm-eaten church in which is the little grotto where the Holy Virgin with her child is said to have eluded the pursuit of Herod. On the woman's shoulders sat an infant of seven or eight months, with well-burned brown cheeks and long dark eyelashes, its head bowed upon hers, and one little hand pressed against her forehead, while the other arm passed around the back of the neck. The Egyptian mothers treat their children with great tenderness ; and, though I see infants everywhere, I do not know that I have yet heard one of them cry. The expression of quiet resignation in their faces is often quite touching. The Egyptian, born to a lot of dirt, poverty, and oppression, may well learn patience early.”

PACIFIC MILLS.

WE promised our young readers, in our last number, some account of the process of calico-printing. This we witnessed at the Pacific Mills, in Lawrence. These mills are said to be the largest in the world. They cover a large extent of ground, and employ operatives who are numbered by thousands, and who, when they come from the mills at dinner-time, or when the day's work is over, present the appearance of a considerable army.

As we had seen the processes of spinning and weaving, we wished to commence at the printing; and we applied at the office for permission to go over the mill, and for a guide; both which we obtained. We were first shown into a large airy room, with only one or two pieces of machinery. At the farther end, in front of some large windows, sat a row of intelligent-looking men, each with a copper cylinder, of from four to six inches in diameter and two feet in length, before him. Each man was diligently engaged, with a small chisel and mallet, in cutting into the copper roller, from a paper design before him, to form a pattern which was afterwards to be printed. One was cutting lines so fine that he was obliged to use a magnifying-glass to see them. On each roller are cut the outlines of only *one* color. For instance, on one roller will be cut the outlines of all the red figures; and, on another, only the outlines of the green. When these outlines are made, the cylinders are subjected to the action of aqua-fortis, — a very powerful acid, which eats into the copper in the lines just made, and renders the impression more distinct. This is the process of engraving for flower, vine, or the more complicated patterns. For simple block-patterns, the

design is at first cut on a small steel cylinder, of perhaps an inch and a half in diameter, and six inches in length. This is then placed in a machine, close to a copper roller; and the copper, being the softer metal, receives, by means of great pressure to which it is subjected, the impression from the steel. The machines for effecting this were the only ones in this room.

The next apartment had a stone floor, and a very disagreeable odor. It was filled with machines, the lower part of which contained the rollers, similar to those we had just seen so bright and shining, now covered with dye from the different kettles with which they were connected, and which were placed directly under the machine. The white cloth rolled between them, came out printed, and went up over a large roller, to dry it somewhat before it was carried to the regular drying-room. Each machine had a different number of rollers, from one to thirteen. We observed a piece of calico, which was in the process of printing, of very delicate purple and fawn colors. As we remarked upon it, one of the workmen stepped forward, and, showing us a piece of calico of different shades of *red*, said that was the appearance when it was finished. And then we learned, to our surprise, that all these goods are submitted, after the printing, to an acid, which brings out the colors, and in some cases, as in the one before us, entirely different ones from those which appear in the printing. One of our party wore a new dress, of a thin woollen material. As she passed, one of the workmen observed to a gentleman in our company, "That lady's dress came from these mills." He recognized the pattern; and we were not a little amused by the incident.

From this apartment we passed to the drying-room, — an immense hall, of perhaps a hundred feet in length, and twenty or thirty feet in width and height. The roof of

the room is composed of slats, looking not unlike the lathing of a room before it is plastered. Over these slats, hung, from the ceiling to the floor, the calicoes and muslins, drying. Avenues were thus formed, the whole length of the room, by innumerable yards of cloth hanging on each side. When these are sufficiently dry, they are taken down, by men who stand on a little platform, and hung from and movable on the *beams* — not the slats — of the ceiling. By taking hold of the slats, they propel themselves along with sufficient speed for their purpose. In this room, we saw a young girl at work with her paint-brush and colors, whose business it is to retouch, in the woollen fabrics, those places which may by accident have been imperfectly printed.

The steam-room came next. This is used only for woollens, and contains a large closet, or rather cabinet; for it occupies the whole centre of the apartment. In this closet the goods are enclosed, and exposed to the action of the steam, until the harshness which the dye may have communicated to the wool is removed. This room was so warm that we left it as soon as possible, and passed to the next.

Here we found great tubs of starch, and boys engaged in dipping the muslins into them and drawing them out. Such heaps of wet goods it was never our fortune to see before. The ironing is quite a pretty sight. The cloth merely passes under hot cylinders, which a girl tends, in order to be sure that the cloth is not wrinkled in passing beneath them. Another machine is so arranged as to give them a last and thorough drying; and it is very pretty to see eight or ten differently colored fabrics all rolling slowly over a high cylinder, and folding themselves, as the machine moved backwards and forwards, like harmless snakes. In another part of the room, two boys, of nine or ten years of

age, were engaged with a sewing-machine in piecing together the cloth which had been torn.

We went now to the packing-room. Here we saw the cloth measured, folded, and the pieces placed in a huge hydrostatic press, in order, we suppose, to compress them, and make them occupy as little room as possible when packed. Pieces of all colors and materials were here piled in every direction. It resembled a wholesale store on a very extensive scale. At one end, men were filling and marking huge wooden boxes, and then nailing them up.

In a small apartment, we saw a girl, whose only business it is to print the gilt stamps which are put on the goods.

We were then shown the hall where, every week during the winter, a free lecture is delivered to such of the operatives as choose to attend. It is a fine large apartment, furnished with settees, and with a small desk for the speaker. The windows are large, and reach from the top nearly to the bottom of the room. Between them, at about half the height of the room, neat mottoes are placed, such as "Temperance," "Justice," and many others. We were told that these lectures are well attended, and that a large library is also used by the operatives with pleasure and profit.

One thing that particularly struck us, both here and at the duck-mill, was the intelligence in the countenance of the operatives. In no single instance did we observe the heavy and mechanical movements of the body, resulting from a mind that is deadened by inaction. Every man, woman, and child seemed to understand how the particular machine worked of which he had charge, and to be eager to give all the information in his power. The salaries of those engaged in engraving are very high, — as high as those paid to intelligent labor of any kind; higher than is often paid to teachers of our schools in the country. We

hope our readers will have the opportunity, as we are sure they will have the inclination, to visit for themselves these or similar manufactories.

EDITOR.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

THE Chinese farmer belongs to a privileged class of the population in China. In importance and honor, he is next to the mandarin and the man of letters; and, from the remotest antiquity, his avocation has been styled "the grand science of the citizen and of the prince." The great maxim of the government has been, that agriculture is the true source of national prosperity and wealth; and, keeping this principle in view, they have, in practice, afforded every possible encouragement and security to the cultivators of the soil. Even the emperor himself, "the son of heaven," thinks it not beneath him, once a year, to be a tiller of the ground: for, on the arrival of spring-time, he repairs in splendid pomp to a piece of land marked out for the purpose, attended by his suite of officers; and after prostrating himself on the ground nine times, in a prayer prepared by the court of ceremonies he invokes the benediction of Tien, the God of heaven, on the industry of himself and of his subjects. Then, as the high priest of the empire, he sacrifices a bullock; during the offering of which, a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen and richly ornamented, is brought to the emperor, who, throwing aside the robes of majesty, puts his hand to the plough, and, in the presence of his princes, mandarins, and peasantry, opens up a few ridges of land, and casts in the first seed of the season;

a ceremony which is performed on the same day by the viceroys of the different provinces throughout the kingdom.

Perhaps two-thirds of the inhabitants of China are employed in the manual labors of the field; and, without exaggeration, they may be spoken of as the happiest and the most independent of the nation: for, although they pay to the amount of a tenth annually to the emperor, they have neither priesthood nor poor to support,— unless the poor of their own families, for whom all classes are bound to provide. The monarch is the universal emperor of the soil; and the tithe exacted from it is the whole rent paid by the farmer. But though the cultivator is thus, in a manner, tenant-at-will, he is never disturbed in his possession so long as he continues to pay his land-tax; and he has the power of letting out any part, or the whole, if he please, to another. By this means, the lands are almost equally divided among the growers of grain; and there are no immense farmers or monopolizers of produce, who can command the market, while they exclude others of less capital and enterprise. Of the extent of land brought under culture, it is impossible for us to speak with precision; but, from the latest census published by order of the government, it appears that there are about six hundred and forty millions five hundred and seventy-six thousand three hundred and eighty-one English acres under proper tillage, the greatest part of which is devoted to the production of food for man alone. In China, the natives make no use of butter or cheese, and very seldom of milk: the principal animal food is pork, which is generally home-fed. They have few horses for travelling, pomp, or war; and the only cattle they keep are such as are needed in husbandry. Hence there are no grazing-farms, no meadows, and very little pasture; while every acre of

ground capable of cultivation is turned up by the spade or plough, in order to afford sustenance for the teeming inhabitants. A common is quite unusual throughout the eastern half of China ; while parks and pleasure-grounds are proportionably scarce, as the anxiety to satisfy the appetite prevails over the desire for amusement. Against the eating of beef the Chinese have a strong prejudice, — not so much on account of religious scruples as because oxen are used in husbandry ; and they think it a shame, after a poor animal has been laboring all his life in their service, to cut him to pieces at last, and then to feed upon his flesh, and make shoes of his hide !

The great staple article of food is rice, of which there are two crops annually ; but besides this, in some districts, the Chinese agriculturist cultivates barley, maize, millet, wheat, pease, beans, and other garden vegetables not indigenous to Europe. In the culture of the first-mentioned article, which is their staff of life, the growers display great industry and ingenuity in their system of irrigation and their economy of the water, which is indispensable to its produce.

Besides their canals and artificial rivulets, which intersect every part of the empire, they dig reservoirs to catch the rain, or the water that may descend from the upper lands ; and this they distribute by means of wheels, levers, chain-pumps, swinging-buckets, and by other hydraulic machines, worked by the hands or feet, and sometimes by a buffalo. On their implements of husbandry much praise cannot be expended. The plough is very simple in structure, and is inferior to the worst of ours fifty years ago. Even their best plough does not turn up the earth to the depth of more than six inches, so that new soil is never reached ; and, being worn out, the mould requires the addition of an immense quantity of manure, in the procur-

ing of which the Chinese are astonishingly industrious: for, among this extraordinary people, even the hair of the human head and the shaving of the beard are collected, and preserved for the purposes of agriculture. Every barber — a numerous body in China, where, all the head being shayed except a lock behind, few men have dexterity enough to shave themselves, — is always provided with a small bag, in which he carefully deposits the locks and shavings he cuts off, which are, indeed, considered excellent manure. According to the missionaries, they cut off the bristles of their swine, and even shave them, as their hair is esteemed most valuable for giving strength and vigor to their rice-lands. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE CUTTLE-FISH. — The noise of this fish, on being dragged out of the water, resembles the grunting of a hog. When the male is pursued by the sea-wolf, or other ravenous fish, he shuns the danger by stratagem: he squirts his black liquor, sometimes to the quantity of a drachm, by which the water becomes black as ink, under shelter of which he baffles the pursuit of his enemy. This ink, or black liquor, is reserved in a particular gland. It may serve either for writing or printing; in the former of which ways, the Romans used it. It is said to be a principal ingredient in the composition of India ink, mixed with rice.

SUNSHINE BEHIND CLOUDS.

(Concluded from p. 73.)

HOPE followed the gentlemen to the outer door, "I may stay, papa?"

"Yes, till I come again in the evening. Don't let any thing touch Amy's foot; and on no account let the bandages be moved."

"No, papa. Would you please ask Dr. Grey what he meant by shaking his head so sadly when you said the worst was over?"

Dr. Grey turned round. "Miss Lindsay is very observant," he said, with a grave smile.

"But you surely don't imagine," said Dr. Lindsay, hastily, "that this accident is going to prove fatal?"

"No,—at least, not immediately. If she were my child, I would almost prefer that it should. I fear there is an injury to the spine, which will cause permanent deformity and continual suffering. But I may be mistaken: Heaven grant I am! No need of cautioning your daughter to silence, I know. Good-by!"

Dr. Lindsay was constant in his attendance; Dr. Grey came in often: but nothing was said about their fears for some time. Amy's bruises were well; her foot had gradually become less painful; and she had begun to talk happily with Hope of the walks they would take when it was quite well. One morning, as she lay upon the sofa, with Hope by her side, the two physicians entered together, and Amy looked up with a bright smile of welcome.

"All going on well here," said Dr. Grey, after examining the foot. "And now, my child, how is it about the pain in your back, that you told me of? Is it better?"

"I hardly know: sometimes I think it is, and then it is worse again. I feel no pain anywhere else now."

"Suppose you let me touch the spot, my dear. Near the shoulder, is it?"

Amy submitted quietly to the examination; at the close of which, a significant glance was exchanged between the gentlemen. Hope, who was earnestly watching their countenances, read in them the confirmation of the surgeon's fears; and Amy, whose eyes had unconsciously rested on her friend's face, was startled at its sudden change of expression.

"What is it, Hope?" she asked. "What troubles you so?" Then, turning her head, and meeting Dr. Grey's compassionate look, a new thought occurred to her. "Is Hope troubled on my account?" she said to him. "May I know what it is?"

"Miss Lindsay has a tell-tale face, I am afraid," he answered; "but I will tell you what you wish to know. This pain is what neither I nor any other physician can cure: your fall injured the spine, and this is the result. Can you make up your mind, my poor child, to endure years of suffering?"

Poor Amy covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through the slender fingers. "Shall I never, never, be able to go out any more?" she said, at last.

"Yes, I think you may. I do not suppose the pain will be continual, or always severe; and, as your strength returns, you will have less of it. But, my dear child, there are trials harder to endure even than physical pain,—especially for the young and beautiful. Should such come to you, try to submit patiently."

Amy looked bewildered; then, as a perception of his meaning dawned upon her, she said, in a faltering voice,

"I will try. Only don't tell my mother : she will find it out soon enough."

The kind surgeon saw, by the quivering lip and closed eyes, that it was only by a great effort Amy could restrain her emotion ; and he immediately took his leave, with Dr. Lindsay, promising to call again soon. Hope would have remained to try to comfort her ; but Amy begged her not. "I want to be alone, Hope, a little while, — all alone." And Hope, whose tears had been falling for some time, kissed her friend silently, and left the room.

Dr. Grey's predictions were not entirely fulfilled : the change in Amy's figure was less great than he had feared, and the pain gradually diminished. But her constitution, always delicate, had received a shock from which it could not recover ; and, after a time, it became evident that she was slowly, though not the less surely, fading away from earth. She was able to go from room to room, or into the garden, with the help of a crutch or of some friend's arm ; she rode out frequently, and enjoyed her rides : but the delicate rose-tinge on her cheek grew fainter, and her slight form thinner, from week to week.

She had returned one afternoon from a ride with Dr. Lindsay, and, reclining on a couch by the western window, was watching the sunset. "I shall lose my ride to-morrow," she said, turning with a smile to her mother. "See how the clouds gather. It will rain before morning."

"Clouds again, Amy ? There have been too many already in your young life. Must there always be clouds ?"

"What matter, mother dear, if the sun still shines behind them ?" answered Amy, with a look of perfect serenity. "My childish faith comforts me still ; and the consolation is greater than when I thought only of rainy

days and my delayed pleasures. O mother! I cannot tell you how I love to think of it. I am sure that God afflicts only in love; and, when the trials have done their work, they will pass away. I am not afraid to trust his love,—are you, mother?”

Mrs. Thurston sighed. “No, Amy: but this is a cloud that will never pass away. Your Uncle Lindsay has acknowledged as much to me.”

“Dr. Grey told *me* so months ago, dear mother. May I say something to you,—something I have only known certainly for a few hours? Don’t be troubled because this cloud cannot pass away from me: I am passing away myself from all the clouds; going up above them, dear mother, where clouds cannot come. Don’t cry! pray, don’t!” for Mrs. Thurston was sobbing in agony. “I made Uncle Lindsay tell me to-day; and I promised to tell you myself: but I cannot bear to see you weep so. Mother! dearest mother!”

Amy threw her arms around her mother’s neck, weeping herself, for sympathy. She had accustomed herself to think of death as at no great distance, and the thought had lost any terror that it might have had at first: but her mother’s grief distressed her; and Mrs. Thurston, for her daughter’s sake, endeavored to control herself. The conversation thus begun was often renewed, until the sweet peace and resignation of Amy’s young spirit stole into the mother’s heart also, and the eye of faith began to see the sun shining, even through these darkest clouds.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, at the close of service, nearly a year from the time of the accident, that loving friends and schoolmates followed all that was mortal of Amy Thurston to the grave. Though in May, the day had been as variable as April; and, though only one slight shower had fallen during the day, the gathering clouds had

often threatened others. The group of friends stood in silence while the clergyman said a few solemn words of counsel and sympathy ; and then Hope, who stood by her father's side holding her little sister by the hand, begged to look once more at Amy. Dr. Lindsay stepped forward and raised the lid ; and, as he did so, a sudden gush of sunlight, breaking through the clouds, lighted up the pale, calm face with an almost angelic radiance. Hope bent down to gaze for the last time upon her friend ; and little Grace, pressing close to her sister, whispered, " Did papa's opening that cover bring the sunshine back ? "

Hope smiled at the child's question, thinking within herself that Amy's presence had ever been like sunshine ; but she turned silently away, and followed her father, who had led Mrs. Thurston to the carriage.

Amy had been humble and unpretending in her quiet home ; but she had not been without influence, and that influence lived after her. Beloved by all who knew her, no touch of sadness lingered in their remembrance of her. Her childlike faith, her gentle and cheerful submission to all trials, were a lesson to others ; and Hope Lindsay was not the only one, who, cherishing Amy's memory, adopted her favorite motto, and learned to look for " sunshine behind the clouds."

A. A.

LACE-BARK TREE.—In the West Indies is found a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace, or network. This bark is very beautiful, consisting of layers, which may be pulled out into a fine white web, three or four feet wide. It is sometimes used for ladies' dresses.

THE SOLDIER-CRAB.

EVERY one almost knows something about the habits of the soldier-crab. He is not furnished with a complete shell of his own by nature. A portion only of his body is covered with a shell. So he jumps into an empty one, and uses it as his own. But this fact is not the only interesting one connected with his habits ; and I must tell you something else about him, which I think you have never heard, as it has recently been brought to light. I get my information from a work, lately published in England, on the wonders of the ocean.

The soldier-crab has generally a fellow-lodger inside ; while the roof of his dwelling, the spire of the shell, is often the chosen abode of a species of the anemone. This extraordinary creature is a parasite, although it has been known to exercise some choice in selecting its site. When displaced from a shell, it will plant itself on a stone by means of its suckers ; but, of its own good-will, it would always get upon the roof of another individual's wagon, and so enjoy the pleasure of being carried. The anemone resembles a tall, thick pillar, surmounted by a fringe of tentacles, that wave gallantly at every motion of the crab. The companion who dwells inside with the soldier is a worm. But I will allow our naturalist to introduce him : " While I was feeding one of my soldiers, by giving him a fragment of cooked meat, which he, having seized with one claw, had transferred to the foot-jaws, and was munching, I saw protrude, from between the body of the crab and the whelk-shell, the head of a beautiful worm, called the *Nereis*, which rapidly glided out round the crab's right cheek, and, passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws, seized the morsel of food, and, retreating, forcibly dragged it from

the crab's very mouth. I beheld this with amazement; admiring that, though the crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the actions of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again: indeed, on every occasion that I fed the crab and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few moments; aware probably, by the vibrations of its huge fellow-tenant's body, that feeding was going on. The mode and the place of the worm's appearance were the same in every case, and it invariably glided to the crab's mouth between the two left foot-jaws. I was surprised to observe what a cavern opened beneath the pointed head of the worm when it seized the morsel, and with what force comparatively large pieces were torn off and swallowed, and how firmly the throat-jaws held the piece when it would not yield. Occasionally, it was dragged quite away from the crab's jaws, and quickly carried into the recesses of the shell. Sometimes, in this case, he put in one of his claws, and recovered his morsel; at others, he gave a sudden start at missing his grasp, which frightened the worm, and made it let go and retreat: but sometimes the latter made good his forray, and enjoyed his plunder in secret." — *Youth's Cabinet*.

CODFISHING.

ONE of the most serviceable creatures for the use of man is the codfish. When fresh, it is most excellent food; when dried and salted, it is in great demand all over the world. Its tongue and swimming-bladder, called "sounds," is a favorite dish on our tables. From the liver, oil is extracted, which, in an impure state, is used for burning:

more carefully prepared, it makes the "cod-liver oil," — a medicine of healing power, now in extensive use. The Norwegians and Icelanders pound up the backbones and other refuse parts to feed their dogs and cows upon.

The great fishing-grounds of the cod are on the Grand Banks, off Newfoundland, and along the coast of Labrador, where, in the height of the fishing-season, there are *between six and seven thousand vessels* engaged in the business, — American, English, French, Dutch, and Spanish ; and it is estimated that forty millions of fish are taken annually. The fishermen on the bank-fisheries cut off their heads, open them, sprinkle them with salt, and throw them into the hold to bring them home to cure. Those who fish on the Labrador coast make a much longer stay ; for they land and dry them on the rocks, or on flakes erected for that purpose. These are generally carried to a foreign market.

The fishing season begins in March, and ends in June. At that time, the sea is alive with fish. Besides the cod, there are vast shoals of other fish, who follow to prey upon them ; and, when we think of the wholesale slaughter to which they are exposed, one might fear that the species would die out : but such fears are quieted by the fact that one female lays nine million of eggs, affording a plenty for all the risks which the cod is supposed to run from man or his briny neighbors.

The fishing-business is one of excitement and exposure ; for the weather on the banks is cold, foggy, and stormy : but there are brave hearts and stout arms for all the perils and hardships of life ; and it is not so much *where* we are, as *what* we are, for fulfilling the great end of life. "The noblest man and the best Christian I ever saw was a bank-fisherman, God bless him !" said a rich merchant to me one day. — *Child's Paper.*

THE RACCOON.

THIS animal is peculiar to America. He resembles the bear, but is much smaller, and more elegantly formed. He is an active and lively animal; an excellent climber of trees, in which the sharpness of his claws greatly aids him; and he will even venture to the extremity of slender branches. He is a good-tempered animal, and, consequently, easily tamed; but his habit of prying into everything renders him rather troublesome: for he is in constant motion, and examining every object within his reach. He generally sits on his hinder parts when feeding, conveying all his food to his mouth with his fore-paws. He will eat almost every kind of food, but is particularly fond of sweetmeats; and will indulge in spirituous liquors, even to drunkenness. He feeds chiefly at night, in a wild state, and sleeps during the day.

Brickell gives an interesting account, in his "History of North Carolina," of the cunning manifested by the raccoon in pursuit of its prey. "It is fond of crabs, and, when in quest of them, will take its station by a swamp, and hang its tail over into the water, which the crabs mistake for food, and lay hold of it. As soon as the raccoon feels them pinch, it pulls up its tail with a sudden jerk; and they generally quit their hold upon being removed from the water. The raccoon instantly seizes the crabs in its mouth, removes them to a distance from the water, and greedily devours its prey. It is very careful how it takes them up, which it always does from behind, holding them transversely, in order to prevent their catching its mouth with their nippers."

When enraged, or desirous of attacking a person, the raccoon advances with arched back and bristling hair, and

with its chin or under jaw close to the ground, uttering gruff sounds of displeasure. If once injured, it seldom forgives its enemy. On one occasion, a servant struck a tame racoon with a whip. In vain did he afterwards attempt a reconciliation: neither eggs, nor food most coveted by the animal, availed in pacifying it. At his approach, it flew into a sort of fury: it darted at him with sparkling eyes, uttering loud cries. Its accents of anger were very singular: sometimes one might fancy them the whistling of the curlew; at others, the hoarse bark of an old dog. If any one beat it, it opposed no resistance: it concealed its head and its paws, like the hedge-hog, by rolling itself into a ball. In this position it would suffer death. When its chain broke, it would allow no one to approach it; and it was with great difficulty refettered. — *Forrester's Magazine.*

INSTINCT OF THE HARE.

THE hare, when it hears the hounds at a distance, flies for some time through a natural impulse, without managing its strength, or consulting any other means but speed for its safety. Having attained some hill or rising ground, and left the dogs so far behind that it no longer hears their cries, it stops, rears on its hinder legs, and at length looks back to see if it has not lost its pursuers. But these, having once fallen upon the scent, pursue slowly, and with united skill; and the poor animal soon again hears the fatal tidings of their approach. Sometimes, when sore hunted, it will start a fresh hare, and squat in the same form; sometimes it will creep under the door of a sheep-cot, and hide among the sheep; sometimes it will run

among them, and no vigilance can drive it from the flock ; some will enter holes, like the rabbit, which hunters call going to *vault* ; some will go up one side of the hedge, and come down the other. It has been known that a hare, sorely hunted, has got upon the top of a quick-set hedge, and run a good way thereon, by which it has effectually evaded the hounds. It is no unusual thing also for them to betake themselves to furze-bushes, and to leap from one to another, by which the dogs are frequently misled. However, the first doubling a hare makes is generally a key to all its future attempts of that kind ; the latter being exactly like the former. The young hares tread heavier, and leave a stronger scent than the old, because their limbs are weaker ; and, the more this forlorn creature tires, the heavier it treads, and the stronger is the scent it leaves. A buck, or male hare, is known by its choosing to run upon hard highways, feeding further from the wood-sides, and making its doubling a greater compass, than the female. The male, having made a turn or two about its form, frequently leads the hounds five or six miles on a stretch ; but the female keeps close by some covert side, turns, crosses, and winds among the bushes like a rabbit, and seldom runs directly forward. In general, however, both male and female regulate their conduct according to the weather. In a moist day, they hold by the highways more than at any other time, because the scent is then strongest upon the grass. If they come to the side of a grove or spring, they forbear to enter, but squat down by the side thereof until the hounds have overshot them ; and then, turning along their former path, make to their old form, from which they vainly hope for protection. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

THE TWO NEVER-MINDS ; OR, AUNT MARY'S STORY.

It was a rainy day. No hope of clearing away shone from the thick, dark masses of clouds that hung in the sky ; and none came from the old weather-vane that stood resolutely pointed towards the east. It did really seem too bad. It was all the more so since the day was a holiday, and Cousin Grace, from the city, had come the night before to spend it with us. The morning had proved tolerable, spent in the barn : but we were all tired of the barn ; and the dolls did not behave as they ought. What should we do ? We wandered discontentedly through the house, and, hearing a voice in Aunt Mary's room, paused to listen. There she sat, not far from the open window, listening to the drip of the rain on the leaves, which had annoyed us so much. Her knitting was in her hand ; and she was repeating —

“ He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth.”

She heard our footsteps, and, turning round, smilingly asked us to come in. “ You don't like the rain, children,” she said : “ it has spoiled your plans. Now, I enjoy it very much. Perhaps you will when you reach my age. I wonder if I can do any thing for you.”

“ O Aunt Mary ! ” cried Grace and little sister Hepsa in a breath, “ if you would *only* tell us a story ! ”

“ That I will do, if you will give me time to collect my thoughts.” And presently Aunt Mary began as follows : —

“ When I was thirteen or fourteen years old, my father and mother were obliged to take a journey. They did

not wish to leave me at home; and so I was sent to Uncle Nathan Nevermind's to make a visit until their return. Uncle Nevermind lived nearer the city than we did, in a large town of perhaps ten thousand inhabitants. To me it was quite a city.

"My uncle had two daughters, — one a year older, and the other a year younger, than myself. The moment I saw them, I made up my mind that I should like best Hepsa, the younger. She looked very merry and good-natured; although I cannot say that her appearance was very tidy: for, when my father and mother and I went into the sitting-room, she came forward to speak to us with her shoes down at heel, her dress hooked so that one side was higher than the other, and her hair had not certainly had a visit from either brush or comb since early morning.

"Eunice, my other cousin, would have been more attractive to most persons. She had a pleasant though not a roguish face, and was very neatly dressed. I think she looked neater from contrast with Hepsa. She seemed to be ashamed of Hepsa's disorderly appearance; and I observed her, when she thought no one was looking, reforming the disagreement between the two sides of Hepsa's dress.

"'Come, Cousin Mary,' cried Hepsa, as soon as my father and mother had gone, and I was beginning to feel like a stranger in a strange place, — 'come, Cousin Mary, and see our rooms. I wanted you to sleep with me, and so did Eunice; but mother said you might try us both a week, and then decide. Eunice gave me my turn first; and I know you will want to be in my room always, because Eunice, though the dearest sister in the world, is, between you and me, a little bit of an old maid.'

"Certainly it was no old maid that inhabited the apart-

ment whose door Hepsa now flung open. The wash-basin was in a *chair* ; the pitcher on the mahogany bureau, with a pool of water at its base ; some soiled clothing lay in the middle of the room ; the closet-floor was garnished by heaps of old shoes ; and, while the mantel-piece held the comb and brush, the bed was strewn with dresses, which had been pulled from the pegs in the closet, and not replaced.

“ ‘It looks rather crazy here, Mary. But never mind : this is a place where you can do just as you please. I’ll clear up a little, so that you may have a place to put your things.’

“The clearing-up consisted in kicking the shoes farther into the corner of the closet, giving me room for a similar heap if I chose to make it, and hanging two or three dresses, often a soiled one over a clean one, on the same peg, that I might be accommodated. I shall not try to tell you how she rummaged and thrust away, in order to give up to me one of the drawers in her bureau. She never thought of replacing pitcher and basin ; but, when I had occasion to use them, she cried, —

“ ‘Oh ! I used up the last drop of water this morning, trying to make my hair look decent.’ And, seizing the pitcher, away she ran with it to the kitchen, and soon returned with the water.

“ ‘Is that the bell to wake us up,’ I asked of Hepsa, the next morning, as I heard one rung at the foot of the stairs.

“ ‘Yes,’ answered Hepsa, in a sleepy tone : ‘but never mind ; there’s time enough. I’m going to have another nap.’

“I rose immediately, and was nearly dressed, when a gentle tap was heard on the door. I opened it ; and there stood Eunice. ‘Why, Cousin Mary, are you up already?’

she said, in a tone expressive of much pleasure. 'Mother sent me to call Hepsa, and to tell you, that, if you were tired, you must lie still, and get some more rest. Come, sister,' she added, going towards the bed, and taking Hepsa by the hand: 'are you not ashamed to let Mary be so much more active than you?'

"After a few moments spent in trying to rouse her sister, Eunice left the room; and, in about five minutes more, a bell rang.

"'Oh, dear!' yawned Hepsa, springing up; 'what shall I do? That's the bell for prayers; and I know I shan't be dressed till they are all through; and father will be so angry! Wait a minute, Mary dear, there's a good child.' And Hepsa began to dress.

"'You've no white skirt on,' I cried, as she put a muslin dress over a dark petticoat.

"'Oh, never mind trifles now!' she cried; and, *after* her dress was on, she ran to the stand to wash. 'I can't find my tooth-brush,' she exclaimed. 'Never mind, I can do without it for once.' And so, half washed, half combed, and her clothes literally *flung* on, Hepsa descended to the dining-room. Do you wonder that her father drew back a little when she offered him her morning kiss?

"'It is almost school-time, Hepsa,—it wants only a quarter to nine; and I am going,' said Eunice, looking into Hepsa's room as she passed.

"'Never mind if it is,' responded Hepsa: 'I am going to finish what I am telling Mary.' Just as she finished, the school-bell, at five minutes before nine, began to ring; and Hepsa started up,—

"'There! I must go.'

"'But your dark skirt, Hepsa; and your spencer is all torn!' I exclaimed, in dismay.

"'Oh, never mind, Mary! I hope I shan't meet mo-

ther anywhere; for she will send me back to change my dress, and won't give me an excuse for tardiness.'

"How it fared with Hepsa in school, I will not pretend to say. I only know, that, out of school, one day was a fair sample of all the rest. 'Never mind' seemed to be her watchword, her motto. She made it an excuse for carelessness, for slatternliness, for negligence in every form; and nothing appeared to her so great a hardship as to be obliged to conform, in any particular, to habits of neatness and order.

"One morning, when the girls were at school, my aunt said to me, 'You have noticed, of course, Mary, how disorderly and careless Hepsa is; and perhaps you wonder that we do not reprove her for these faults. The truth is, that we have tried reproof and correction of every kind, without the slightest effect; and now we are making an experiment. We let her go on just as she chooses in these respects, thinking that she cannot fail to meet with some mortifying circumstance, which shall open her eyes to the extent of the evil, and shall make her set seriously about correcting it. I do not believe you will be sorry to move into Eunice's room to-morrow.'

"And indeed I was very glad to make the change. Two or three times, articles of mine had fallen into the confused mass of Hepsa's possessions; and then she disliked very much to look for them; and I, of course, could not do this myself. Then, too, it was very distasteful to me to share such an ill-arranged, disorderly apartment.

"'Why, Cousin Eunice,' I exclaimed, 'your room is a great deal larger than Hepsa's!'

"'Oh, no, Mary! they are of precisely the same size. But neither mother nor I can convince Hepsa that she would have more room if she were to put her bed in the same position as mine.'

"What a comfort it was to dress and undress in Eunice's neat chamber! Every thing was in its proper place. A bag, nailed to the inside of the closet door, and nicely constructed of little pockets, contained her shoes; and she produced another, which she lent me for mine. She afforded me two or three drawers; for her clothes, being smoothly folded, did not require half a dozen drawers to contain what was easily compressed into three.

"Now I must tell you, that, among my faults, I had that of making mountains out of molehills: not an uncommon one among children; but one that will result in much unhappiness, if not corrected. It so happened, that, on the first night of my removal to Eunice's room, in shutting a drawer, I jammed my finger. The pain was quite severe for a few minutes; and I began to make a very unnecessary crying and noise.

"'Oh, never mind, Mary!' said Eunice. 'Here is some arnica to bathe your finger. Do you know, that, when I jam my fingers, I always think of those horrible thumbkins that were invented by the Inquisition to torture people.' As I had never heard of the thumbkins, I was soon interested in Eunice's description of them, and forget entirely my own injury.

"Several days passed by, every new one confirming the satisfaction I felt in my new quarters. One day, my aunt gave some sewing to us all. 'Oh, dear!' I cried, 'see my stint! I never can get so much done. I am sure my mother would not have given you such a long seam, if you had been staying with us.' — 'Never mind,' said Hepsa, 'you can whisk it off fast enough.' (I thought it was 'never-mind' sewing, when I saw it a few hours after.)

"'Never mind,' said Eunice. 'Don't be troubled about the length. Don't think of it at all, and the work will be done before you know it.' And then Eunice measured

her work with mine; and we were so interested to find who would do it the most quickly and neatly, that it *was* done before I could have thought I could accomplish half. A few days after this, Eunice, Hepsa, and I were going to make a visit to an observatory near. As we stood at the door, equipped for our walk, my aunt came towards us, and said, —

“‘I can’t let both my daughters go to walk: for Mrs. Carey has sent me word that she is coming here to tea; and I gave Bridget leave to go and see her mother, and she set out an hour ago. One of you will be obliged to stay, and attend a little to domestic matters; for it will not be polite in me to leave my visitor.’

“‘I knew that Hepsa liked to bustle round, to get tea, and to set the table, as much as Eunice disliked to do these things, and expected, of course, that she would remain at home. There was a moment’s pause; and then Eunice, finding that Hepsa was not inclined to give up her walk, said, ‘Never mind, girls. Go without me. You will want to go again, I know; and then I can go with you.’

“‘I began seriously to think on the ‘never-mind’ that was used by my two cousins in such different ways. Eunice’s was never mind *me*. It was an unselfish never-mind. It bade her not to vex herself about trifles, or to grumble about what could not be helped. Hepsa’s was ‘never-mind’ duty. It suffered her to yield to the most frivolous temptations; and carelessness and negligence characterized her whole life.

“‘My visit at my uncle’s was productive of much good to me. Whenever I was tempted to be self-indulgent, I thought of Cousin Hepsa’s ‘never-mind;’ and when I began to fret and be troubled about little things, or to be selfish, I remembered Cousin Eunice’s. Whenever, now, I see any of my little nieces careless or selfish or disorderly or

fretful, I think, 'She ought to make a visit at Uncle Never-mind's.'"

"I like that story very much, Aunt Mary," cried Grace.

"And I!" "And I!" exclaimed Hepsa and myself. "I think," said Grace, "that 'The Two Never-minds' would be a good motto; and I mean to put it up on my chamber-wall at home."

"So will we," said my sister and I; and away we went in search of pen, ink, and paper for our purpose. And when the mottoes had been written, and ours fastened to the wall, the tea-bell rang. The rainy afternoon was at an end.

EDITOR.

A TALK ABOUT SPIDERS.

SPIDERS differ in their internal structure and outside form from insects proper. Their feet are always eight in number, instead of six, as in other insects; their eyes are eight, and sometimes, but very rarely, six. These eyes are not movable, as the eyes of animals generally, but firmly fixed. The nature and number of the eyes of a spider teach us a beautiful lesson. The eyes not being movable, more than two are required, or the spider would not be able to see as easily as other animals. The difference in the *quality* of the eyes is made up in the *quantity*. Nature is always true to herself, because the God who made nature is an all-wise Being; and we see the marks of his wisdom in such little things as the eyes of a poor little despised spider.

Spiders are noted for the webs they spin; and I will

inform my little curious friends how this is done. Spiders are provided with organs at the hinder part of the body, for the purpose of spinning a delicate silk thread. With these organs, which are called *spinnerets*, they spin their webs. The web does not issue from these spinnerets in one thread. If we look at the spinnerets through a microscope, we shall see them studded with regular rows of minute, hair-like points; and those are so small, that there are about a thousand on each spinneret. Every little hair is a tube, through which the substance which forms the thread is pressed. After leaving the fine hair tubes, all the little threads unite in one. All this, again, is most wisely ordained; as, by this means, the thread formed out of all the little ones is much stronger, dries quicker, and is more easily attached to the desired object in making the web. As it is computed that each spinneret has about one thousand apertures, or holes, and as each spider has five spinnerets, each thread of the spider is made up of five thousand separate fibres. To give an idea of how very small is the thread of the full-grown insect, it has been computed that an ordinary human hair is as large as ten thousand. But there are some spider-threads smaller than these! Young spiders begin to spin as soon as they leave the egg; and how very fine must be the thread which is drawn from the minute apertures in the spinnerets of insects whose bulk does not equal that of a single spinneret of the mother! A naturalist, called Leuwenhock, calculates, that, when the young spider first begins, four hundred of them are not larger than one of full growth; and we may therefore presume that four millions of the smallest threads they spin do not exceed in bulk a single human hair.

There are several sorts of spiders, some of which we will now mention and describe. The geometric or net-working

spider is well known, as it may be seen in its web hanging on almost every bramble and bush. In making this web, the spider makes a very strong thread; and, after finding that it is strong enough, it proceeds to complete the rest of the framework. In making the net, it measures the distance with its little limbs. The web, when it is completed, is found to be beautifully proportioned. All the threads are in exact distances one from the other, as if rule and compass had been used with the greatest correctness.

One evening, I watched a small spider weaving his net. It was circular; and he worked from the centre, extending lines to the circumference, measuring the distance with his body. In forty minutes the delicate fabric was finished, for beauty and correctness defying all competition of art. I now agitated the web by blowing upon it, taking care to keep out of sight; and presently, finding the breeze stronger than calculated for, the spider proceeded to attach stay-lines from the centre to the tree, twisting and tightening with the skill of a sailor rigging a jury-mast. The net being thus made steady, he returned to his nest. The nest is generally formed like a purse, under a leaf, or in one corner, and is so connected with every line of silk, that the slightest touch or motion is instantly telegraphed from any part of the spider's dominions to the private residence of the weaver-king.

When the common house-spider purposes to form a web, she generally chooses a hole or a corner of the room. Having fixed on the spot, she attaches one end of the thread to the wall by applying her spinneret, and then passes to the other side, the thread following her as she goes along. After fixing her thread on the opposite side, she returns, and then passes to and fro, until as many threads are made as she considers necessary, when she

begins to cross them with other threads. Thus are formed the snares designed to entangle flies and other small insects. But, besides this large web, she generally weaves a small cell for herself, where she lies quiet and concealed, waiting for her prey.

Another very curious species is the mason-spider. It is generally found in the south of France. A good idea may be formed of it and its house from the accompanying picture. When the mason-spider begins to build her house, she selects a place bare of grass. She builds a gallery about a foot in depth. Sometimes it is deeper, at other times not so deep, and varying in form like those represented. She lines the little gallery with a coating of silk, which she glues to the walls. The door is circular, and bound together with threads. When the spider is at home, and the door opened by an intruder, she pulls it inward. And, even when half opened by the human hand, she sometimes snatches it fast ; but, when she is foiled in this, retreats to the bottom of her den, and tries to conceal herself.

This species of the spider closes the entrance of its retreat with a door formed of particles of earth, and closely resembling the surrounding ground. This door, or rather valve, is united by a silken hinge to the entrance, at its upper side ; and is so well balanced, that, when pushed up, it shuts again by its own weight. In the forests of Brazil, we once met with a most interesting little spider, which sheltered itself in the same manner. Its case was suspended in the middle of the web. Upon being disturbed, the little creature ran to it with swiftness. No sooner had it gained its retreat than the door closed, as if by a spring, and left us in silent admiration, too great to allow us to capture the ingenious little creature for our collection.

Some spiders are aquatic, or water-spiders ; and they

spin a cup-like web, which answers the purpose of a diving-bell. They then go under water, and feed on the insects the water contains. They can exist several days under water; but, in summer, they generally rise two or three times in an hour for air.

The means which spiders employ to travel from one place to another are very curious. When the insect is inclined to change its situation, it hangs itself by a thread, and, turning itself toward the wind, shoots out other threads from behind, which are carried about by the passing breeze until they take hold of some object. When the spider finds that the webs have attached themselves, which it learns by pulling the threads with its feet, it uses them as bridges to pass to the place where the threads are fixed. It has been a matter of wonder to most people how spiders could throw these threads over roads or rivers, or from tree to tree; but the thing is easily explained when we consider how easily the little insect can make its silken thread, how very light it is, and with what ease it can be wafted by the breeze. If we fasten a stick upright in the centre of a pan of water, so that it be quite isolated, a gossamer spider, placed upon the stick, will be enabled to escape dry-footed, by shooting off a line to some distant tree or wall, and, by this, crossing the water in safety. These serial threads some have believed to be directed by electricity, or, like the quills from the porcupine, by muscular action; others entertain the more modern belief, that the gossamer is borne upon the air until it touches some object, which, from its glutinous nature, it adheres to. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

EMILY.

IN the spring after my disappointment with Henrietta Carlisle, I caught myself often sighing, amid the beauty that surrounded us, to think that, among the many who were doomed to city life, with tastes, and perhaps absolute cravings, for the country, I did not know some young person who would thankfully accept an invitation to pass the summer with us. I did not care much about it on my own account; for I am too much of a busybody to be very dependent on the society of anybody but my husband, though I do like young folks. But it seemed to me too bad that we should have so much enjoyment all to ourselves: there was enough to share with many; and I felt as if it were selfish not to make some exertion, or even some sacrifice, for the purpose.

The fancy grew into a conviction of duty; so my indulgent husband laid down his pruning-knife one day, and took up the pen. He wrote to a cousin of his, a clergyman in Philadelphia; told him exactly how we were situated, and what we should like to do. In a fortnight we had an answer. He said that in his parish there was a family who had been wealthy, had used their prosperity wisely and well, but were now in straitened circumstances. The second daughter had been one of the teachers in a large city boarding-school for the last year: but she was now much out of health, needing only, as he thought, rest and change of air; and he felt sure, from an intimate acquaintance, that she would never make us regret having extended our hospitality to her.

Nothing could have promised better. An invitation to Miss Emily Vaughan was despatched at once through our

reverend cousin. It was promptly accepted; and we took a first and favorable impression of the young lady from the very wording of her letter. It was short and simple, but gracefully indicated her sense of an unexpected and timely kindness. Very sagacious, however, through my former experience, I determined to defy the malice of disappointment by expecting nothing. What literary lady was it — Miss Carter, I think — who wrote an ode to Disappointment? I could not do that, even were I a poet. I fully believe disappointments are “sent for our good,” as we are told, and would not refuse my share of them if I could; but my heart shrinks from them just as the top of my head does from a cold shower-bath. So I determined to have no manner of anticipations about our new guest; and, for the last fortnight before her arrival, I do not think I talked about her more than half the time, — at least, my husband said so.

She was to arrive on the 20th of June. On the 19th, it grew cloudy; the wind rose; and I kept wondering whether she would come if it should storm, and whether it would storm. And the last words I dolefully murmured before I fell asleep, as the wind whistled through the silver poplars before the door, were, “We shall not see Emily Vaughan to-morrow.”

The morning was ominous; dull masses of cloud swept on leaden wings across the heavens, and the waves had put on their white caps. Still the tempest did not come; and Mr. Temple went off in the ferry-boat with the chaise and old Gray.

The storm graciously delayed its coming. Again the pretty bedroom was aired and ready, with a bouquet of wild-flowers on the bureau, which I placed there with mingled hope and fear as to its reception. Again I sat with the spy-glass at the window in the west gable; and in

due time old Gray with the chaise came down the hill on the opposite shore; and I even fancied there was some unusual elasticity in his gait. Remember, I have implied that I was not sentimental, but have not said that I was unimaginative.

Straight to the landing came the travellers. In an instant my husband and a slight female figure appeared at the water's edge, while the chaise was led into the boat, and then they took their seats. There were no other passengers. The sea was decidedly rough. As the boat approached the island, I could perceive that even old Gray fidgeted a little; and Mr. Temple was patting him, while still chatting with his young companion, whose deep bonnet, turned towards him so frequently, indicated that the conversation did not languish on her side. "Sensible bonnet!" thought I; "very proper gray travelling dress!" Then I saw them both laughing heartily when a saucy great wave dashed his feathers in their faces; and Emily actually clapped her hands when a screaming sea-bird dived for his early dinner within a few feet of the ferry-boat. "Good signs!" thought I, as I descended to the piazza, my hopes rising fast. Hero ran, at the first sound of the chaise-wheels, to jump his welcome round old Gray's nose; and I did not call him back.

The first glance at Emily Vaughan showed me a small, plain girl, who did not look more than sixteen, though she was in reality nearly seventeen. Her cheek was pale, evidently from ill-health, her features large, and her form somewhat bent. But, at the second glance, I saw animated, intelligent eyes, white teeth, and such an honest, warm-hearted expression, that I could discern only the good soul beaming through. I was completely at ease in a moment. A low, pleasant voice greeted me; and, while the quietness of her manners indicated the refinement of her early asso-

ciations, there was enthusiasm in the delight she expressed with every thing about her. She had enjoyed the little voyage more than all; and now the rose-bush at the door, glowing with half-blown buds, was not passed without an admiring comment. Hero came in, looked inquiringly into the stranger's face, liked what he discovered there, wagged his tail, was patted on the head, and a mutual friendship was instantaneously established. We went up stairs; and, as we entered the bedroom, Emily's pleased exclamations gladdened my heart.

"How pretty! how comfortable! And that cast from Thorwaldsen! Oh, Mrs. Temple, you don't know how happy it makes me to see that! We had one in fine Parian before father failed, and it was always my delight. And that 'young Raphael'! One just like it always hung in my chamber as long as I can remember any thing. It does seem too good for me to find these things here." And then, turning to the bureau, she seized eagerly on the wild-flowers. "Columbines and violets! I have not seen any this long while, not for three or four years, I have been so much confined to the city in spring. Is it not late for them?"

I explained to her that our seasons were later than those in Pennsylvania, and that I had found these by careful searching in shaded places. "It was very kind in you!" She said no more; but something like a tear in those bright eyes showed that no token of kindness was wasted on that heart. Perhaps there was a memory, too, of the days when she had gathered the columbines for herself in the dells about her father's beautiful country-seat. He had failed, and given up all to his creditors, when she was about thirteen.

My pride — innocent pride, I trust — was gratified most of all when I threw open the blinds of her east window.

She stood for a few moments in silent surprise ; and then, putting her hands earnestly together, said softly, "I shall get well here. I thank God for such a sight!" The clouds had lifted somewhat ; and the sunshine, streaming through a break, glittered on the crested waves, and the white sails of a large schooner coming in from the broad ocean before the east wind. I had gazed from that window a hundred times, but I never enjoyed the fine view more ; for I saw it with her eyes, and my own too. I understood the perfect refreshment and delight it must afford to one capable of appreciating it, especially one to whom an ocean-view was a novelty.

But she was evidently not strong, and very weary ; so, with a little urging, she was induced to lie down. But the travelling-dress, cheap in material but nicely made, must first be hung up in the closet, and the simple toilet apparatus neatly arranged.

At dinner-time, she appeared at the first summons, with a bright smile that seemed to light up the little room appropriated to our meals. It had begun to drizzle, and it drizzled faster and faster, till it became a heavy rain, with great blasts of wind ; in short, it had evidently set in for a sturdy north-easter. We could not encourage her to hope for any thing else ; nor was there any need of it, for she seemed perfectly contented. We had an open fire-place in the parlor, and a cheerful wood-fire was soon blazing there ; and instead of groaning over the necessity of a fire in June, and running to the window every half-hour to see if the rain had abated, she produced some needlework, — I verily believe it was a set of collars for a younger brother, — and in half an hour was perfectly at home. The open wood-fire was another charming novelty ; and she thought herself most fortunate in having this opportunity of enjoying the comfort of one. Mr. Temple and

his newspaper kept us company ; and, to me, it was a very short afternoon. We talked over new books and old ones. She was not a bit pedantic, though she read Latin, French, Italian, and German, and was familiar with the best English authors ; and Mr. Temple was delighted to find somebody who could smile when he ventured a smart quotation from Horace in some jocose application. I myself am a know-nothing as to languages, though a great reader of English. But with all my favorite authors, from Spenser to Longfellow, she had more than a speaking acquaintance : for, as I afterwards found, she could have recited their finest passages for hours ; and this accomplishment she had set about acquiring, when scarcely twelve years old, for the sake of a blind friend. So it was before the dark days came upon her that she had learned to think of others. With all this literary talk, she had a number of sensible questions to put concerning the island, the "climate, productions, number of inhabitants, &c.," as the geographies say. She was much interested in a sock I was knitting, for it was an operation she had never witnessed, strange as it may seem to some of my readers ; and as the dusk came on, and still the knitting-needles worked away, glittering in the firelight, she was perfectly delighted with my promise to teach her the mighty mystery. So it was settled that she should read a little Cicero every day with Mr. Temple, and begin a pair of socks next day ; and the first pair she accomplished were to be his. She wanted to revive her Latin for the sake of her youngest brother ; for, while English teacher at Mrs. B.'s school, she had little time for her own private studies.

She professed very little skill in music, but went readily to the piano when we requested it, and charmed us, for an hour before we separated, with simple sweet ballads, to which her voice and powers of expression were well

adapted. She said she had had no piano or master for several years; but had taken every opportunity of practising a little, so that, next winter, she might teach the rudiments to her six-year-old sister, who gave promise, as she said, of an uncommon talent for music.

It was very pleasant to hear her allusions to her family; not obtrusive, but frequent enough to show how constantly and tenderly she was thinking of them. Ten o'clock came too soon for me. Henrietta Carlisle had sat up to family prayers only once during her stay with us; usually escaping to her pillow at such an early hour as to betray the irksomeness of her life. But I shall never forget the look of holy pleasure which came over the countenance of Emily Vaughan when she saw Mr. Temple opening the large family Bible. Now I was satisfied. I saw at the bottom of her heart the root of those charming qualities which had been winning us to her for several hours. L. J. H.

(To be concluded.)

AN HOUR IN CHANCERY LANE.

DURING my visit to the city of London, nothing afforded me so much pleasure as a stroll through those localities rendered famous on account of the distinguished characters who were connected with them a long time ago. Among these localities was Chancery Lane. This is quite a short lane, a thoroughfare hardly deserving the name of street; and yet it has been the theatre of great events. I remembered it as figuring largely in thrilling events of history. It seemed to me, so familiar had I been from childhood

with its name and some of its principal objects of interest, as if I were acquainted with it before, and had only returned to it after the lapse of years, instead of visiting it then for the first time. You may be sure I was not long in London before I strolled through Chancery Lane. It so happened that this diminutive street — *streetlet* we might call it in English, imitating the Italians, who have coined a word signifying a little street — was only a few minutes' walk from my lodgings, which were on the Strand, not far from Fleet Street.

I was not a little surprised as well as gratified to find still standing here, as well as elsewhere in London, so many of those edifices which have been famous on account of the incidents connected with them. If these edifices had been situated in our country, they would have been torn down centuries ago, to make room for stores, hotels, and splendid dwellings. We don't seem to possess a very large share of veneration either for antiquity or the antique. But the case is far different with the English.

Chancery Lane runs from Fleet Street into Holborn, and so it has run time out of mind. It is situated in a very old part of the city. If Shakspeare ever visited London when he was a little boy, — which is quite unlikely, I fancy, — no doubt he went through Chancery Lane, in his stroll after the lions. It is as old as the first Edward; and how much older, I will not undertake to say. But it must have presented a very different appearance in Edward's time; for, in the middle of the thirteenth century, history tells us that the lane was so foul and miry that it was for a time closed up, to prevent people receiving any harm in attempting to pass through it.

You have no doubt heard of Lincoln's Inn. This celebrated inn of Chancery is situated on Chancery Lane. It is built of brick, and bears the marks of having been

erected at a very remote period. You must know why this establishment is called an *inn*. You would suppose, perhaps, that it was a hotel or tavern. Such is not the case, however. It is not now, nor was it ever, occupied as a house of entertainment. It is an *inn of court*. In England, an inn of court is a sort of college, in which students of law reside and are instructed. Cowper, you may recollect, was once a student of law at an inn of court, called the Inner Temple. Lincoln's Inn was so named after Henry de Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, whose city residence, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, occupied a considerable portion of the present edifice.

The celebrated Ben Jonson, who was a mason, you know, as well as a poet, assisted in building a part of this edifice, at a later day than the time when the gate-house was constructed. This wonderful man, we are told, always did his work with a trowel in one hand, and a book in the other, or under his arm. I could not help fancying, while looking upon this ancient pile, that I saw some of the identical bricks which the literary bricklayer placed there. I might have been mistaken, to be sure; but nobody shall rob me of the luxury of believing that I had a sight of these very bricks.

Among the list of students in Lincoln's Inn may be found some of the most distinguished persons that England ever produced. Sir Thomas More received instruction here. So did the famous Oliver Cromwell, the hard-headed, conscientious, far-seeing man, who overthrew a monarchy, and changed the genius of one of the strongest governments on the face of the earth. Here, too, Sir Matthew Hale, one of England's greatest jurists, received the first rudiments of his legal education. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Mansfield, William Pitt, Lord Erskine, Canning, and Brougham, were also educated here. Cromwell's

Secretary, Thurloe, had lodgings here for twelve years; and it was here, by the merest accident, long after his death, that the "Thurloe Papers," which have made such a noise in the world, were discovered. A clergyman, during the reign of King William, had rented the rooms which Thurloe had once occupied, and he accidentally found these papers in a false ceiling of a garret. The papers were transferred to the High Chancellor of England, and afterward bound up in some sixty folio volumes. They are exceedingly important, on account of the light they throw on the history of England during the commonwealth.

There is a chapel connected with this inn, called Lincoln's-Inn Chapel. It is built in Gothic style, and is rather tastefully finished inside; though the figures of the twelve apostles, on different windows, are, I think, but poorly executed. In this chapel some remarkable men have preached. Among them were Tillotson (afterward Archbishop of Canterbury), Dr. Warburton, and Bishop Heber. Great men were buried here too, — Secretary Thurloe, for example; and William Prynne, the famous Puritan, who wrote so learnedly and so earnestly against the "unloveliness of love-locks," and who had his ears cut off, by the first Charles and Archbishop Laud, because he meddled in politics too much to suit their fancy. How I should like to know what was the inscription on poor Prynne's tombstone! But it was obliterated a great while ago, and nobody can enlighten us now.

Only a few doors from Fleet Street, they show us the identical house where Izaak Walton, the celebrated angling divine, was born. It had a great deal of interest for me; though not as much as another house, not far from it, in which, on the 13th day of April, 1593, the great Lord Strafford was born. I can never think of this man with-

out emotion ; and now, as I write, I can scarcely suppress my tears as I think of his sad fate. It was his misfortune to live in times of great political excitement. He was high in favor with Charles I. Charles became unpopular with the people. It was believed that Strafford was the author of most of the oppressive acts of the sovereign ; and it cannot be denied that he did counsel some very strong measures. The people tried to bend him to their own will. They could not succeed. "If he will not bend," the stern Puritans thought, "then he must break." He was accused of high treason before the House of Lords. At that tribunal he pleaded his own cause ; "and never man," says a historian of the time, "acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, consistency, and eloquence, or with greater wisdom, judgment, and temper." His defence, indeed, was so strong, that the original charges were abandoned, and a new bill substituted. He was a doomed man. After the bill passed, the despicable, intriguing, and faithless Charles, who was the author of all his minister's troubles, and who had solemnly promised to save him at every hazard, — what one of his promises or his oaths was ever worth a pin ? — signed the bill of attainder, and afterward consented to his death. Poor Strafford ! Well might he exclaim, as he is reported to have done, when the news came to his ears that the fatal bill was signed, "Put not your trust in princes !" — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE TALLOW-TREE. — This tree is found in China. It is called tallow-tree because a substance is obtained from it resembling tallow, and which is used for the same purposes. It grows from twenty to forty feet in height.

**"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS; FOR THEY
SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD."**

THINK what a privilege this is! "That ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven." But are not we all his children? Yes, in one sense we are: he made us, and he preserves us all. But to be children in the truest, highest sense of the term, implies a resemblance in life and character: the heart and spirit of the child must be like that of the parent. And this is the sense in which the word is used in this passage, — the peace-makers "shall be called the children of God," because they are his in spirit and in life; true imitators of his beloved Son, the Prince of Peace; and therefore worthy to be acknowledged by him for his dear children. Among all the beatitudes, there is none which, fully comprehended, conveys a richer meaning, or excites a warmer desire for its attainment; leading us to exclaim with the apostle, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God!"

Katie Wilson was one who deserved this blessing more than any other person I ever saw. She was but a little girl, and had never thought of herself as a *peace-maker*; yet she was one, in as true and holy a sense as the wisest king or profoundest statesman that ever kept his country from the horrors of war. Go where she would, at home or at school, her influence was felt: it was a pleasure to live in the same house with her. She had a number of brothers and sisters, some older, some younger, than herself; but all, as you may suppose, loved her dearly. Let us take a peep into her home, and see how her influence is exerted there.

"Katie, Katie," cried little Harry one day, "I wish you

would keep Tommy from plaguing me so! I never can have any thing of my own but he wants to get it."

Katie put down her book in a moment, though she was in the middle of a very pretty story. "What is the matter, Harry?" said she.

"Why, Tommy keeps taking away my ball," said Harry, half crying.

"I don't," said Tommy. "It isn't his ball; it's mine."

"Let me see the ball," said Katie. Tommy handed it to her. "It is a very pretty one. Now, whose is it?"

"Mine!" cried both the children at once.

"Why," said Katie, with a pleasant laugh, "how can that be?"

"It is mine," said Harry. "Aunt Mary gave it to me."

"Don't you remember what she said when she gave it to you?" said Katie. "I think I remember."

"She said," said Harry, looking a little ashamed, "that it was for me and Tommy to play with."

"But Harry wouldn't play with me," said Tommy, "and so I ran off with it."

"I don't care," retorted Harry: "I won't play with you."

"Hush, Harry!" said his sister; "don't talk so loud. Now, what are we to do about this?" The boys were silent. "I wonder," she continued, turning the ball over in her hand, "whether I could not make one like it. Should you like better to have two balls?"

"Yes," said they both.

"Well," said Katie, "I'll see what I can do; but I hope you are not going to quarrel about this one any more. I should be sorry that Aunt Mary should know that her pretty present made two such cross little faces as I saw just now." The boys both looked down. "Now, see if you can't play together with this one, without speaking

cross once, till I get the other ball done. I'll go and begin it now; but it will take me some days to finish it."

"Which of us shall have it when it is done?" said Harry.

"Well, you shall decide which is the prettier," said Katie; "and the one who has been most good-natured shall have that one."

"But we both mean to be good-natured!" cried Harry.

"Well, then," said she, laughing, "the one who can catch the ball oftenest shall choose. But mind you don't get cross again, or I shall have to keep it myself." So saying, she picked up her book, and ran into the house to begin her labor of love; while her little brothers commenced an animated and good-natured game.

In ways like this, without any attempt at scolding or lecturing, Katie put a stop to many a dispute and cross feeling among the younger children. She was always ready to do something to please them, to turn their thoughts from the subject of dispute, or arouse better feelings. But some of her brothers and sisters were older than she was, and difficulties would occasionally arise between them and the little ones; for we all know that older boys and girls are apt to tyrannize, and younger ones are very jealous of their rights. In such cases, Katie's quiet, gentle tones, and own spirit of self-sacrifice, would check the rising quarrel, and bring both parties to an accommodating state of mind.

"Sarah," said her older sister Jenny one day to one of the younger girls, "you can't practise before breakfast any more: I want the piano then myself." — "Upon my word!" said Sarah: "you speak as if you were my mistress! I don't see why I should not have the same time I always have had." The discussion went on for some time: but we will not repeat it; for cross words look very badly

written down in black and white. But you must not think these children were any worse than others. They only wanted their own way, and so would say things sometimes which, when we read them, sound harsh and unkind; and so they are. But I fear, my young friends, that you often *say* such words, and think no more of them. Yet each one leaves its trace upon the soul, and helps, more than you think, to soil the purity of that book in which your life-record is kept. At last Sarah angrily left the room, saying, "I'll ask mother whether you're to have every thing your own way because you are the oldest." On the stairs she met Katie. "Why, Sarah," said she, "what's the matter?" — "Jenny says I shan't practise before breakfast," replied Sarah, in a complaining tone. "Why not?" — "Because she wants to herself. But I mean to ask mother" —

"I would not trouble mother: tell me. Why cannot you practise as well after school?" — "Because I don't want to have to come right home from school always. Nobody does," said Sarah, rather sullenly.

"Well, then, after breakfast, — from eight to nine?"

"That is your time." — "No matter: I can do it after school, if that time will suit you." — "But I don't want you to give up to me," said Sarah. "I think Jenny" —

"Hush, hush!" said Katie, laughing. "You will oblige me very much if you will take my time. Then I shall never be hurried with my arithmetic lesson. I don't have half long enough time for it now. I will tell Jenny that she may have the piano before breakfast, — shall I?"

"If you please," said Sarah, who had now quite recovered from her passion. "But I wish Jenny would not speak so peremptorily."

"Oh! never mind that," said Katie. "I dare say older sisters always do; and I am sure Jenny is very obliging."

Have you forgotten how she staid at home from the sail last month because you and Harry were sick?"

"No," said Sarah: "she was very kind that day."

"Well, I will run and tell her." And off ran Katie, too happy to see Sarah looking pleasant again to care for the sacrifice she had made of her own convenience. "Sarah says you may have the piano before breakfast," said she, coming into the room where Jenny was sitting.

"Well, why couldn't she have said so before?" answered her sister.

"Oh, Jenny, don't speak so!" said Katie, appealingly. "I think Sarah is very good-natured; for I know she likes to practise before breakfast better than any other time: she has often told me so."

"I would not ask her to change," said Jenny; "but I must take my drawing-lesson at five now, and so I must alter my practising-hour." — "Did you tell Sarah that?" — "No," said Jenny, a little ashamed. "If you had, I don't believe she would have made any difficulty." — "Well, I will go and tell her now, and let her know that I am much obliged to her." This was all Katie wanted; and she did not say that she, too, had given up her own favorite time, for the sake of making peace.

I had thought of a number of other instances of Katie's peace-making spirit; but I have no time to tell them now. I have related these at some length, partly that you may see *how* it was that she was so successful. Some people want to settle quarrels, but, by trying to do it in a wrong way or with a wrong spirit, make them worse instead of better. A loving spirit, a habit of always seeing the *best* of every thing and everybody, and a willingness always to give up something yourself if necessary, are the best rules for proceeding, if you have a desire to obtain your share of the blessing, — "They shall be called the children of God."

M. M.

THE LITTLE SPINNER.

I SAT beside a cottage hearth :
 A wheel was standing near ;
 A little infant rolled it round,
 Then started back in fear.

Methought the mystic wheel of life
 Was whirled by that fair child ;
 And fast the ever-lengthening cord
 Was on the spindle piled.

At first the thread was smooth and white ;
 No spot nor wrinkle there :
 For innocence the wheel did turn
 For life's immortal heir.

Soon coarser grew the rolling thread,
 Uneven grew the skein ;
 And passion with its crimson dye
 Began to leave its stain.

And louder yet the spindle whirled,
 And quick the wheel flew round,
 And fast upon the spool of life
 Her thread the spinner wound.

She sang a fairy echo-song
 Which maidens love to sing :
 As turned the wheel, she little dreamed
 What magic it would bring.

The ever-sunny tinge of love
Intwined its golden hue ;
And sweeter then the maiden sang,
And soft the spindle flew.

A little space of iris dye,
Then dark the colors grew :
The spinner works with restless hand,
And tears the skein bedew.

The flaws grow thicker, and the rolls
Are broken here and there ;
The skein has lost its even gloss
Beneath the touch of care ; —

The marring knot of self is seen,
And doubt its mildew leaves :
So oft affliction strains the thread,
The weary spinner grieves.

But, lo ! the rolls are almost spun,
When Death, with ready knife,
Cuts off the band which binds the wheel :
Thus ends the thread of life.

Selected.

ADVENTURE ON THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

THERE were three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to the vast arch of unhewn rocks, with the almighty bridge over their everlasting

abutments when the morning-stars sang together. The little piece of sky, spanning their measureless piers, is full of stars, though it is mid-day. It is almost three hundred feet from where they stand up these perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key-rock of the vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressible by the little stream that runs from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their hearts, and their knives are in hand in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is the watchword; while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, — a name that shall be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of a boy to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands: but as he puts feet and hands into these gains, and draws himself carefully

to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled on that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in huge capitals, large and deep, into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker, till their voices are finally lost on his ear. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint from severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the cries, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands in the same niche with his feet, and retain his hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall, with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipated his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the fearful situation is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on; and there were hundreds standing in the rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting

that fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father's voice, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all here, praying for you. Keep your eyes towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down: his eyes are fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another niche is added to the hundreds that removed him from human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest place in that pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get over this over-hanging mountain.

The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital feeling is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with the ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade again strikes into the limestone.

The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under the lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge.

Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels, and his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the last gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his hand, and, ringing along the precipice, fell at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of near three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment. There! one foot swings off!—he is reeling, trembling, toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man, who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness came over him with the words "God! mother!" whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven. The tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws the lad up, and holds him in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such weeping and leaping for joy never greeted the ear of human being, so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

Harper's Magazine.

THOUGHTS FOR OCTOBER.

BEAUTIFUL, bright October! one of the choicest months of the whole year, — a month when the weather is neither too warm nor too cold for enjoyment, and when every one is disposed to be happy, and to look forward with delight to the pleasures of the coming winter, or backward with smiles at the recollections of the sports and relaxations of summer. October is a good month for *thinking*. The cool breezes and clear air brace the body, and make the mind active; and it is a fitting time, first, to look back upon what we have been doing during our summer rest; and, next, to consider in what manner we shall perform our winter's duties.

And first for the retrospect. Most of us, if we are inhabitants of the city, have returned from a longer or shorter sojourn in the country; and, if we are so favored as to live in the country, we may have taken a short journey, or have enjoyed the visits of some of our city friends. October finds us rejoicing in health. The roses have come back to pale cheeks, nerve and vigor to drooping limbs, and fresh animal spirits to our minds.

What have we been doing as regards our souls? Have they been suffered to fall into the idleness and ease which are sometimes necessary to the body, but never to the spirit? Has the fresh ocean breeze fanned our languid frames, and brought with it no thought of Him who has so wonderfully made the winds his ministers of health? Have we allowed the clouds and the sunshine, the varied forms of tree and flower, the beautiful gradations of light and shade, to minister only to our external senses, without a single mark upon our souls? Have we ever considered,

when our eyes have wandered delighted from mountain to valley, from hill to plain, from the green slopes of land to the level expanse of ocean, or to the leaping, dancing river, fringed with willows and alders, why was all this beauty, and what a debt of gratitude we owed to its Author? Have the bird-songs, which have wakened us from our slumbers, roused no corresponding song in our hearts to Him who watches alike the sparrow and the human creature? What answer will your consciences make to these questions?

And farther yet: if you have recognized, as we hope many of you have, God's hand in all you have seen and in all you have enjoyed; if he has spoken to you in the storms that have sent the ocean billows foaming and thundering upon the land, and in the quiet lake that slept among the hills,—then, by that very thought of God, you have recognized your duty to love and serve him.

It is not enough to have your hearts filled with grateful emotions. The religion of the feelings is but the commencement. If you allow yourselves to stop there, you will never make any true progress. Let the gratitude of thought expand into the gratitude of action. Let the sense of God's goodness to you impel you to do all in your power for his creatures.

October is the harvest-time of the year. The grain is gathered in, the fruits are plucked, the vegetables are housed. Let this fact also suggest thoughts to us. The Bible has many instances where the end of the world is compared to a harvest, the most prominent of which is the Saviour's beautiful parable. Does it ever occur to you, when looking on the ripened grain-fields, that "the angels shall gather the tares into bundles to burn them"? Do you ever ask yourselves, whether, in that day which shall search all hearts, you shall be found among the wheat? Does the laden fruit-tree, amply fulfilling the promise of

spring-time, ever remind you that you must ripen the fruits of your heart, and not suffer neglect and abuse to injure them? Do you ever say, "Thus would I flourish, so that my old age may be full of joy, and of blessings to others"?

Do you hope for a pleasant winter? Then let me say to you, that it lies very much in your own power whether it shall be one of enjoyment, or the reverse. A bright, cheerful spirit will make all things blessed. A spirit which is resolved to know and to do its duty cannot fail to be happy; or, if not happy, because God may see fit to appoint trials, peaceful and serene, which, whatever you may think now, is better than to be happy. Begin now, in this clear, fine atmosphere, which of itself is enough to make any one glad, to rejoice in the blessings of your lot. Do not select the disagreeables to grumble at; but find out whatever is agreeable, and look steadfastly at that. Gaze upon the dark cloud until you see its silver lining; and, higher and better still, if your eyes cannot discern that silver lining, learn to feel that it is there, and that some time or other, it may be soon, or it may not be for years, the bright side *will* be turned toward you. Then, whether at school or at home, your duties will turn to pleasures, and their faithful performance come at last to be more to you than the highest enjoyment which is not connected with service to God or to man.

EDITOR.

PRAGUE.

PRAGUE has a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and is situated in a valley, with the river Moldau running through it. You know it is the capital of Bohemia; and it is

memorable on many accounts. Bohemia became almost a Protestant country, and John Huss lived and preached here; but the Pope instigated the Emperor of Germany and others to put down Protestantism by force. The conflict was fierce; but, at the battle of White Hill, the Bohemians, under Frederick, their king, were defeated (1621), and soon after the conquerors executed a great many of the leaders of the Protestants. Thus Protestantism was *crushed out* in Bohemia. The square in which these murders were committed is called the Grosse Ring. On one side of it is the Town Hall; of which the old tower, its oriel window and quaint old clock, are relics of the former one, which was built about 1400. It was here that the corporation of Prague used to give their grand banquets. In more than one instance, the people have broken into it, and taken summary vengeance on obnoxious rulers by tumbling them out of the window; which operation has since been termed "Bohemian fashion." Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, is buried in the old Gothic church. The Jews occupy a quarter of the town by themselves: they have endured such cruel persecutions, that they have remained distinct here more than in most other places. Their streets are dirty enough; and, in riding through them, our senses were regaled with most offensive odors. They have an old synagogue, which they claim to be nine hundred years old.

There is a fine suspension-bridge across the Moldau. On one side of the stream rises the hill called Laurenzburg, up which the old wall was carried, a part of which is still seen. On this hill the pagan Bohemians are said to have celebrated their fire-worship. Farther up the stream is seen the citadel of Wyssehrad, whence the fabled Queen Libussa, the founder of Prague, used to precipitate her lovers into the river as soon as she got tired of them. Crossing the river, we come to the smaller portion of the

city; but it contains much of interest, many old palaces, &c.; among the latter is that of the celebrated Wallenstein. It is very extensive, and it is said that one hundred houses were pulled down to make room for it. His fortune was immense, almost fabulous. He kept three hundred horses, who fed out of marble cribs. He had six knights and six barons in constant attendance, with a body-guard of fifty men. Sixty pages of noble families waited on him. When he went from home, a small army accompanied him, — fifty carriages drawn by four or six horses, fifty wagons, fifty led horses, &c. He was generalissimo of the forces in the Thirty Years' War, and one of the greatest captains of the age; yet he died by assassination, connived at by the emperor, upon suspicion of treason. The suspicion was proved to be false; and then the emperor, as a salvo to his own conscience, ordered three thousand Masses to be said for his soul! Some few relics of the great man were shown us in the house. Another old palace, on a fine eminence, is the Hradschin, for centuries the residence of the kings of Bohemia. It is a vast and imposing pile of buildings. Near it is the old cathedral dedicated to St. Vitas. It was commenced in 1344, but never completed outwardly. It is a remarkable Gothic pile, and contains many curiosities: in it are the chapel and shrine of St. John Nepomuk, abounding in silver. There is a silver coffin, which is said to enclose one of crystal, in which is the saint's body; then there are silver angels, candelabra, &c., in all about four thousand pounds of silver! The story of this saint is briefly this: In 1383, the king, Wenceslaus IV., caused him to be thrown into the river because he refused to betray the secrets confided to him in confession by the queen. The spot whence he was thrown is marked by his statue. Over the water, for five days afterwards, five stars were seen flickering, which

continued to burn till the river was dragged and his body recovered. This was in 1383, but it was not till 1729 that he was canonized, and admitted into the calendar of saints; so there is still a chance for my friend Ranieri. You remember Ranieri, don't you, of Pisa memory? The cathedral at Pisa is dedicated to St. Ranieri. When I visited it, the next day was his anniversary, and consequently the great *fête* of Pisa. In the laudable spirit of obtaining all the valuable information I could, I asked the guide, a devout Catholic, some questions about this saint, never having heard his name before. He said he was a very good man; "but the fact is," said he, "his friends could never raise money enough to get him canonized." — "Surely," said I, "you do not mean to say that such honors are had for money?" — "To be sure I do," said he. "However, he was a very good man, and all call him saint." The reader may take this for what it is worth: I do not vouch for the fact. I only know the guide told me so. This St. John Nepomuk is the special patron of roads and bridges in all Catholic countries.

In this church are some precious relics too, — bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; a piece of the true cross.

In the Baumgarten, the people of Prague have a beautiful resort in the warm summer afternoons. Its shady walks are refreshing. Here we drove towards evening on Sunday afternoon, and found it filled with people, families sauntering about. In one part was a *café*, with hundreds of little tables, at which coteries were seated, — men, women, and children, — drinking their beer or tea or coffee, or eating ice, and listening to the music of a fine military band.

We recrossed by the old bridge, — a massive stone structure, begun in 1358: it is 1796 German feet long, and the longest in Germany. There are twenty-eight statues upon

its sides ; conspicuous among which is that of St. John Nepomuk, over the spot where he was cast into the river. At the east end of the bridge stands one of the old watch-towers. Then we drove up the Rossmarkt, the widest street we had seen in Germany. The bastions on this side form a beautiful promenade ; and here again were crowds of well-dressed people, promenading. — *Ladies' Repository.*

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NO. VI.

"Thou shalt not kill."

ANNIE lifted her head with a bright smile, as our mother took her accustomed seat in the heavily carved oaken library-chair, and held out her hand for the book.

"This is the shortest and easiest one yet, mother!" said she, animatedly. "I'm sure even you must think it is very easy for little girls like me to do no murder ; though yet, mother," continued the child, her face shadowing with a vague awe as she spoke, "there *have* been women who were murderers, — have there not? But it is so horrible!"

"It is horrible indeed, daughter, to think of any one of God's creatures daring to lift an impious hand against another ; especially to imagine a woman, who was once a fair and innocent girl, transformed by evil passions into a murderess : but, alas ! such things have been, and will ever be until the blessed time shall come when Christ's kingdom of love and peace shall be established in every heart. That is what you pray for, you know, Annie, when

you say, 'Thy kingdom come,' that every one shall acknowledge God as their Lord, and obey his divine commands. If every one loved him, there would be no more terrible wars which slaughter by wholesale, nor midnight murders in quiet homes, nor vengeful men lurking in secret places, waiting for blood. The poor heathen worshipper would no more prostrate himself beneath the wheels of his idol's car to be crushed into the dust; nor would the pagan mother leave her new-born babe to be trampled by wild beasts, or plunge it into the river, into the very jaws of the fierce alligator, in the blind hope of thus propitiating her god. No, Annie: when Christ's kingdom comes, there will be peace and love all over this troubled world. So you see how earnestly we should pray, 'Thy kingdom come.'"

"Yes, mother," said Annie, with a long sigh of pitying interest.

"But, my dear, to go back to your lesson, actual taking of life is not the only way in which this commandment may be infringed, though that is the most direct and awful mode. In the eye of the just, all-seeing God, who looks to the *motive* rather than to the deed, violent passions, bitter revenge, angry wishes, are almost, if not quite, as sinful as actual murder. Christ said, that 'whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment;' and, 'Whosoever shall say to his brother, 'Thou fool! shall be in danger of hell fire:' yet how often do we hear people, even children, even delicate and gentle little girls, call each other disgraceful names, flash angry and vengeful glances upon each other, and even raise their little hands in fierce and passionate blows! They do not remember that they are breaking the sixth commandment, when yet they say, 'I hate you! I wish you were dead!' and strike so furiously."

"O mother!" said Annie, in a low, ashamed voice, "I have seen such things at school; I have even quarrelled myself; but I never thought of its being so very, very wicked! I will try, mother, and never, never use angry words again!" She hid her face in mother's lap, and mother said, gravely, —

"I hope, daughter, you never have been very quarrelsome, and that you will be still less so in the future. Your little temper is rather prone to be quick and impatient; and you know God loves best those who are meek and poor in spirit. Nothing is more painful or dangerous, both to the possessor and all who come in contact with it, than a hasty and violent temper: it is like a volcano, ever ready to pour forth fire and smoke at the slightest disturbance. And it is so miserable and so sinful to be almost constantly irritated with some one; to feel as though we wished them ill or dead, or injured in some way, as I have known passionate people to be. I remember once witnessing a terrible display of temper in a young girl, only two or three years older than yourself, Annie, which had very nearly resulted in murder, and which left an ineffaceable impression upon all who beheld it.

"It was near the close of the winter session at school, and we were all eager in pursuit of the various prizes for deportment, improvement, &c. Isabel Grahame, who lived further from school than any other pupil, had, at the beginning of the term, made a playful resolve to win the medal for punctuality, which she said would be a greater triumph to her than any one else, as she had to take so long a walk; and, to every one's surprise and amusement, she had thus far kept her word, and was the only one of us who had no 'tardy mark.' Clara Sharpe, a classmate of Isabel's, had but one; and it was very evident that she was jealous of Isabel, and would gladly cause her to forfeit

her punctuality for once, at least, if she could. But April was here now, and May Day was the time for the prizes to be awarded. During the very last week, Isabel was one morning detained at home until much later than usual ; and accordingly, when she at length started, she proceeded at a most rapid pace. As she hurried through the oak-grove that surrounded the schoolhouse, she heard the distant tinkling of the warning bell, and quickened her steps ; when suddenly she came upon Clara, seated beneath a tree, leisurely reading. She looked up as Isabel passed.

“ ‘Why, what makes you in such a hurry ?’ asked she, pleasantly. ‘It isn’t near school-time yet.’ ”

“ ‘Isn’t it ? Then our clock must be wrong,’ answered Isabel, almost out of breath. ‘And wasn’t that the bell a moment since ?’ ”

“ ‘No, indeed ! The girls are all across the branch, gathering wild lilac and violets. I have finished my book, and was just going to carry my satchel into the schoolhouse, and go and join them. Shall I take yours, as you are so tired ? and, if you will rest here a moment, we will go together.’ ”

“ ‘Yes, thank you,’ said Isabel, giving Clara her basket, and throwing herself down upon the budding grass to wait for her return. Ten, twenty minutes passed, and still she did not come ; and at last she began to fear that all was not right. It surely must be after nine o'clock ; and there were no signs of the girls anywhere about. With a faint suspicion of treachery upon the part of her rival, Isabel sprang up, and walked rapidly toward the schoolhouse. We all sat studying busily, but looked up wonderingly as Isabel entered, it was so strange for *her* to be late ; and, besides, there was such a look of utter scorn, of subdued rage, upon her face, as, with one withering glance toward

the corner where Clara sat, she walked haughtily to her own. We all gathered round her at recess to inquire the cause; and, as she told the tale of meanness and falsehood, a murmur of scorn ran through our ranks. Just then, Clara came slowly from the house.

“‘There comes the liar now!’ exclaimed the enraged Isabel; and even Clara’s base spirit could not brook the epithet. She turned fiercely about, and denied the charge; and, as Isabel contemptuously re-iterated it with a smile of derision, the exasperated girl seized an inkstand from the window near which she stood, and hurled it with all her force towards Isabel’s head. She sprang aside, barely in time to save her life; and the heavy stand, dashing against the wall, shivered in a thousand pieces, one of which flew against Isabel’s cheek, cutting a slight gash, from which the blood trickled, to mingle its red hue with the showers of sable ink that had deluged her person. A cry of fright and horror rung amidst us, and Clara sprang away towards the woods. We gathered round Isabel, and dozens of busy handkerchiefs were offered to efface the traces of the scene. We were all extremely angry with Clara, and uttered bitter reproaches; until Isabel, who had been weeping passionately, looked up, and said, ‘Oh, don’t, girls! I forgive her; I am sure she is feeling dreadfully; and I was in the wrong too. Let us go look for her.’

“So we went and found her, flung upon the bank, weeping in a tempest of fear and remorse and passion. Isabel went up to her, and spoke so kindly, that though at first she was sullen, and refused all advances, she at length yielded to Isabel’s generosity, and, throwing her arms round her, prayed her forgiveness. It was magnanimously granted, and the whole thing kept secret; but she never seemed happy amongst us again, and left school at the end of the session. And none of us ever forgot how

nearly *murder* was brought among our little band by the ungovernable temper of two passionate girls."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Annie. But, just then, papa came in, and tea was announced.

SISTER KATE.

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE atmosphere forms a spherial shell, surrounding the earth to a depth which is unknown to us by reason of its growing tenuity, as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty, and can scarcely be more than five hundred, miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface to our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the finest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the slightest flower that feeds on dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests and stable buildings with the earth, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth, and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapors from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself, or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path to give us the

twilight of dawn; it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst upon us and fall upon us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat; but the bald earth, as it revolves on its axis, would turn its tanned and weathered front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day. It affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames, and receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of a fire; it is in both cases consumed, and affords the food of consumption; in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and is removed by it when it is over.

Says a writer in the North-*British Review*, "It is only the girdling, encircling air, that flows above and around us, that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid, with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date-trees that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehannah, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon; the rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-tree of Ceylon, and the forests older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon. The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the polar-star

for ages; and the lotus-lilies have soaked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapor, snows that rested on the summits of the Alps."

"The atmosphere," says Mann, "which forms the outer surface of the habitable world, is a vast reservoir, into which the supply of food designed for living creatures is thrown; or, in one word, is itself the food, in its simple form, of all living creatures. The animal grinds down the fibre and the tissue of the plant, or the nutritious store that has been laid up within its cells, and converts these into the substance of which its own organs are composed. The plant acquires the organs and nutritious store thus yielded up as food to the animal from the invulnerable air surrounding it. But animals are furnished with the means of locomotion and of seizure, — they can approach their food, and lay hold of and swallow it; plants must wait till their food comes to them. No solid particles find access to their frames: the restless, ambient air, which rushes past them, loaded with the carbon, the hydrogen, the oxygen, the water, every thing they need in the shape of supplies, is constantly at hand to minister to their wants, not only to afford them food in due season, but in the shape and fashion in which it alone can avail them."—*Selected.*

A LITTLE girl in Yorkshire, when water was scarce, saved as much rain-water as she could, and sold it to the washerwomen for a penny a bucket, and, in this way, cleared nearly five dollars for the Missionary Society. When she brought it to the Secretary, she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," said he. "Call it, then," replied the little girl, "rain from heaven."



H.W. Smith Sc

THE BOY AND THE DOG

TOBY'S SUPPER.

SEE ENGRAVING.

TOBY — it is not a very pretty name, but was given him out of respect to an old-fashioned uncle — was a funny little urchin some ten years of age, the most good-humored and the most reckless of boys. Father, mother, aunts, and schoolmaster, all shook their heads over him ; all agreed that Toby was a lad of great capabilities, and it was a sin that he should go on thus wasting his precious time. "At twelve years old," said his uncle Toby, "I knew all I have ever learned by studying. Then I was obliged to go out into the world, and do for myself. What will Toby be in two years?"

This being an unanswerable question, no one thought of answering it ; and, the baby just at that moment happening to cry, Toby, who was loitering near, rushed through the room to speak to her ; and the conversation took another turn.

Now, Toby had a kind heart, and, though no student, was no fool. He always had an uncomfortable sense, that he was made the subject of conversation whenever any of his relatives came to visit his parents. He did not like the shakes of the head, and "Ah Toby's," which always greeted him, even though they were accompanied by the new knife, the top, or the paper of candy. "But what can I do?" asked Toby of himself. "I can't help forgetting things ; I can't help breaking and spoiling things ; and then I can't cry when I get scolded. It isn't worth crying for. I do try to remember what mother tells me, but it is no use." And Toby sighed, and went on with his whittling.

The voice of his mother roused him from his revery. "Toby! where can that boy be? If I didn't want him now, he'd be sure to be in the way. Toby!"

"I *am* in the way, mother," said Toby, peeping from behind the lilac-bush in the yard. "What do you want me for?"

"You must go down to the village, and get a bushel of salt. I haven't a particle to put in the butter I'm making. And, Toby, stop at the office, and see if there's a letter."

"Where's the bucket, mother?"

"Foolish boy! you can't bring a whole bushel of salt half a mile. Let Mr. Smith measure it, and then you may take this little bucket, and bring it home full; and, if Mr. Smith will set the rest on one side, your father will call for it in a day or two."

Toby set off immediately. The salt was purchased, and Toby returned home; that is to say, he came within sight of the chimneys of the house, when he recollected that he had not been to the post-office. What should he do? He could not go home without having been, even though his mother was waiting for the salt; and he could not resolve to carry the heavy bucket with him to the post-office. He hid it at length very carefully among the bushes, and returned to the office.

There was a letter there for his mother, and Toby was quite curious. His father had letters now and then; but his mother had never, within his recollection, received one. His bucket was found in exactly the spot where he had left it, and Toby returned to the house. Toby was a noted loiterer, so his mother had not been expecting him long. She was as much surprised as he at receiving the letter; but, on taking it from the envelope, she saw it was a long one, and so she finished making her butter before she read it.

It proved to be from her sister, saying that a long-absent brother was to be at home that very evening, and begging her and her husband to come over and meet him. It was now about eleven o'clock, and Toby's mother knew that she should not be ready before twelve. Then it was a two-hours' ride, and she would wish to remain as long as possible. She could not reach home again before six or seven o'clock. She sent Toby to the barn for his father. When he came, she asked him what she should do.

"Go, by all means."

"And what shall we do with the children?"

"Leave them here, of course. I think it is a pity if Toby cannot be trusted to take care of house and baby for half a dozen hours."

"But he is so careless!"

"This will be the very thing to teach him carefulness."

She said no more, but busied herself in getting dinner, and making all the preparations to leave home. She put out the fire; she drew the cradle into the kitchen, which opened into the back yard. She put Toby's supper and the baby's on the table, and covered it nicely with a clean towel, and told Toby that the baby must have her bread and milk at four o'clock. All these arrangements occupied some time: so it was at least half-past twelve before Toby, standing in the kitchen door-way with the baby in his arms, saw the old chaise-top go nodding down the road.

Toby never had any account to give of the long afternoon that he passed, except that he fed the baby, who never cried once, and then put her in the cradle; and, when she was asleep, he ate his own supper. He did not hear the chaise stop when his father and mother returned; and they found him just as our picture represents him, with

the chickens fluttering about him, and puss standing on her hind-legs, eager for a share in his meal.

Toby was half afraid, when he was thoroughly wakened, that he should be punished for sleeping at his post; but his mother only said, "Poor boy! you were very sleepy!" and Toby, to his great satisfaction, heard her giving an account of his watch to uncle Toby on the next day but one.

"And we found every thing as safe and as nice as if I had been at home all the afternoon; and Toby had given the baby her supper, and had put her to bed; and she was sound asleep when we came home."

And Toby, having unexpectedly begun to retrieve his character, felt encouraged to proceed in it; until father, mother, aunts, and schoolmaster used his name as a proverb, and said, "As careful as our Toby."

EDITOR.

THE "RESOLUTE."

[This vessel, as our little readers may know, was abandoned in the ice of the polar regions, by her English captain. She was found by the captain of an American whaler; and, as she was nearly free from the ice, the whale-ship took her in tow, and brought her home. The following is a description of her appearance when found. — EDITOR.]

WHEN Mr. Anall, the brother of the captain of the "McLellan," whom the "Resolute" had befriended, — the mate of the "George Henry," whaler, whose master, Capt. Buddington, had discovered the "Resolute" in the ice, — came to her after a hard day's journey with his

men, the men faltered with a little superstitious feeling, and hesitated for a minute about going on board. But the poor lonely ship wooed them too lovingly; and they climbed over the broken ice, and came on deck. She was lying over on her larboard side, with a heavy weight of ice holding her down. Hatches and companion were made fast, as Capt. Kellett had left them. But, knocking open the companion, groping down stairs to the after-cabin, they found their way to the captain's table, — somebody put his hand on a box of lucifers, struck a light, and revealed books scattered in confusion; a candle standing, which he lighted at once; the glasses and the decanters from which Kellett and his officers had drunk good-by to the vessel. The whalemén filled them again, and undoubtedly felt less discouraged. Meanwhile, night came on, and a gale arose. So hard did it blow, that for two days these four were the whole crew of the "Resolute;" and it was not till the 19th of September that they returned to their own ship, and reported what their prize was.

All these ten days, since Capt. Buddington had first seen her, the vessels had been nearing each other. On the 19th he boarded her himself; found that in her hold, on the larboard side, was a good deal of ice; on the starboard side there seemed to be water. In fact, her tanks had burst from the extreme cold; and she was full of water, nearly to her lower deck. Every thing that could move from its place had moved. Every thing was wet; every thing that would mould was mouldy. "A sort of perspiration" settled on the beams above. Clothes were wringing wet. The captain's party made a fire in Capt. Kellett's stove, and soon started a sort of shower from the vapor with which it filled the air. The "Resolute" has, however, four fine force-pumps. For three days, the captain and six men worked fourteen hours a day on one

of these, and had the pleasure of finding that they freed her of water, — that she was tight still. They cut away upon the masses of ice ; and on the 23d of September, in the evening, she freed herself from her encumbrances, and took an even keel. This was off the west shore of Baffin's Bay, in lat. 67°. On the shortest tack, she was twelve hundred miles from where Capt. Kellett left her.

There was work enough still to be done. The rudder was to be shipped ; the rigging to be made taut ; sail to be set ; and it proved, by the way, that the sail on the yards was much of it still serviceable ; while a suit of new linen sails below were greatly injured by moisture. In a week more, they had her ready to make sail. The pack of ice still drifted with both ships ; but on the 21st of October, after a long north-west gale, the " Resolute " was free, more free than she had been for more than two years.

Her " last voyage " is almost told. Capt. Buddington had resolved to bring her home. He had picked ten men from the " George Henry," leaving her fifteen ; and with a rough tracing of the American coast drawn on a sheet of foolscap, with his lever watch and a quadrant for his instruments, he squared off for New London. A rough, hard passage they had of it. The ship's ballast was gone by the bursting of the tanks ; she was top-heavy, and undermanned. He spoke a British whaling bark, and, by her, sent to Capt. Kellett his epaulets, and to his own owners news that he was coming. They had heavy gales and head winds ; were driven as far down as the Bermudas ; the water left in the ship's tanks was brackish, and it needed all the seasoning which the ship's chocolate would give to make it drinkable. " For sixty hours at a time," says the spirited captain, " I frequently had no sleep : " but his perseverance was crowned with success at last ; and, on the night of the 23d-24th of December, he made the

light off the magnificent harbor from which he sailed, and, on Sunday morning the 24th, dropped anchor in the Thames opposite *New London*; ran up the royal ensign on the shorn masts of the "Resolute;" and the good people of the town knew that he and his were safe, and that one of the victories of peace was won.

As the fine ship lies opposite the piers of that beautiful town, she attracts visitors from everywhere, and is, indeed, a very remarkable curiosity. Seals were at once placed, and very properly, on the captain's bookcases, lockers, and drawers, and wherever private property might be injured by wanton curiosity; and two keepers are on duty on the vessel, till her destination is decided. But nothing is changed from what she was when she came into harbor; and, from stem to stern, every detail of her equipment is a curiosity to the sailor or to the landsman. The candlestick in the cabin is not like a Yankee candlestick. The hawse-hole for the chain cable is fitted as has not been seen before; and so of every thing between. There is the aspect of wet over every thing now, after months of ventilation; the rifles, which were last fired at Musk-oxen in Melville Island, are red with rust, as if they had lain in the bottom of the sea; the volume of Shakspeare, which you find in an officer's berth, has a damp feel, as if you had been reading it in the open air in a March north-easter. The old seamen look with most amazement perhaps on the preparations for amusement,—the juggler's cups and balls, or Harlequin's spangled dress; the quiet landsman wonders at the gigantic ice-saws,—at the cast-off canvas boots,—the long thick Arctic stockings. It seems almost wrong to go into Mr. Hamilton's ward-room, and see how he arranged his soap-cup and his tooth-brush; and one does not tell of it, if he finds on a blank leaf the secret prayer a sister wrote down for the brother to whom she

gave a prayer-book. There is a good deal of disorder now, — thanks to her sudden abandonment, and perhaps to her three months' voyage home. A little union jack lies over a heap of unmended and unwashed under-clothes : when Kellett left the ship, he left his country's flag over his arm-chair as if to keep possession. Two officers' swords and a pair of epaulets were on the cabin table. Indeed, what is there not there, which should make an Arctic winter endurable, make a long night into day, or while long days away ?

The ship is starch and sound. The "last voyage" which we have described will not, let us hope, be the last voyage of her career. But, wherever she goes, under the English flag or under our own, she will scarcely ever crowd more adventure into one cruise, than into that which sealed the discovery of the North-West Passage ; which gave new lands to England, nearest to the Pole of all she has ; which spent more than a year, no man knows where, self-governed and unguided ; and which, having begun under the strict regime of the English navy, ended under the remarkable mutual rules, adopted by common consent, in the business of American whalemén.

It is not worth noting, that, in this chivalry of Arctic adventure, the ships which have been wrecked have been those of the names of fight or horror ! They are the "Fury," the "Victory," the "Erebus," the "Terror." But the ships which never failed their crews — which, for all that man knows, are as sound now as ever — bear the names of peaceful adventure. The "Hecla," the "Enterprise," and "Investigator," the "Assistance" and "Resolute," the "Pioneer" and "Intrepid," and our own "Advance" and "Rescue" and "Arctic," never threatened any one, even in their names. And they never failed the men who commanded them, or who sailed in them. — *Daily Advertiser.*

EMILY.

(Concluded from page 163.)

THE storm lasted three days ; but I believe I was more unreasonable than Emily ; for I was impatient to show her the ocean-view from the east side of the island, where we boasted of a rocky, wooded hill. She said the hill and the ocean would wait till she came ; and she set out on a race with the storm-king, determined to finish her set of collars before his departure, which she accomplished. Besides this exploit, she read Cicero each morning with Mr. Temple, made good progress with her "ribbing and seaming," wrote a letter to her mother, and a funny one I fancy to her brother (for I saw her smiling as she wrote), and practised some new music she had brought, for an hour each day. And at night she exclaimed, "How can people find time long in the country?"

The sunshine always comes after a storm ; a fact in natural history which impatient people almost doubt, when an obstinate north-easter takes possession of the airy domain above us.

Now began our peregrinations. Emily was not strong enough for long walks at first ; but she gained rapidly. We drove about with old Gray ; we went to the east shore, where she stood on the highest point of land in silent awe, as she gazed over the boundless sea for the first time in her life. Her hair, always neatly and closely arranged, was dishevelled by the rude sea-breeze, and her face burned ; but her thoughts were busy with higher things. We went three times to this favorite spot within a fortnight ; we went to a sheep-shearing ; we called to see a couple of lonely old Indian women ; we gathered

partridge-berries ; we studied botany ; we pressed seaweeds ; we went over the ferry to see a cave among the high rocks on the main land, and to buy some stout shoes for Emily at the village "*omnium gatherum*" store.

Into every thing the bright creature entered with unflinching interest. At first she was often compelled to lie down for half an hour in the day from pure fatigue ; but she was very grateful when Mr. Temple or I "rescued the half-hour," as she said, by reading aloud to her from some of the Reviews or valuable periodicals. In our remote position, we had always thought ourselves justified in subscribing for these.

The minister of our little parish was an infirm old man, with a wife almost as old as himself, and no children. She soon found that her cheerful visits enlivened the solitary couple ; and she seldom allowed two days to pass, without carrying her knitting to their little uncarpeted parlor. Sometimes she read to them, sometimes she sung at twilight ; and the quavering voices of the old folks, as they joined in their favorite hymns, with more of hearty sympathy than pleasant harmony, may have disturbed her nice ear ; but she never betrayed it.

Our Bridget, who had lived with us ever since our marriage, had all an Irishwoman's capacity for strong likes and dislikes ; and just as much as she had hated the lazy, over-bearing, selfish ways of Miss Henrietta Carlisle, so much did she love our new guest. If Emily came home with damp feet, Bridget insisted on rubbing them with crash ; if a shower came up suddenly, out went Bridget with an umbrella to find the young lady ; and whatever viand Miss Emily praised was sure to appear on the table without orders, till countermanded. "Indeed, and I love the very shadow of her," said the warm-hearted Bridget, whom Henrietta had declared to be the laziest

and stupidest plague she ever saw, because she had been neither able nor willing to be her *femme de chambre* from morning till night. "Miss Emily has never once called me when my hands were in the dough, or when I was eating my dinner, to come quick and lace her boots," said Bridget.

The brief summer flew away, and many happy hours were left stamped on our memories by that young girl. Several families on the island, who knew and cared little about her accomplishments, of which she never made a display, were won by the goodness of her heart, which showed itself in the kindness of her deportment to all. She learned to make custards that she might carry them to a consumptive woman; she concocted blackberry jam for a boy who had a sore throat; and, at the donation party at our good minister's, she took a couple of nice appropriate caps to the old lady, of her own millinery. She had as many friends on the island as she had acquaintance; and she was always so busy and so happy! Braced by the sea air and daily exercise, her frame grew straight, her cheeks rosy with health; and to our loving eyes, before she left us, the homely girl had become almost a beauty.

The time came when she must return to what, from her own simple account, I should think must have been a life of bondage hard. But she did not speak of it with dread or reluctance. Her Christianity led her to accept her lot, whatever it might be, as the best possible order of things for her; and she talked only of the delight of seeing her family again; of their joy at receiving her in such fine health; of the satisfaction she should take in being well enough to teach the younger brothers and sisters out of her own school-hours.

I have heard since that this girl's life of religion, con-

scientiousness, and self-sacrifice, began in her days of prosperity, under the charge of a wise and pious mother: at thirteen she must have been as unlike Henrietta Carlisle as she was when we saw her.

Shall I tell the sequel? We made Emily promise to come every summer, if possible; but we saw her no more. Her health failed completely under excessive toil; and she literally laid down her life for those whom she loved. In the following spring, she took a violent cold; influenza became a rapid consumption: it was an uncomplaining illness; a peaceful, almost joyful death. And many in our distant little island wept for Emily Vaughan, but thought of her as an angel.

L. J. H.

“THOU CROWNEST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS.” — PSALM lxx. 11.

How many of you, children, could enumerate God's blessings to you? If you were to try, you would soon find that they were more in number than the sands of the sea-shore. Then how appropriate it is that one day should be set apart from your duties and your pleasures to give thanks to him! True, Sundays are days of praise; but then we keep them by God's command. The Thanksgiving Day is a free-will offering; a hearty acknowledgment of our gratitude to our Father. Of course, in saying this, we mean to speak of the day such as our ancestors intended it should be, such as it ought to be, and such as it might be.

How many of you, children, make the day what it

ought to be to you? How many of you occupy even one of its many hours in thinking over your causes for thankfulness, and in resolving that by your life, as well as with your lips, you will "render praises" to your Maker, while you have your being? We would not have Thanksgiving Day one of gloom and entire seriousness. True thankfulness is always bright and happy; and we would not that any one should miss the cheerful family gathering, the games and the laughter, which have come to be associated with this day. But do not let *fun* and good eating be the only ideas connected with it. Sit down soberly, early in the morning, or after your breakfast, and think of the many things you enjoy. Compare yourself with some poor child whom you know or have seen. Ask yourself whether you have deserved any more than they; putting the question, not in the spirit of pride, but of humility. You will thus realize how utterly dependent you are upon God's bounty for the smallest favors; and the more you recognize this truth, the more gratefully will you return thanks to the Giver of all.

After such a meditation as this, you will be better prepared to enjoy and profit by the services at church. And do not let a slight thing, or the want of inclination, keep you on this day from the house of God. Do not offer as an excuse that others do not go. Your duty is to your heavenly Benefactor and to yourself, and the bad example of others should not weigh with you for a moment. Join with your hearts in the hymns of praise, and in the prayers of thanksgiving. Follow the sermon too; never mind if you are not old enough to understand it all: you can at least remember a part of it, and the very effort of attention will do you good.

Then, after you return home, you may well give yourselves up to innocent gayety, and rejoice in the happiness

which now, more than at any time, you can enjoy. Now there are no vacant seats in your fireside circle to sadden the joys of the day. Now there are no recollections of friends whose gay laugh once made the happiness of the festal gathering, but who shall meet with you no more on earth. Enjoy it while you may; but let your enjoyment be of that quiet, peaceful kind which leaves no weariness behind it, and gives no sense of dissatisfaction to the soul. And, in all your sports, remember that the truest pleasure is to be had in the sacrifice of self, and in seeking to make others happy.

If any one of our readers feels disposed to make the coming Thanksgiving Day an unusually happy one, we beg him to try the method of spending the day which we have recommended, and he may rest assured his desires will be more than realized. EDITOR.

TALKING PARROTS.

ONE of my earliest recollections was a gray parrot, belonging to an old lady who had taken charge of my mother's childhood, and which had been presented to her by her husband. This parrot had lost one of its legs; and no sooner did any one remark this, or ask how it had been lost, than it replied, "I lost my leg in the merchant's service; pray, remember the lame."

It was frequently hung up in its cage, outside the house, where its great delight was to whistle the dogs round it, and stop the teams of horses which went past, or make them go on when they stopped, which they frequently did

as they mounted the hill where it lived ; on all which occasions, it chuckled and laughed with delight.

In the same country town lived a famous parrot, supposed to be very old ; of which I used to hear extraordinary stories, all now forgotten, except the following. Its master and mistress had a tea-party, followed by cards. The parrot, which had been vociferous for cake while it was handed round, at last, as it was thought, settled itself to sleep in a corner, where its cage stood. Whist parties were formed, and but little talking ensued. The silence, however, was broken when the moment for reckoning arrived ; the losings and winnings were disputed, and points were discussed ; great excitement took place, and passion had already begun to manifest itself, when, to the astonishment of every one, the parrot exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Curse your cards, ladies !"

The squabble was stopped. A sort of awe crept over the party, and an amicable arrangement took place which was cemented by supper. The story, however, spread ; and it was observed that there was, for some time after, a greater degree of moderation on similar occasions. My mother was a witness of the whole scene ; and from her I have heard of another parrot, which was clever enough to call the cat when it had any thing to eat which it did not like ; for instance, the crust of toast ; and, if "Puss, Puss," were not sufficient, used the most coaxing terms to induce it to come under the cage, when the rejected morsel was dropped on the floor. This artifice is sometimes used in cases of fear, as I once saw a cat with eyes fixed on a parrot, evidently having an intention of springing on the poor bird, which was chained to a pole ; and which tried to avert the mischief by saying, "Dear Puss, pretty Puss," incessantly ; all the time keeping its eye upon the enemy.—*Selected.*

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

"O AUNT MARIAN! I have seen such beautiful pictures! I wish you were well enough to go to the hall too, or that I could hang some of them on the walls of your room. I am sure it would cure you to look at them. Don't you wish, aunt, that we could keep always with us the people and the things we love?" The enthusiastic little girl bowed over the invalid's couch to give the customary kiss to Aunt Marian; her golden curls falling upon the dark, smooth bands of hair, and her flushed cheek resting upon the pale face of the sufferer.

"Bring your low chair, Lily dear, and sit by me a little while. I will tell you of a way in which you may keep them always with you.

"You can have beautiful paintings always around you; landscapes where linger for ever the fresh, welcome beauty of spring, the glowing richness of summer, or the luxuriant ripeness and the deep coloring of autumn; and faces that you love to see, wearing a gentle, loving look as their eyes meet yours."

"Oh, how! Aunt Marian, tell me how!"

"Already you are collecting them, Lily; and each day you are hanging them in 'Memory's Picture Gallery,' where they will remain for ever, and very much of the happiness of your life will depend upon the selection you are making. A lady once told me, that, during a season of great physical suffering, while lying in a darkened room, many beautiful places she had visited and been familiar with in her days of health were before her in all the vividness of reality. She could see, in the darkness around her, the calm, clear rivers, the hills with the ever-

changing light upon them, the waving foliage of the trees, and the well-known flowers ; and the hours of illness passed pleasantly, while she thus, in her quiet chamber, enjoyed the beauty of the outward world.

“And so, Lily, if you would hang in your picture gallery the works of the heavenly Artist, watch a summer sunset, with the glory of its sky and the rich light it casts upon the earth ; or the sunrise, when the world is awakening to life as if it had been created anew. Become familiar with the trees around your home ; watch the growth of some plant, from the first appearing of the tiny seed-leaves, through all the stages of its growth, to the unfolding of the flower, the plant’s crown of beauty, the result and the reward of its growth ; then, in the hours of toil, of care, and illness, that may make you weary and sad, memory, like a faithful guide, will lead you to the places in the gallery where they hang ; and the freshness and light-heartedness of youth will be with you, while you see again the places and the objects you have so loved.”

“Then, aunt, if I go far away as sister Annie did, can I not take the dear old home with me ?”

“Yes, Lily ; and you may now be collecting another kind of pictures, far lovelier than nature’s brightest scenes. If, looking in your gallery, you can see the sunny faces of little children whom you have made happy ; the grateful faces of the suffering whom you have relieved ; if the dim eyes of some aged one, whose gray hairs and infirmities you have tenderly and reverently remembered, look kindly upon you ; if there you can see the new hope and the earnest resolve in the face of one whom you have helped into a new path, — what paintings on perishable canvas can compare with these unfading ones ?

“One by one the days we have lived go from us to the

past; and, if we live true, good lives, we shall have a beautiful past to remember.

"Never forget, dear Lily, that the thoughts we think, the deeds we do, and the words we speak, are the colors we are using to give darkness and gloom, or brightness and beauty, to the pictures which are to be ours for ever."

"I will remember it always, Aunt Marian; and your face shall be one of my pictures to look sadly at me when I am doing wrong, and to smile sweetly on me when I am trying to do right."

S. E. S.

DETROIT, Mich.

TRICKS OF JACK THE MONKEY.

NEVER did any one start for a tropical climate with a greater antipathy towards monkeys than I did. I lived years in their vicinity, and yet tried to avoid all contact with them; and it was not till I was homeward bound that my conversion was effected. The ship, in which Mr. Bowdich and myself took a round-about course to England, was floating on a wide expanse of water, disturbed only by the heavy swell, which forms the sole motion in a calm; the watch on deck were seated near the bows of the vessel; the passengers and officers were almost all below; there was only myself and the helmsman on the after-deck; he stood listlessly by the binnacle, and I was wholly occupied in reading. A noise between a squeak and a chatter suddenly met my ears; and, before I could turn my head to see whence it proceeded, a heavy, living creature jumped on to my shoulders from behind, and its tail encircled my throat. I felt it was Jack, the cook's monkey; the mis-

chievous, malicious, mocking, but inimitable Jack, whose pranks had often made me laugh against my will, as I watched him from a distance, but with whom I had never made the least acquaintance. Whether from fear or presence of mind I do not pretend to say, but I remained perfectly still; and in a minute or two Jack put his head forward and stared me in the face, uttering a sort of croak: he then descended on to my knees, examined my hands as if he were counting my fingers, tried to take off my rings, and, when I gave him some biscuit, curled himself compactly into my lap. We were friends from that moment. My aversion thus cured, I have ever since felt indescribable interest and entertainment in watching, studying, and protecting monkeys. We had several on board the above-mentioned vessel; but Jack was the prince of them all.

Exclusively belonging to the cook, although a favorite with the whole crew, my friend (a *Cercopithecus* from Senegal) had been at first kept by means of a cord, attached to the caboose; but, as he became more and more tame, his liberty was extended, till at last he was allowed the whole range of the ship, with the exception of the captain's and passengers' cabins. The occupations which he marked out for himself began at early dawn, by overturning the steward's parrot-cage whenever he could get at it, in order to secure the lump of sugar which then rolled out, or lick up the water which ran from the upset cup. He evidently intended to pull the parrot's feathers; but the latter, by turning round as fast as Jack turned, always faced him, and his beak was too formidable to be encountered. I was frequently awakened by the quick trampling of feet at this early hour, and knew it arose from a pursuit of Jack, in consequence of some mischief on his part. Like all other nautical monkeys, he descended into the forecastle, where he twisted off the night-caps of

the sailors as they lay in their hammocks, stole their knives, tools, &c. ; and, if they were not very active in the pursuit, these purloinings were thrown overboard.

When the preparations for breakfast began, Jack took his post in a corner near the grate, and, when the cook's back was turned, hooked out the pieces of biscuit which were toasting between the bars for the men, and snatched the bunches of dried herbs, with which they tried to imitate tea, out of the tin mugs. He sometimes scalded or burnt his fingers by these tricks, which kept him quiet for a few days ; but no sooner was the pain gone than he repeated the mischief.

Two days in each week, the pigs, which formed part of our live stock, were allowed to run about the deck for exercise, and then Jack was particularly happy : hiding himself behind a cask, he would suddenly spring on to the back of one of them, his face to the tail, and away scampered his frightened steed. Sometimes an obstacle would impede the gallop ; and then Jack, loosening the hold which he had acquired by digging his nails into the skin of the pig, industriously tried to uncurl its tail ; and, if he were saluted by a laugh from some one near by, he would look up with an assumed air of wonder, as much as to say, What can you find to laugh at ?

When the pigs were shut up, he thought it his turn to give others a ride ; and there were three little monkeys, with red skins and blue faces, whom he particularly favored. I frequently met him with all of them on his back at the same time, squeaking and huddling together, and with difficulty preserving their seat ; when he suddenly stopped, and seemed to ask me to praise the good-natured action which he was performing. He was, however, jealous of all those of his brethren who came in contact with me, and freed himself of two of his rivals by throw-

ing them into the sea. One of them was a small lion monkey, of great beauty and extreme gentleness; and, immediately after I had been feeding him, Jack called him with a coaxing, patronizing air; but, as soon as he was within reach, the perfidious creature seized him by the nape of his neck, and, as quick as thought, popped him over the side of the ship. We were going at a brisk rate, and, although a rope was thrown out to him, the poor little screaming thing was soon left behind, very much to my distress; for his almost human agony of countenance was painful to behold. For this, Jack was punished by being shut up all day in the empty hen-coop, in which he usually passed the night, and which he so hated, that, when bedtime came, he generally avoided the clutches of the steward: he, however, committed so much mischief when unwatched, that it had become necessary to confine him at night, and I was often obliged to perform the office of nurse-maid. Jack's principal punishment, however, was to be taken in front of the cage in which a panther belonging to me was placed, in the fore part of the deck. His alarm was intense: the panther set up his back and growled, but Jack instantly closed his eyes, and made himself perfectly rigid. I generally held him up by the tail, and, if I moved, he cautiously opened one eye; but, if he caught sight of even a corner of the cage, he shut it fast, and again pretended to be dead.

Jack's drollest trick was practised on a poor little black monkey; taking the opportunity when a calm, similar to that spoken of above, left him nearly the sole possessor of the deck. I do not know that he saw me, for I was sitting behind the companion-door. The men had been painting the ship outside, and were putting a broad band of white upon her, when they went to dinner below, leaving their paint and brushes on the upper deck. Jack

enticed his victim to him, who meekly obeyed the summons ; and, seizing him with one hand, he, with the other, took the brush, and covered him with the white fluid from head to foot. The laugh of the man at the helm called my attention to the circumstance ; and, as soon as Jack perceived he was discovered, he dropped his dripping brother, and rapidly scampered up the rigging, till he gained the main-top, where he stood with his nose between the bars, looking at what was going on below. As the other monkey began to lick himself, I called up the steward, who washed him clean with turpentine, and no harm ensued ; but Jack was afraid to come down, and only after three days passed in his elevated place of refuge did hunger compel him to descend. He chose the moment when I was sitting on deck, and, swinging himself by a rope, he dropped suddenly into my lap ; looking so imploringly at me for pardon, that I not only forgave him myself, but procured his absolution from others. Jack and I parted a little to the south of the Scilly Islands, after five months' companionship, and never met again ; but I was told that he was much distressed at my absence, hunted for me all over the vessel in the most disconsolate manner, even venturing into my cabin ; nor was he reconciled to the loss of me when the ship's company parted in the London docks. — *Forrester's Magazine.*

LETTER TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

MY DEAR LOUISA, — When you left me, I did not think so long a time would elapse before I should write to you ; but now, finding a quiet hour, I will gladly spend it in a

friendly talk with you. I could have wished that your visit might have been deferred a few weeks; but I trust your renewed health will more than compensate for any disadvantage your absence may occasion.

I could have wished that the religious impressions which had been made upon you should have been strengthened and confirmed, before you were thrown among new scenes and new temptations. I could have desired that the seed dropped into good soil should have taken root, and began to spring up, before you were exposed to other influences than those which surround you in your Christian home. But we, in our blindness, know not what is best for our friends; and perhaps God would try you in order to prove you, and so that you may know whether your wish to serve him is sincere.

For my own part, my dear child, I do not doubt that you have indeed received the influence of God's holy spirit. I do not doubt that your earnest longings for a better life were prompted by the call of God to your soul; and with so many Christian friends as surround you when at home, with their influence all tending towards a holy life, I have no doubt that after a few months you would have seriously determined to consecrate all your powers,—

“All that you are, have been,
All that you yet may be,”—

to Him whose service is perfect freedom.

But, since you are thrown entirely out of the circle of religious sympathies, you must strive the harder to “work out your own salvation.” Do not let the pleasures in which you may engage turn your heart away from the highest happiness. You are just now in that state of mind in which you will find it difficult to decide with regard to

amusements, the disposal of your time, &c., what is right or wrong. Let me urge you to keep to one rule. If there has arisen a debate in your conscience, it will always be best for you to forego the doubtful pleasure. If you cannot be sure that it is right, it is best not to indulge in it. I know very well that you will find this hard to do, especially if others among whom you are thrown feel no scruples, and urge you to enjoy with them, or to give your reasons for not doing so. You will be too distrustful of your real desire for goodness, too sure that you depart in many ways from your standard, to say openly that you do not feel that you shall be doing right in a participation. And yet it is best you should say it, even at the risk of sneers and whispers, "not loud but deep," that you "set up to be better than other people;" nay, even at the hazard of being told by some mature acquaintance, that it does not look well and is scarcely maidenly for a young girl to be over-scrupulous, and to take a decided stand in opposition to those so much older than herself.

These, Louisa dear, are the little persecutions which may, which must, beset you, when you first turn your face to the heavenly city. I beseech you, as you value your eternal welfare, do not let them turn your steps back to the world. What are the scoffs of those whom you meet, even of your friends, to the sweet smile of approval with which your Saviour will welcome you to his fold, and to the glorious promise, "No man shall pluck them out of my hand"?

But there is danger that your first impressions will melt away, so that your conscience will lose the tenderness which they awakened; and you will be no longer troubled to decide doubtful points, but will rush headlong into every pursuit which promises its grain of pleasure. Guard against this state; struggle with it, as you would struggle

with the benumbing influence of cold, when to sleep would be certain death. And no outward method will be so likely to preserve you from this fearful relapse into indifference as an hour or half-hour set apart every day for religious purposes. It is true, when we are visiting, our time is scarcely at our own disposal ; yet, by rising early in the morning, you may find time for quiet reading and prayer before you are claimed for the business or the amusements of the day. Do not think you can defer this hour till your time of retiring. Your thoughts will be then too much upon the events of the day, and the fatigues of the body will so weigh upon the spirit that it will not be able to give itself entirely up to the highest thoughts, and to entire communion with the almighty Father.

And, through the day, let the thought of God and of his holy Son be as much with you as possible. I know that the beauties of the outward world always carry your thoughts upward. Strive to let the "common round, the trivial task," suggest holy things. Try to see in every one a brother of the great human family whom Christ commanded you to help. If you can learn this, the thought will check the angry word and the hasty judgment.

I wish I might be near you, and could watch over you ; yet I know this is foolish weakness. After all, what is all one human being can do for the soul of another ? It is God who gives the increase ; and for us but one thing is left, — prayer. And you may be sure, dear Louisa, that, remembering, as I always do, my dear scholars in my petitions, I shall not fail to make more earnest ones than ever for you, and to ask that you may have strength given you in temptation, and that no evil weeds may spring up to check the good seed, but that, in God's own time, it may bear fruit.

Your parents, no doubt, have written, and will write, to you more earnestly than I can ; and yet I know that a word from any friend who desires your truest good, will not be without weight with you. When you find an unemployed hour, let me hear from you. I shall rejoice to know that strength is returning to your frame, and still more to hear that your feet are turned Zionward.

Your affectionate Sunday-school teacher.

EDITOR.

STORIES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

NOS. VII. AND VIII.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery. — Thou shalt not steal."

"I HAVE learned two commandments to-day, mother," said Annie, as mamma took her seat in the great library-chair ; "they were both so short ; so now you must tell me *two* stories this afternoon ! But I don't understand the seventh."

"You are not old enough yet to understand it, my dear," said mother gravely ; "but still it has a meaning even for children ; that they should be very careful to avoid every thing vulgar and improper in word and action. I have heard little girls who should have been much better bred, for their mothers were true ladies, use really indecent language, when they thought they were by themselves ; and discuss things of which they ought to have been perfectly ignorant, but had learned from servants or vulgar acquaintances. A prohibition of every thing like that is implied in the seventh commandment ; and a very good rule for little girls is never to talk to each other in a way

which they would not be willing their mothers should hear. The truest charm of a girl is her modesty and delicacy; and all her thoughts and words and acts should be pure. No lady-like little girl will make use of any of the thousand *slang* expressions that are so popular now-a-days, and which all the rude, dirty little children in the streets have constantly on their lips. It is more excusable in them, for often they have never been taught better. A modest, retiring, well-bred little girl will always be loved, whether she has beauty and wit or not; a meek and quiet spirit is a lovelier ornament than pearls, and that is what I wish to see my little Annie arrayed in. There! I have given you a lecture instead of a story, haven't I? How do you like it, little girl?" And mother looked down with a smile into the bright, earnest face lying up-looking upon her lap.

"Very well, mother," said Annie, rather confusedly; the little lady remembered two or three phrases of her own which she had an idea mamma would be likely to class under the order of "slang;" "I'll try and remember it. And now tell me about the *eighth* commandment," she added somewhat hastily. "Did you ever know a girl who stole? I wouldn't steal, mother; I would be *above* such a thing!" said the child proudly.

"I trust you would, my daughter," said mother. "Still, don't be too positive; don't think it unnecessary to give the commandment due attention. There are more ways of being dishonest than by actual *theft*. I knew a little girl once, some two or three years ago, whose mother gave her a long seam to sew one afternoon. This little girl was very lively and full of spirits; she liked much better to play with her wax-doll, which she thought so pretty with its blue eyes and flaxen ringlets, and to which she had given the very flowery name of 'Lily May,' or to romp

with old Hartho, the great Newfoundland dog, or to swing in the great wooden swing, than to sew long seams ; but her mother told her she would soon know how to do nothing but play if she played all the time, and that it was very necessary that little ladies should learn to use the needle. The little girl, however, did not fully appreciate this reasoning, and soon got very tired of her work. So she slipped up stairs to a room where a seamstress was sitting making up house-linen, and coaxed her to finish her seam for her. She had a winning smile and a pleading little voice, and the woman could not resist her entreaty. So she sewed the seam, while the little girl sat on the floor and played with 'Lily May.' When the work was completed, she took it down to her mother, and showed it as her own, allowing her mother to praise her for her improvement, and to present her with a rosy-cheeked apple for her industry. Who was this little girl, Annie?"

Annie blushed, and turned her face away in confusion.

"I should not have reminded you of it, dear," said mother pleasantly, "especially as you went up stairs, and shared the apple with the woman who had helped you ; and afterwards grew so ashamed and sorry about it, thinking of it to yourself, that you came and told me all ; only I wanted to show you that it was not necessary actually to *steal* in order to break the eighth commandment. It is as dishonest to accept *praise* which we do not deserve, as to take any thing else which does not belong to us. Yet it is a practice which unfortunately is very common, especially among school-girls. They will allow their older companions to work their sums, or write their copies, or correct their exercises, and present them to their teachers as the fruit of their own unaided labor ; and I have known girls who would deliberately copy whole pages

from published books, essays, or poems, and hand them in on composition-day as their own; proud and lady-like girls who would be deeply insulted at any reflection upon their honor. Very few school-children seem to think it dishonest to look slyly into their book if they do not know their lesson, or to allow others to prompt them; yet this is very deceitful; for, after they go up to class, they have no right to take the lesson from any place but their *memory*; and it is much more honorable to fail openly than to succeed by stealth. It is very hard, I know," continued mother, as Annie drew a long sigh, "to lose a credit-mark for perhaps a slight neglect or forgetfulness; but one's honor and clear conscience are of more value than one's place in a class. But it is a sad fact that there are some girls, well-dressed and well-bred, who will go beyond even these school peccadilloes. I was sent to a large boarding school when I was nearly grown; and that is a fair field for the study of almost every kind of character. There was a young lady there, whose looks I remember very well now, who will furnish a case in point. She was a beautiful girl, with well-cultivated mind and manners, but, alas! sadly neglected moral perceptions. We all knew that Adelaide Eshton was in the constant habit of evading the rules; that she sat up night after night, long past the stated bedtime, reading novels; that she paid visits in study hours, received clandestine letters, and so on, but still did all these things so dexterously that none of the teachers suspected them. In class she always consulted her book stealthily; on examination-days, she carried in her pocket thin rolls of paper on which she had copied propositions in geometry, and the solutions of problems in arithmetic and algebra; and thus she passed for an orderly and diligent pupil. There were others who did likewise, and thought it no harm; and again there

were others of us, who could not but think such a life an acted falsehood, and that it was dishonest to accept commendation which was undeserved. Gradually, however, it began to be whispered about that Adelaide had very little respect for her neighbors' property ; she did not scruple to use at will her room-mate's needles, thread, and pins ; and once she was detected in wearing a very richly embroidered skirt belonging to another young lady. She explained that she only did it in sport, — it had been sent by a mistake of the washerwoman to her room, and was so handsome that she had a fancy to wear it once, — so the matter was dropped. Not long after this, a very elegant ring, which had been accidentally left on her washstand by one of the girls, was found missing. The room was searched for it, but in vain ; and the owner, Emily Grant, finally mentioned it to the principal. *She* spoke of it very severely to the school, and said she should certainly pursue a strict scrutiny until it was discovered, but that, if it were returned, no exposure should be made. That evening Adelaide was heard to inquire very hurriedly of some one standing near Emily's door, if any one was in the room, and, on being told that there was not, she darted in, and in a moment re-appeared, hastening to her own room. A few minutes after, Emily entered her room, and the first thing she saw was the diamond in the ring flashing out in the darkness from just beneath the washstand, as if it had accidentally fallen to the floor. But the room had been so thoroughly searched before, that no one doubted Adelaide's agency in the matter. Still there was no positive proof, and some half-believed her innocence, until another circumstance of a still darker shade occurred. One of the girls had lent her for a few days a very beautiful brooch, made of the hair of her mother, who was dead. Of course it was very dear to her ; and her regret

was extreme when one day Adelaide came to her, apparently in deep distress, and told her that she had lost the brooch. She had been out to walk, had worn the pin, but on her return had found it had slipped from her collar. It was useless to look for it; for her walk had been a ramble in the woods. She wept bitterly about it, and implored the owner to let her replace it with another; but the girl said diamonds and pearls could never recompense her for the loss of her departed mother's hair, of which she had no more. This Adelaide knew very well when she made the offer. Time wore on, and the affair was almost forgotten; when one day the monitress brought Adelaide a daguerreotype and a letter, which had just arrived in the mail. There was always a great tumult and crowd when the letters were given out; and, of course, all the girls saw that Adelaide had received a daguerreotype of some of her friends, and crowded round her to see it. She was busy reading her letter, after having taken a slight glance at the picture; and presently, when she had finished, and turned to ask for the likeness again, she noticed them all gazing at her with unmingled scorn, and heard various contemptuous whispers passing about. The lady in the daguerreotype wore Lucy Morton's brooch! They had all recognized it, and her faint denial was instantly silenced by contemptuous retorts. She was soon summoned to the principal's room, and there compelled to explain that her mother had given her money to have a brooch of her own hair made for her. She had spent the money in another way, and, noticing that Lucy's brooch was exactly the color of her own hair, had obtained possession of it, and sent it to her mother as her own. She was deeply mortified at her exposure, and requested to be sent home immediately; and the principal sent a note to

her mother explaining the case. Soon after, Lucy received a package containing the brooch.

This is the only case I ever knew of positive theft in one of Adelaide's standing in society ; still you may judge by it, Annie, that the eighth commandment is not intended only for professed pickpockets and robbers.

SISTER KATE.

THE HORSE.

THE horse is the noblest, and the most useful to man, of all the animals. In a wild state, they are found in large droves, numbering sometimes a thousand or more. Powerful as they are, however, they never attack other animals, but content themselves with acting on the defensive. When they lie down to rest, they generally leave some of their number as sentinels, to give notice of the approach of danger. When the alarm is given, by a loud neighing of the sentinels, the whole troop start to their feet, and, after taking a view of their enemy, either give them instant battle, or gallop off with inconceivable speed.

When they determine on battle, they close round the enemy on all sides, and trample him to death. If the attack is of a very serious character, they form a circle, in the centre of which the young are placed with their mothers. The rest, arranging themselves with their heels towards their foes, repel the most vigorous attacks.

Many a careless boy, and unfortunate man, know, from bitter experience, what a powerful instrument of defence the horse possesses in his heels. By their means, he has been known, in a favorable situation, to contend success-

fully, though single-handed, with a full-grown lion. It was in the menagerie at Paris, in the reign of Louis XV. A nobleman having a vicious horse, whom none of his grooms were able to manage, asked leave of the king, as a matter of sport, to have him turned loose in the menagerie against one of the largest lions. The king consented. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when, seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately started and fell back. His ears were erected, his mane twisted, his eyes flashed, and something like a convulsive shudder agitated his whole frame. In a moment these first emotions of fear subsided, and the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie to prepare for the combat. Turning his back upon the lion, and raising his head over his left shoulder, he watched the motions of his antagonist with intense eagerness.

In a few moments the lion came out of his den, moved cautiously about from one side of the menagerie to the other, as if meditating the mode of attack. Suddenly he made a spring, to take his adversary by surprise, but was met by such a tremendous blow upon the breast from both his heels, as sent him back groaning toward his den.

For some time the discomfited lion seemed inclined to give up the contest. At length, having recovered a little from the painful effects of his first encounter, he returned again to the charge, making similar preparations for the second attack as he had done for the first. Traversing the little area to and fro for a considerable time, he seemed to seek a favorable opportunity to seize his prey, by diverting his attention from the point of attack. The horse, in the mean time, preserved the same posture of defence, keeping his eye intently fixed upon every motion

of the lion. Presently the lion gave a second spring, putting forth his utmost strength and activity. But the watchful horse was prepared for him, and struck him so vigorous a blow on his mouth that his lower jaw-bone was broken.

Having thus sustained a second and more severe repulse, the poor lion retreated hastily to his den, apparently in the greatest agony, and uttering the most lamentable moans. The victorious horse escaped without a scar or a scratch. His agility and power were much admired. But he became, after this conflict, more ungovernable than ever. So formidable was he, that no one dared even to approach the ground where he was kept; and it became necessary to shoot him.

The most beautiful horses in the world are the Arabian; though there are different races of them, as well as in other countries. The most remarkable and valuable among them are the Kochlani, who to an uncommon gentleness and docility, and a singular attachment to their masters, unite a courage and intrepidity worthy of the best-trained war-horse. They have an astonishing power of remembering the places where they have been, and the treatment they have received.

The intelligence of this race of horses is almost incredible. He knows when he is sold to a new master, or even when his old master is bargaining to sell him. When the proprietor and the purchaser meet for that purpose in the stables, the Kochlan appears instantly to guess what is going on. He becomes restless and dissatisfied, casts frequent angry glances from his beautiful eye at the merchant, paws the ground impatiently with his feet, and exhibits other unmistakable signs of discontent. Neither the buyer nor any other stranger dares to come near him. But when the bargain is concluded, and the vender, taking

the Kochlan by the halter, gives him up to the purchaser, and turns away, the horse becomes immediately tractable and submissive. From that moment he is mild and faithful to his new master, as he had been to his old one. This is no idle story. It is well attested by English residents in the East, as well as by Turkish, Arabian, and Armenian merchants.

We can hardly wonder at the extreme gentleness and docility of the Arabian horses, when we consider how they are treated. The Arabs live constantly in tents. These they always share with their horses. The mare and her foal occupy the same corner where the children sleep, and often serve them for a pillow. They may often be seen prattling to their colts as our children do to their pet dogs, patting them on their necks and faces, stroking down their soft hair, climbing on their bodies, and hanging about their necks, with the fondness and fearlessness of childhood.

The Arabian horses are always well fed, and never whipped. The use of the lash is not known among them; and it is only in the utmost extremity that the spur is used, and then as sparingly as possible. They are seldom, if ever, overburdened or overworked, but are treated with as much care and tenderness as any member of the family. — *Merry's Museum*.

KEEPING A QUIET MIND.

“DEAR me! I am so tired!” sighed Josephine Carroll, throwing herself back in the rocking-chair. She looked tired, certainly, and heated and disturbed; and though, after a few minutes, she arose, and began to change her dress, her face did not regain its serenity.

Mr. Carroll, though not a wealthy man, was sufficiently so to allow of having domestics ; but his sister, who had kept house for him since the death of his wife, preferred, like most of her village neighbors, to do the work of the family herself, with the assistance only of her eldest niece. Josephine did not dislike work,—she had always been accustomed to it ; and few girls of her age were more competent to take charge of a household ; and though sometimes, when the day's labors had been harder or more wearisome than usual, she was a little inclined to murmur, the fretful spirit vanished with the weariness which had given rise to it, and she was ready for the next day's duties with unabated cheerfulness.

"I wonder," she said, half aloud, as she stooped to tie her slipper, and a smile, like a sunbeam, crossed her face,—"I wonder if Aunt Delia could spare me for an hour this afternoon?" She ran down stairs hastily, and entered the sitting-room, where her aunt sat with a large basket by her side, containing the garments which needed repair. Josephine's smile faded as she looked ; and, drawing a low chair to the table, she said, languidly, "Any thing you want me to do, aunt?"

"Any thing? Good land, Josey, look at the basket! Here's Mabel's apron with every button gone, and Phil's jacket with the sleeve more than half torn out ; and your pa's shirts want new wristbands ; and only look at the stockings!"

"Well, aunt, I'll do the children's things. Mabel must learn not to pull so hard. But wouldn't it do if I left them till to-morrow?"

"Why, no, child. Don't put one day's duties on the top of another. Who knows what may happen before to-morrow? You or I might die."

"And, in that case, the clothes would not be needed in a hurry," said Josephine, half smiling. "But there isn't so very much to do. See! Mabel's buttons are on already; and now for Philip. I'm sure the stockings could wait; we all have enough; and I should like to go out a little while."

"Where, for the land's sake?" asked Aunt Delia, who, though kind and good, and very fond of her brother's children, had a decided objection to "gadding."

"Only to Mrs. Roberts's house," answered Josephine, in a low tone.

"Mrs. Roberts! Well, I should think she would be tired of seeing your face. What captivates you so in the new doctor's wife, I wonder?"

"I don't know, auntie. Because she is so good, I think."

The simple answer rather touched Aunt Delia's feelings. "Well," she said, more gently, "I believe she *is* good, and I don't blame you for liking her. But she can't be wanting you there for ever, — a young girl like you, not half so old as she is."

"Mrs. Roberts isn't thirty yet, aunt; and I am past sixteen. I don't wish to be troublesome to her; but she says she likes to have me come."

"I dare say. People don't mean all they say, as you'll find out before you have lived as long as I have. Come, Josey, don't fret. I can't spare you this afternoon, any how."

Josephine said no more, though tears came to her eyes for a moment. Her busy fingers kept steadily at their work, and garment after garment was laid aside, neatly repaired. Before she had finished, the children returned from school; and Mabel, in some trepidation, showed a rent in her dress.

"I was climbing over the wall, and it caught," she said, hesitatingly.

"Yes, and you pulled, I suppose, instead of loosening it gently," said her sister. "O Mabel! will you never learn to be careful?"

Mabel stood still, making no answer, somewhat ashamed, but quite as much vexed; for her sister's tone had been impatient. Josephine's conscience reproved her instantly; and she added, gently, "Well, take it off, Mabel, and bring me the pieces like it. I will mend it now." Aunt Delia, who had gone up stairs, chanced not to return until the dress was mended; and little Mabel, glad to escape a reproof, kissed her sister, and promised to try to be careful.

After the early tea, as Josephine stood leaning rather disconsolately against the door-post, her aunt came by, and looked inquiringly in her face. "Josey," she said, "if you are so set upon seeing Mrs. Roberts, why don't you run over now? I'm not going out; and I'll put the children to bed."

A bright smile was all the thanks she received, — quite enough, however; and, in less than five minutes, Josephine's hand was on the latch of Dr. Roberts's gate. The doctor himself stood on the steps, drawing on his gloves; and his horse and chaise were in waiting.

"That's right, Miss Carroll: come in, and keep my wife company. She will be all alone this evening," he said, shaking hands cordially as he came to the gate. Then turning back, "I say, Sophy, where did I put my whip?"

"Sophy," in the house, did not hear; but Josephine spied the whip, and handed it to him; and, with a hasty "Thank you!" he drove away.

A. A.

(To be continued.)

THE CAT.

It has not been ascertained at what period cats were first classed among domestic animals ; but, as this is of little consequence, I will endeavor to give some account of them from the time that their useful and amusing qualities brought them into general notice, as forming a part of our household comforts. The finest cats are those called Angora, which are remarkable for size and strength of body, elegance of the head, softness of hair, and docile qualities, which rank them first as domestic cats. Every country has its peculiar species : that of Tobolski is red ; that of the Cape of Good Hope, blue ; and those of China and Japan have hanging ears. Pallas informs us, that in Russia the muzzle is small and pointed, and the tail six times as long as the body.

I have remarked that naturalists have not spoken much in favor of this animal, particularly Buffon, who says "that the cat may be considered as a faithless friend, brought under human protection to oppose a still more insidious enemy. It is, in fact, the only animal of this tribe whose service can more than recompense the trouble of education, and whose strength is not sufficient to make its anger formidable. Of all animals, when young, there is none more prettily playful than the kitten ; but it appears to change its disposition as it grows old, and the innate treachery of its kind begins to show itself. From being naturally ravenous, education teaches it to disguise its appetite, and to seize the favorable moment for plunder. Supple, insinuating, and artful, it has learned the art of concealing its intentions till it can put them in force. Whenever the opportunity occurs, it directly seizes upon

whatever it finds, flies off with it, and remains at a distance till it thinks its offence is forgotten."

The aversion cats have to any thing like slavery or imprisonment is so great, that, by means of it, they may be forced to prompt obedience ; but, under restraint, they are very different. Though surrounded by food, when deprived of liberty, they abandon the desire of theft or prey, and literally die of languor and hunger. Lemery, after having put a cat into a cage, suffered two or three mice to run through it. Puss, instead of destroying them, only looked at them with apparent indifference. The mice became more bold, and even attempted to provoke her : however, it had no effect, as she still remained quiet. Liberty being given her, her strength and voracity returned ; so that, had the cage been open, the mice would have soon become her prey. They also fear severe chastisement ; and therefore this may be considered the best means of enforcing obedience. It is related that the monks of the Isle of Cyprus instructed cats to drive away serpents which infested the island ; and they succeeded so well, that in a short time they were relieved of the venomous reptiles.

The effect that both sound and music have upon this animal is well known. They, like dogs, may be made to answer the call of a whistle. An invalid, who was confined to his room for some time, was much amused by this means, and with other proofs of the docility and sagacity of a favorite cat. Valmont de Bomare saw, at the fair of St. Germain, cats turned musicians, the performance being announced by the title of the "Mewing Concert." In the centre was an ape, beating time ; and on either side the cats were placed, with music before them on the stalls. At the signal of the ape, they regulated their mewing to sad or lively strains. One of our celebrated naturalists assures us that they *are* capable of gratitude, and may be considered faithful. — *Forrester's Magazine.*

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was a poor room, — a very poor room indeed. The plastering was cracked and broken, and had entirely fallen in some spots: the floor was uneven, and the great cracks round the edges admitted plenty of cold air. The very fireplace seemed, by its ample size, to suggest poverty by the very contrast with the few sticks which were gathered together in the centre. The furniture was poor too, — a narrow cot-bed in one corner, and a straw-bed on the floor in another, an old chest of drawers, a rickety pine table, one or two worn chairs and three-legged stools. The only occupant of the room was a middle-aged woman, who stood ironing at the little table. Her dress was as miserable as the apartment and its furniture, but, like them, was scrupulously clean. Her face, whose expression had come to be habitually that of care and sorrow, brightened a little as she heard footsteps on the stairs; and two children, a boy and a girl, entered the room.

“You’ve been a long time,” said the woman, pleasantly. “Did you go directly to Mrs. Carleton’s?”

“Yes, mother,” replied the girl: “we carried her the work, and she said she liked the way it was done; and when we told her that you would like the money, because to-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day, she said she was sorry, but she could not pay you; she had no small bills. And, when I asked her if I might come again to-night, she told me they were going out of town.”

“But, mother,” said the boy, “she went to her store-room, and she put ever so many things into this basket for you. It was so heavy, Mary and I could scarcely bring it. See here!” And he proceeded to display the stores, — a chicken, nicely roasted; two pies, some tea,

some sugar, quite a large parcel of flour, and at least a peck of apples. "We shall have a real Thanksgiving, mother, just like other people."

Mrs. Peters put her iron on the hearth, that she might better examine the gifts which her little son was regarding with so much pleasure. Mary, meanwhile, with scarcely a glance at the eatables, was busily putting away her hood and shawl."

"And now, Mary dear," said her mother, "just put all these things away in the closet, while I finish my ironing."

Mary did as she was desired; while her brother George went on giving his mother an account of all he had seen in the street. "A whole wagon-full of turkeys, mother; and one butcher was going to buy them all, I do believe. And, oh! mother, that butcher's window was full of oranges; and all sorts of birds, with feathers on, were hanging up; and there were cranberries and great yellow squashes!"

Mary sat down at length by the fire. A deep sigh made her mother look towards her. "What's the matter, Mary? Tired with your walk?"

"No, mother; but I wish Thanksgiving Days and Christmas Days would never come."

"Why, Mary, child, what's amiss now? Why, I declare, I never thought about your new dress, dear. Well, I'm sorry. I almost wish you had told Mrs. Carleton that I was depending upon the money to get you one."

"I couldn't do that, mother; but I've been thinking that I don't believe such days were made for poor folks. I'm sure I don't see any thing to be thankful for. There's Nellie Carleton, now: if any one was like her, it would be easy to be thankful. I saw her in the parlor, when Mrs. Carleton took us into the storeroom. She was

playing on her beautiful piano; and she wore a bright crimson dress, that looked so warm and pretty!"

"And so my little girl let envy creep into her heart; and because she cannot have a crimson dress, and play upon the piano in a beautiful parlor, she thinks she has nothing to be thankful for!"

"No, mother: I don't think I am quite so bad as that. I do not want a crimson dress; it would be too nice and too pretty for me to wear here, even if I had it: but I really don't see why I should not have my dark calico. Such a nice time as we were going to have to-morrow cutting it out!"

"I am sorry you are disappointed, Mary: but a few days will not make much difference; and you must try to enjoy all the pleasures we have. It was quite thoughtful in Mrs. Carleton to send us the chicken already roasted, because it will save our making a large fire."

"Yes," chimed in George: "she took up a raw one first; and then she said, 'No; your mother will like this better,' and put in the cooked one."

"There's another thing too, mother. Think how glad Mrs. Carleton must be to be able to give away so many things! Why, I can't tell you how many chickens she had in her closet, or how many bundles of sugar and tea and flour. I didn't half like her giving them to us, just as if we were beggars; but then I knew she meant to be kind, and George was so pleased! He kept saying, 'Thank you, ma'am!' to every thing she put into the basket."

"Ah! Mary, I see pride has a great deal to do with the matter. Why should you dislike to receive these dainties from Mrs. Carleton? She knows, as you well know, just how we are situated. She knows that I find it hard work to get the plainest clothing and coarsest food

for ourselves. Why, then, should you feel ashamed when she offers you luxuries? My dear child, with that spirit, I do not wonder that you see nothing to be thankful for. Ask your Father in heaven for a contented mind, and that will make every day a Thanksgiving Day. But now," she added after a pause, "you may set the table for dinner, while I warm over the beans."

Mrs. Peters knew that no better cure existed for discontent than constant occupation; so she contrived to give Mary plenty of work until about four o'clock, when the short, dark autumn afternoon was almost at a close.

Just as Mary was about to sit down by the fireside to read her Sunday-school book, she heard a tap at the door. She ran to open it; and there stood Nellie Carleton, her cloak and bonnet hastily flung on, and her face wild and terrified. She took no notice of Mary, but sprang towards Mrs. Peters, crying, —

"Mamma sent me for you, Mrs. Peters. Poor little Willie is very sick with the croup. We thought he had only a little cold, and let our nurse go away to see her friends. And now mamma wants you. She says you may have to stay all night; and perhaps you won't like to leave the children, so they can come with you. Only please be quick; for papa is at the store, and there is only Bridget, the cook, with mamma, unless the doctor has come."

Mrs. Peters tried to prevail upon the breathless child to rest a minute; but she insisted that she should be wanted at home, and sped away like an arrow. Mrs. Peters gave Mary a few directions with regard to closing the room, and herself raked up the fire to prevent any accident.

When, an hour afterwards, Mary and George came to the door of Mr. Carleton's house, it was Nellie who opened it for them. They went directly into the kitchen, between

which and the chamber of sickness Bridget was making constant journeys. The children were too timid to question her, and only judged that Willie must be very ill from the hurried, eager manner and frequent ejaculations of the faithful servant. At last Nellie came down into the kitchen, sobbing bitterly. Mary stood in silent sympathy for a while; and, when the violent grief was a little stilled, she asked, —

“Is he any worse?”

“No; yes; I don’t know; only I can’t bear to see him suffer so! Oh, it is dreadful! He can hardly breathe; and he almost throws himself off the bed with every breath. He will not lie in mamma’s arms; and the doctor is trying to relieve him, but he cannot. Oh, dear, dear!” And here she began to sob afresh.

Presently Bridget came down again.

“Willie?” cried Nellie.

“No better, darlint! Poor lamb! he’ll never win through this night, I’m thinking.” And Bridget hurried off again. Presently Nellie heard the latch-key turn, and ran up stairs to meet her father.

The evening was one of dread, not only to the immediate family of the little sufferer, but to the two poor children who sat crouched by the kitchen fire. Nellie did not come down to the kitchen again till George had fallen sound asleep, with his head on the table, and Mary was in a dreamy, half-conscious state. She roused when Nellie came in, and asked if the child was better.

“No, Mary; but papa does not wish me to stay in the room while he is suffering so much. Mamma sent me down to show you where you are to sleep: she said you must be tired.”

Mary roused her sleeping brother, and the children went up stairs.

"How old is Willie?" asked Mary.

"Six years old, and the dearest little fellow! Only last night he was so full of fun and play; and now this terrible croup!"

When Mary woke the next morning, she could not at first understand where she was; but she soon remembered the sad evening, and remembered that the sun of another Thanksgiving Day was shining. She dressed herself quickly, and went down stairs. Bridget was busily engaged in preparing breakfast; but, the moment Mary inquired for Willie, she threw her apron over her head, flung herself into a chair, and burst into a howl of grief and despair.

"Sure, and he's gone to glory, the darlint! Poor craythur! Ah! and it was hard parting the sowl from the body. He just died in a fit like, for want of breath."

Mary's tears began to flow too. "And what does poor Nellie do?" she asked.

"Dade, and I cannot say rightly what she'll be after doing. Her father it was sint her to bed at twelve o'clock; and the dare little innocent did not lave the warld till five. Its all unknownst to her."

Just before the bells rang for church, Mrs. Peters had done all that Mrs. Carleton desired, and was ready to return to her own home. But, before she went, she led both her children to the quiet, darkened nursery. On a white couch lay the little still form. The face was pure and peaceful; and, though the struggle had been full of suffering, no trace of agony was visible upon the fair, open brow, or round the mouth, where a smile still seemed to play. Mary and George had never looked upon death before; and George burst into tears; but to Mary the sight seemed too holy for any outward sign. She could have stood and gazed for hours, had not her mother drawn her away.

It was with a tighter pressure of George's hand that she walked to church beside him, and her heart was full of a thankfulness, which could not even express to herself. It seemed almost wrong to her to enjoy the dinner which Mrs. Carleton had provided, while its kind giver was bowed down with grief. That night, after George had gone to bed and was fast asleep, Mary sat lost in thought by her mother's side.

"O mother," she said at length, "how something almost always happens, when we have done wrong, to show us how wicked we have been! Only think of my envying Nellie Carleton yesterday, and supposing I had nothing to be thankful for, because I could not have every thing which she has to enjoy! Mother, do you suppose God meant it for a lesson to me when he took away Willie?"

"I do not suppose, my child, that God's end in taking away that dear little boy was to show you the sin of ingratitude. He doubtless has purposes of his own in sending this affliction, which we can but feel have more immediate reference to Mr. Carleton's family. However, as his providence is so vast, we may suppose that one of the remote ends of Willie's death was to show you, that, though you do not live in ease, you have still much to be thankful for; that Thanksgiving Day can be observed in spirit by the poor as well as the rich."

"And, mother, even if Mrs. Carleton had paid you, and you had bought the dress for me, yesterday afternoon, I do not think, after what has happened, I should have felt much interest in sewing on it to-day."

"No, my dear; I do not think you would; and then, if I had gone with you to buy the dress, I might not have returned till late, and then I should not have been able to help poor Mrs. Carleton take care of Willie."

"I see that too, mother," said Mary, thoughtfully. "I

wonder if I shall ever learn to think and feel what is right, without these teachings?"

"God is always teaching us who are parents, as well as you who are children. Pray, Mary, that you may attend to these gentle lessons, so that he may not have severer ones in store for you."

About a week after, Mrs. Peters went one night to Mrs. Carleton's with some finished work. When she came back, she brought two large bundles, and Mary exclaimed, —

"Why, mother! has Mrs. Carleton given you all that sewing?"

"No, dear. One bundle is sewing, and the other is for you. Mrs. Carleton has sent you Nellie's crimson dress, and a brown one, because they were made for Nellie last year, and she will have outgrown them by another winter. She is going to wear black dresses for a little while."

"She is very kind," Mary said; but she made no further remark, nor even wished to see how the dresses fitted, till her mother desired her to try them on. They were rather long for Mary; a good fault, her mother said, and she put them carefully away in a drawer. Mrs. Peters observed, through all the winter, that Mary never asked if she might wear the crimson dress. She always dressed in the brown one for church, but she seemed to avoid the crimson. Mrs. Peters knew that the latter reminded Mary of her sinful thoughts; and, as she saw that Mary was more careful in guarding against envious wishes, she did not pain her by asking her to put it on. The first time she wore it was on the next Thanksgiving Day, when, at Nellie Carleton's request, she went to see her three-weeks-old brother; and, while she kissed the innocent little face, she did not, even then, envy Nellie her happiness.

EDITOR.

JAMES MILLER.

THE Rev. Johnson Burr, a young clergyman in a certain town of Massachusetts, finding his parish very small, determined to receive a few boys into his family to be boarded and taught. His wife — active, kind-hearted, and religious — liked the plan very much: so she fitted up two large rooms in the gable roof of their great old-fashioned house, with a number of nice little single bedsteads, wash-stands, skeleton wardrobes, and other neat devices. Six boys from the city were soon in possession of the premises; and a new life began for young Mrs. Burr.

She had determined to be a mother to these poor little fellows exiled from home; to do all in her power to make them not only comfortable, but happy. She had undertaken openly to do their mending; and, in her heart, she had undertaken to keep up their spirits by all possible kindnesses. She was so glad she had plenty of poultry for them to feed and take care of for their amusement, and a beautiful pond near the house where they could fish off the bank; and she knew how to make the “nicest” hard gingerbread.

The stage brought all six to the parsonage one fine Monday morning. They tumbled out, they tumbled in, they tumbled up stairs, they rushed hither and thither, with a racket perfectly incomprehensible to the gentle little woman. Tumbling seemed the order of the day. In five minutes, two of the beds were tumbled; their books were tumbled upon the tables and chairs; their clothes were tumbled on the floor. They went to the barn, and tumbled in the hay. They went to the swing: one tumbled out, and she had to bandage a sprained wrist. They went

to the pond: the youngest tumbled in, and she had to dry all his clothes by the fire. At dinner they ate all the chickens except the bones, and left not a scrap of pudding for Bridget in the kitchen. At tea-time they neglected her hard gingerbread, and devoured every bit of the rich pound-cake, which she had unwisely produced as an especial treat on their reception, intimating that they should like pound-cake or plum-cake every evening. With the greatest difficulty they were brought to comprehend that there were to be family-prayers at eight o'clock, and what was required of them on the occasion. The same boy who had balanced his knife on his finger while Mr. Burr was saying grace before dinner, and had poured some water down his brother's neck as soon as they sat down, was seized with a sense of the comical during prayers, which vented itself in a decided snicker, that proved contagious. A torn jacket, and two torn pairs of trousers, were thrown down stairs for Mrs. Burr to mend, that first night; and the uproar in the dormitories above, indicating a throwing about of pillows, a leaping from one bedstead to another, a shouting at being pinched, with now and then a doleful exclamation, "Do be still, boys! I want to go to sleep!" nearly drove the poor mistress of the house out of her wits. The next morning, some were rioting before daylight; while one pale little fellow, who had pleaded for sleep at night, could scarcely be waked, for an hour after breakfast; and, worst of all, a certain Bill Barnes had been putting his new fishing-rod to a most unexpected use, by angling from his chamber-window for a duckling, which he had actually caught, and triumphantly drawn up with fluttering wings, while peals of cruel laughter welcomed the new species of flying-fish.

But Mr. Burr had now taken a survey of the work before him. He had seen enough of the boys to judge

somewhat of their ways, and of the manner in which they had been brought up. The school-hour arrived: their school-life was to begin at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. It opened with a brief address from Mr. Burr, so clear, so resolute, and yet so kind, that the reading of the Scriptures, and the prayer, were listened to in perfect silence.

Mr. Burr was singularly fitted for his task. He was sincere in his piety, highly educated, with an enthusiasm for study which was contagious. He had great decision, with entire calmness; and he understood boys. In six months, he had a most orderly school and household: his boys were making rapid progress, and his wife actually enjoyed her many cares. He positively declined taking more than eight scholars. The last was James Miller.

James Miller was an orphan. His father had been an officer, his mother an heiress; he, an only child, exceedingly indulged till the death of his parents, when he was about ten years old. His guardian had done little but take care of his large property, and send him from one school to another as fast as complaints reached his ear; so that, at thirteen, James was pronounced quite unmanageable.

At the end of two months, Mr. Burr began to fear he must make the same report. The boy was remarkably handsome, intelligent, and animated; in fact, it was an exuberant flow of spirits, which he never attempted to control, that was continually hurrying him into mischief; for, as people often said, there was "nothing wilfully bad in him." He was very popular with the boys, of course. He had a good heart, but it was unregenerate. Religion had no power over it: that was a subject to which he had never given the slightest attention. And he lived solely for his own pleasure, and seemed to have a vague feeling

that the object of religion was to lay restraint upon all manner of enjoyment; consequently he shrunk from it.

Uneasy as to the influence exerted by such a boy among his companions, Mr. and Mrs. Burr began to hold consultations about the propriety of retaining him in so small a school. But week after week passed on: they felt that his chances would be worse among a larger number of boys, and his power of evil greater; and each thought that some faint symptoms of a change began to appear, showing that even his bold and reckless nature was not wholly proof against the silent but potent atmosphere of a religious home. There was, at times, an expression of serious attention on his fine face for a moment, when Mr. Burr made an unusually earnest appeal from the pulpit, or read with emphasis some touching passage from Scripture in their family services. This was little enough; but it decided Mr. Burr to retain him another term, if he wished to stay. And he did wish it. Another good sign; for the discipline was strict.

In the first week of the new term, however, he was in one of his rampant moods; and, after riding Mr. Burr's horse to water, he galloped off into the woods, catching up one of the smallest boys before him. Wild with spirits, he rode on till he found he had lost his way; and when, at last, he came home late in the evening, it was found that he had strained the animal in leaping a ditch; that the little boy whom he had carried off was sick with fright and fatigue; that Mr. Burr had lost the opportunity of visiting a remote parishioner, who was dying; and that Mrs. Burr, who had had a violent headache all day, was almost ill with anxiety.

Mr. Burr and James did not exchange one word that evening. The next morning, the culprit was summoned to Mr. Burr's desk. He went, but not with his usual careless

air; although his first words were, "I suppose, sir, you intend to dismiss me; and I acknowledge I deserve it." Mr. Burr looked at him steadily and sadly, and replied, "No, James: you have neither father nor mother. God will discipline you. I have done all that I can. If I am not to be his instrument, he will find another. This is all that I have to say."

In silent surprise, James looked at Mr. Burr's countenance. There was no anger there. He went to his seat. It was such a studious and thoughtful day as he had never known.

In the evening, there was a great alarm among the boys. Mr. and Mrs. Burr had gone out to visit a neighbor; and Sam Richardson, a lad who had been seriously injured by the wild example of James, thought fit to climb to the ridgepole of a very steep-roofed barn, where James had once ventured in a braggadocio mood, in spite of Mr. Burr's prohibition. No sooner did Sam reach the ridgepole than his head became dizzy: he grew frightened, and screamed for help. The boys ran for James Miller, who instantly climbed up the lightning-rod, supposing that his presence and aid would dissipate the panic of his school-mate.

But, by some strange slip, he lost his own footing just as he grasped Sam's arm. Both boys slid and slid, vainly catching at the slippery shingles, uttering short cries, echoed by the boys below; till, to the horror of the spectators, both came over the eaves of that high barn, headlong to the ground.

The head of Sam Richardson struck a stone, and he never spoke again. James had both legs broken, and many severe bruises.

He was confined to his chamber many weeks, devotedly nursed by Mr. and Mrs. Burr. The anguish of his body

was nothing to that of his mind ; but he came forth a changed being, with a changed heart. Mr. Burr's words had been verified. God had disciplined him ; and, under that discipline, he had listened to tender religious instructions, and learned the ways of wisdom and Christian peace.

L. J. H.

DRESDEN AND BERLIN.

DRESDEN is not so large a city as Prague ; but it is handsome, with wide and well-paved streets. I was interested in the Market-place, where every thing — fruits, vegetables, meat, and game — was sold by women. The Theatre is one of the finest buildings : it is in a large square entirely isolated. On one side is a church, and on the other the palace. This church is Catholic ; but, of all the Catholic churches I have seen in Europe, this looked the cleanest, and least frequented. The court here is Catholic ; the people, Protestant.

Dresden boasts the finest gallery of paintings north of Italy, with the exception of Paris. Its great gems are the *Madonna di San Sisto* by Raphael, a beautiful picture ; the "*Notte*" of Correggio, and five other of his pictures ; a *St. Cecilia* by Carlo Dolce ; the "*Christo della Moneta*" by Titian ; and the *Burgomaster of Bade*, kneeling with his family before the Virgin, praying for the recovery of his sick child. Nowhere else are such fine Correggios to be seen ; and the head of Titian's Christ * struck me as the very best of all I have seen, except Raphael's. It

* There is a good copy of this celebrated picture in the vestry of School-street Church, Boston.

ought not to be compared to that; for Raphael's is the heavenly Christ, while Titian's is the Christ on earth. The Burgomaster is by Holbein, and considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. Frederick the Great aspired to be a connoisseur of the fine arts as well as a great general; but he rejected this picture, while he accepted some which proved mere trash. There are a great number of fine works in this gallery. Among those by Correggio is the recumbent Magdalen; a most exquisite thing, which has been copied very extensively.

The "Green Vault" is the name of a collection unique in its kind. The Saxon princes used to be richer than they are now, and had besides the rich silver-mines of Freiburg to draw upon, so that they collected an immense amount of valuables; and, what is more, they kept them all. They are deposited here; and it is said to be the richest collection which any European monarch now possesses. It must be worth many millions of dollars. The range of objects is from small and exquisite wood-carvings to diamonds. One room is filled with the gold and silver plate which adorned the banquets of the Saxon rulers; another has vessels formed of Pietra dura (precious stones), agates, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, rock-crystal, &c. The moss agates are most beautiful. The specimens of pearls are fine: some are as large as a hen's egg. The last apartment is the *ne plus ultra* of riches in diamonds and gems, — diamond-hilted swords, chains, collars, all the orders of the golden fleece, &c. Here is the largest sardonyx known. Then there are sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other gems. Among the diamonds, the most remarkable is a green brilliant, weighing one hundred and sixty grains: green brilliants are very rare. There are some very costly works in small carving: a piece by Dinglingen, called the Court of the Great Mogul, contains

one hundred and thirty-eight figures, all gold enamelled. It cost fifty-eight thousand dollars, and the labor of a dozen artists for eight years. Boxes are kept always in readiness to pack the things, and send them off to Konigstein Castle for safe keeping, in case of war or danger; and more than once they have been thus preserved.

They have an extensive collection of Chinese and Japanese articles; and I had expected to see a large collection of the ware known as Dresden china; but of this there is comparatively little. To one who had never seen Chinese or Japan ware, it would be very interesting; but I did not think it worth the two dollars charged for admission. It cost a good deal of money, however; and it seems to me money very foolishly spent. For instance, a lot of twenty vases cost six thousand dollars; and so on.

The largest Protestant church is called the Frauenkirche (Church of our Lady). It is octagon-shaped, and the interior resembles a theatre with parquette and boxes. It seats six thousand persons. I believe there are as many as six galleries; for it is very high. I ascended to the tower, from which the view was very fine. The Saxon Switzerland was in full view. Those peculiar little figures, which we know by the name of Dresden china, are made here; but I was surprised to find them excessively dear. It costs so much to make them, that very few are done here now. They have some nice paintings on porcelain.

There is a fine terraced walk along the Elbe, where, by the light of the full moon, the bridges, river, and town show charmingly. Here are cafés, &c. In the evening, a fine band of music plays in some one of their very large rooms: they are filled with people at little tables, the ladies sewing or knitting, gentlemen smoking, and all taking some refreshment, and listening to fine music. We always stood it till we were smoked out, and then decamped.

We went to the opera once. It began at the very seasonable hour of six, and finished at half-past eight ! Is not that primitive ? It was vastly convenient.

In Dresden I think it was that we began to see dogs used a great deal to drag burthens ; and, ever since, we have seen them more and more till we left Frankfort. They are regularly harnessed to carts, sometimes singly, in pairs, and then three together, and sometimes four. Then again we will see a man in the thills, and the dog dragging at the side or underneath ; again there will be two dogs and a man ; and then again a dog, a man, and a woman. But, any way, there is no rest for poor doggy ; he has to earn his beans ; and, for my part, I don't see why he should not. He has been a *gentleman* long enough ; and, in these days of utilitarianism, he must come in for his share of the *work*.

From Dresden to Berlin, the route is soon described. It is a dead flat all the way. Berlin is a very handsome city, with wide and regular streets ; but it is on a sandy plain, and as flat as a pancake. One of the longest streets, the Frederickstrausse, has not the inclination of one foot in its whole length of two miles. There is a sluggish stream, called the *Spree*, which passes through the city. Many of the streets have sidewalks, and all are handsomely paved with square blocks or with pebbles like ours. Some of the latter have broad flat stones running longitudinally for the wheels of carriages to run on ; an excellent arrangement. The street called Unter den Linden is one of the finest in Europe. There is a double row of lime-trees through the centre, with a wide promenade beneath them, and a wide carriage-way on either side. On and near this are the principal buildings, houses, and stores. It commences at one of the gates of the city, the Brandenburg, and ends in a large square, at the commencement of

which stands the monument and statue of Frederick the Great by Rauch; the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen, without any exception. The base is of polished granite, about six feet high; all above is of bronze. The first pedestal above the granite has about thirty statues and bas-reliefs upon it, of the distinguished men of Frederick's time, civilians as well as generals: at each corner is an equestrian statue of one of his most celebrated generals. What makes the great value of this portion is, that every one is a portrait of the individual; so that, historically, it is exceedingly interesting. The next portion above has bas-reliefs on each of its four sides, representing, either allegorically or historically, events in Frederick's life. Then the whole is surmounted with a colossal equestrian statue of the great king, true in every respect to the life, cocked hat and all. The other figures are of natural size. The effect of the whole is very fine; and it is acknowledged to be one of the grandest monuments, in design and in execution, in Europe.

Beyond this statue come many very fine public buildings, with plenty of room to show them off to advantage. There is the Opera House, the Palace of Prince William, the University, the Guard House, and the Arsenal. Then, crossing the river by a fine wide bridge, we come to the larger square, called the Lust Gartn, on one side of which is the Royal Palace, and opposite is the Museum: in the open space between is a garden, with a fine fountain. The Museum is a noble building, having a portico supported by about twenty fine columns. Within the portico, the wall is covered with some good frescoes on a large scale. On one side of the grand flight of steps leading to it is the magnificent group in bronze of an Amazon on horseback, and a tiger: this is by Kiss. On the other will stand a

horseman contending with a lion, by Rauch, the great artist and sculptor of Berlin.

The Museum contains the gallery of paintings and of sculpture. The latter is not much. There is the bronze figure of a boy praying, considered one of the finest antique bronzes in existence. Canova's Hebe is here also. The picture-gallery contains few good pictures, and much trash. Its great attractions are twelve paintings by John and Hubert Van Eyck, which formed the side-wings of the famous altar-piece in the Church of St. Baven in Ghent, called "The Worship of the Spotless Lamb," in which church the central portion still remains. These wings were intended for shutters to the main picture, and were painted on both sides, as was then customary. We saw the six finest: they certainly were very beautiful, though a little stiff; but they were wonderfully in advance of the age, and the colors are marvellously well preserved. These were done in 1432, a century before Raphael flourished. There is a portrait of an old man by Barthazar Dennar, said to have cost seven thousand five hundred dollars. Every individual hair of the beard, and every speck on the face, seems to be copied exactly. There is a good Raphael; but the pictures by Rubens, Guido, Carracci, Carlo Dolce, &c., are very inferior.

The Egyptian Museum, in the same building, interested us the most: it is the most complete we have seen. They have fitted up one room in exact *fac-simile* of an ancient Egyptian temple, and their collection of curiosities is very complete.

There is a splendid staircase leading to the second story, the walls of which are being covered with beautiful frescoes, some of which are finished.

The Royal Palace is a vast building, apparently of brick, plastered. The state apartments are splendid. The

knights' hall is a grand apartment, containing a side-board covered with massive old plate of gold and silver, and other things of great value, precious stones, &c. The rooms inhabited by Frederick the Great were fitted up quite economically. In the attic story is a curious collection or museum of every thing. Here is an effigy of Frederick the Great, with the very uniform he wore on the day of his death, and his gauntlets beside him. His handkerchief, well mended, and a shirt much the worse for wear, are shown, his flute and his walking-stick, without which latter he never went out: even on horseback, he always carried it, hanging by the arm. Two cannon-balls are shown, which were fired by opposing armies at the siege of Magdeburg, and which, meeting plump in the air, became flattened on one side, and stuck together. Here are the stars, decorations, &c., presented to Napoleon by different sovereigns of Europe, and his hat; all of which were taken in his carriage at Waterloo. But I cannot mention any more. It is a good day's work, for any one curious in such matters, to go over this museum. We went out to Charlottenburg one morning. Here is a palace looking rather dilapidated, and grounds which looked desolate, with the trees stripped almost of their leaves. In a building within the grounds is Rauch's statue of the Queen of Prussia (Louisa) as she lay dead. It is considered a very beautiful one.

On our way back, we stopped to see the beautiful grounds of Borsig. This is a mansion, built, and the gardens laid out, by a man who was originally a blacksmith. He quarrelled with his employer; and then some friends, knowing his talent, gave him a small capital, with which he began business himself. Railroads were then talked of in Prussia. He went to England, studied the locomotives, came back, and began to make them himself, and soon

accumulated a very large fortune. The workshops adjoin his grounds; and every thing there is said to be conducted on the most liberal scale towards the men. His grounds are not large; but every thing is in exquisite taste. His hot-house is the finest in Prussia. Returning, we drove through the Thiergarten, — an extensive woody place, with drives all around it. Cafés and restaurants are scattered about. There is one most extensive establishment: it contains a theatre, concert-room, &c. I went there on a Sunday evening, and found a play going on, and the hall full of people, — ladies and gentlemen. In the summer, the concerts will take place in the garden, when the little tables are put in requisition.

I went out to Potsdam, the town of palaces. Here is Sans Souci, the favorite residence of Frederick the Great. The palace is not much; but the grounds are all on a very extensive scale. There is a stiffness about them, however, which I do not like: all the large bushes, even the trees, are trimmed by square and compass. At one corner of the grounds is the windmill. When he laid out his grounds, Frederick wanted to buy this, and extend them in that direction: the miller would not sell, and they had a lawsuit about it. Frederick lost the case: then he pulled down the old mill, and built the present fine large one instead. It was at Sans Souci that Voltaire had apartments; and here he praised and criticized alternately the great king. Potsdam is a beautiful place, setting aside its palaces; for there are many of these. All the roads around are lined with trees, and they are kept in excellent order. There is another statue here of the late Queen of Prussia, by Rauch, which I thought more beautiful than that of Charlottenburg. — *Ladies' Repository.*

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A LITTLE BOY.

YOUR mits I forgot, my dear little Willie :
 It is hard, I confess ; for the weather's quite chilly.
 Jack Frost bites severely this winter, we're told :
 Some dear little urchins would cry with the cold ;
 But Willie's a brave boy, and, dragging his sled ,
 Round the park and the gardens, he holds up his head,
 And laughs at the icicles hung from the trees,
 And runs all the faster, for fear he should freeze.
 Soon Spring shall return, with her birds and her flowers,
 Her bright sunny gleams and her soft April showers ;
 The calves and the lambkins shall frolic and play,
 And Willie be happy and merry as they.

Long life to thee, Willie, my dear little boy !
 May no cloud ever darken thy sunshine of joy !
 But, good, wise, and happy, may Providence shower
 Fresh gifts and new blessings upon thee each hour !

* * *

"IT IS BETTER TO TRUST IN THE LORD THAN TO
 PUT CONFIDENCE IN PRINCES." — Ps. cxviii. 9.

CHILDREN often read the many passages in the Bible
 which refer to *trust* in the Lord, without obtaining any
 idea of what such a feeling is in the heart of a child,
 and without knowing how they may trust in him. Those
 of you who have read the "Wide, Wide World," have no
 need of a better example of childish trust than little Ellen
 Montgomery. But very few of you are situated in cir-

cumstances like hers. You live with kind parents, who do all they can for you; and, if death has broken into your happy family circle, there are yet friends spared to you; and death is seldom a gloomy thing to childhood. How, then, shall you show your trust in God?

There are many of our little girl-friends who are easily discouraged. They take their arithmetic or geography, and they say, "These sums are so hard, I never can do them;" or, "These map-questions are so long, I'm sure I can't learn them." They forget that "God helps those who help themselves." Does any child feel inclined to smile at the thought of God's help in so small a thing as learning a lesson? Then it is because that child does not trust in him. There is nothing too small to be noticed by him; and if children would try to learn, and feel this, there would be fewer tears shed over hard lessons.

Again: suppose the hard lesson to have been studied faithfully. The child goes to her class, and fails in her lesson. Failure, as all teachers and scholars know, is not *always* the result of negligence. Many a little girl, in this case, makes herself and her teacher unhappy by weeping for half an hour. This is not trusting in God. If the child has faithfully studied her lesson, that is all she could do. God rules small events, such as recitations, as well as large ones. Be very sure that your lesson is faithfully studied; that your thoughts have not wandered to other things while you were learning it; and then, if you fail, don't cry about it.

A boy is sometimes anxious to obtain a situation. It is necessary that he should begin to labor for his own support. He goes up and down the streets, diligently making inquiries; but no one seems to want his services. What shall he do? Shall he sit down, ready to give up in despair? No: he must trust in God. The best place

for him is not yet ready for him, or his heavenly Father sees that it will be better for his character to wait a while.

In disappointments, too, children are apt to forget that they should trust in God. You may not see why Mr. G. should fall ill, and thus disarrange your plans for a day in the country; or why, when you expected your Cousin Lizzie to pass the day with you, she did not come. These little disappointments now are your training for those which you must meet hereafter. Perhaps you go to Mr. G.'s, after he recovers, and enjoy yourself much better because the weather is finer; or your Cousin Lizzie comes to see you on a holiday, when you can better enjoy her society. But, when you are older, years may pass before you can see that a disappointment was for your good. What shall you do then? This lesson of trust is hard to learn in mature life. It is easy to be acquired now.

We beg you then, children, to take it home to your hearts, — this lesson of trust in a Father's will. Without it, to live is bare existence: with it, the life dreariest and dullest to outward seeming, is yet, to its possessor, full of heavenly life. Without it, the soul drifts like a vessel without any anchor, driven by every wind, and endangered by every storm: with it, the soul is fixed and in safety; and, no matter what storm may rise or winds blow, it can say, "We are in port, if we have Thee." EDITOR.

LITTLE MARY.

"God bless the darling child!" said my Uncle Leonard, when Mary had given him the customary good-night kiss, and had quietly left the room. "God bless her! She

brought sunlight into the old house when she came into it; and our home has been a brighter, happier home since the day she came."

I was a little boy then, not more than five years old; and as I sat on the carpet at my mother's feet, trying to blindfold my little white kitten, I heard my uncle's words, but I could not rightly understand how little Mary could carry sunlight with her. But I understand it now, dear sister.

There were seven of us in our home, — Uncle Leonard, who had been an invalid many years; our father and mother; and four children, — little Mary, Harry, Arthur, and I. They always called me Charley.

Our house was a low, white cottage, in a quiet, pleasant village, in the interior of Maine. In front of the house, the large yard swept in gentle undulations down to the banks of the little stream which ran through our village. In the winter, deep snow-drifts filled the yard, sometimes covering the white fences, and the large rock in the corner, which we always called Mount Harry. We had fine frolics in those deep drifts and on the frozen stream; while the trees and shrubs around us glistened in the sunlight with the strange, cold beauty of their frost-covering. Yet we always gladly watched the ice melting and the snow-drifts disappearing in the spring, and the coming-forth of the leaves of the graceful elms, the tall oaks, the slender maple-trees, and the high lilac-bushes.

Through the summer, the fragrant lilacs and honeysuckles, the violets, roses and carnations, and, later, the bright autumnal flowers, surrounded us with beauty and with fragrance. Beyond the stream were many large, well-cultivated farms; and, far away in the distance, the dark-green woods.

At the back of the house was our little flower-garden:

for our mother loved flowers ; and often, when her household cares were ended, she passed many hours of the pleasant days there. And there our little sister, when she first could walk about, used to talk to the violets and roses, and the bright dandelions, and listen for their answers to her questions.

Far away from the little garden, with its treasures, rose a semicircle of hills, which seemed to infold our little village away from the rest of the world. Far to the north, above the hills, rose the snow-capped heights of Katahdin. Arthur once told me that the little hills were the children of the mountain ; and so we always called the mountain Father Katahdin.

The fairest flower of all that bloomed around us was our little sister. Arthur, Harry, and I, were not much like flowers. We were three noisy boys, always in somebody's way, always getting into trouble, and doing some mischief ; dragging our little carts over mother's flower-beds or the gardener's choice vegetables ; spilling ink on our father's books and papers ; playing horse with the chairs, and accidentally striking each other instead of the horses ; making reeds of pumpkin-stalks, and whistles of alder-wood, and giving concerts in every room in the house, till even our patient mother thought there was a limit to human endurance ; and Uncle Leonard put his hands to his head, to assure himself that his head was safely there in its accustomed place. It was not strange that he thought the quiet, gentle little girl, who loved everybody, and thought of everybody's comfort, was a blessing.

A blessing she truly was. Our father called her "little dove" and "little peace-maker ;" our mother called her "darling : " but Uncle Leonard called her only "little

Mary ;" and that name, given to her in her cradle, she never outgrew.

Strangers would have thought of her — if, indeed, they had noticed her at all — as a quiet, pleasant little girl, with nothing remarkable about her : but to us she was more than any of us could tell, — the light and warmth of our home ; the quiet, beautiful influence softening the asperities of our rougher natures, and making us more like herself. It was the light and warmth of love she brought into our home. She never seemed to have any selfish wishes. A nature like hers, so unselfish and loving, finds its own happiness in serving others.

Little Mary, without any pretensions, without any apparent effort, always did the right thing in the right time ; soothing passionate, warm-hearted Harry, in his moments of vexation, that he might not say bitter words, and do unkind acts, only to repent them with great sorrow the next hour ; helping Arthur to solve the mysteries of fractions, and learn perplexing moods and tenses ; playing ball with Charley, and drawing pictures for him ; stepping here and there ; always busy, always happy, doing some service for the comfort of all. Happy the home which is made beautiful by such a ministry of love ! happy the brothers to whom such a sister has been given ! Had she no faults ? If the dead have faults, we forget them. Looking back, through many years, to my boyhood's home, and to the little sister who went so early to the heavenly home, I see only the serene face and the kindly acts ; I hear only the loving words. Her faults, if she had any, I have forgotten.

One morning, Mary complained of a headache ; and, when we went to school, we left her lying on a low couch in mother's room ; and the windows were so darkened,

that Uncle Leonard could scarcely read the morning paper, as he sat in the large arm-chair by her side.

When night came, she was in her own room, her crimson cheek resting on the snowy pillow, and her brown curls put back out of sight. For many days we were very quiet. We had no heart for noisy playings when Mary was suffering. At last the fever left her; but she gained no strength. Day by day she grew weaker; and, when the snow was melting from the hill-tops, — the first token of the coming of spring, — we knew that Mary would not be with us when the violets and the May-flowers came.

I was alone with her one day, sitting by the low couch, where she often lay during the early morning hours. She had been very quiet a long time, her little thin, white hand holding mine, so plump and brown: then, drawing my head down to her pillow, she said, — as if she had been thinking how she should leave all her little duties, so that no one need miss her, — “Charley, when the spring comes, will you help mamma plant the flower-seeds as I have always? And the little bed of violets in the corner of the garden, — will you take good care of that? Mamma calls them ‘Mary’s violets;’ and, if they should not blossom well, she will think they miss me. And, Charley, when Uncle Leonard is ill, will you read the newspaper to him? He will miss it so much, if you do not! Harry will take care of my birds, and Arthur will always dust papa’s books.” Then her voice was very low, scarcely more than a whisper. “Charley will always be very good; will try to do just right, till I see him again.” Many times after that she told us of little things she wished us to do for her and for others after she had gone; and, in her sleep, she often murmured our names with endearing epithets. Thus, even unto the last, she thought of us.

It was a sad, sad time for all. Our mother was with

Mary always, night and day. Our father would often go to the bedside, and, seeing the wasted form, and listening to the troubled breathing, would turn hastily away. Often he would walk for a long time across the long dining-room, or sit with his head bowed upon his hands; and sometimes we heard him say, "O my little dove, my darling!" and then we knew how bitter the trial was for him to bear.

One morning, when we awoke, little Mary had gone. We stood by her bed, and saw the lifeless body, the closed eyes, the folded hands, the sweet smile, the expression of perfect peace. Then Uncle Leonard led us away. He told us of the heavenly home, happier than any earthly home, to which our sister had gone; and of Christ, the friend of children; of the Father, whose name is love, and of his watchful care over all.

So we never thought of Mary as in the grave, where we saw her coffin placed; but, though we planted there the flowers she loved, — violets, roses, and the climbing honeysuckle, — we thought of her, our little Mary, in her new home with the angels.

Many years have passed since the first coffin was carried from our door. I have long been a wanderer from the dear home; I have travelled in many lands. The cares and duties and sorrows of life have crowded upon me. New and dear ties have been formed to bless me, and another little Mary is by my side; but she does not call me "Charley." I sometimes almost think she will; but she always calls me "papa." Amid all changes and cares, and in all lands, I have carried the memory of my angel-sister.

When I grow weary of noise and discord, and of the hurrying, toiling, and fretting of life; when the way seems dark before me, — then I feel the pressure of the little

thin hand that years ago held mine in the little chamber, whose walls have long since fallen ; and I hear again the sweet voice, saying, " Charley will always be very good ; will try to do just right, till I see him again."

Many feeble resolves hast thou strengthened, many dark hours hast thou filled with light, many thoughts hast thou drawn upward from earth, my sister, my dear little Mary in heaven !

S. E. S.

DEAR, Mich.

THE BULL-FROG.

THE appearance and habits of the frog and the toad are so familiar as to require but little description. A short account, however, is necessary of the peculiarities common to both frogs and toads.

In the early stage of their existence, these animals are termed tadpoles. They at first appear to be nothing but head and tail ; but, after several days have passed, four legs are observed to become developed. These rapidly increase, and the little creature closely resembles a small eel. In due time, however, the tail is lost, and the creature becomes a perfect frog. Another important change also takes place. In its tadpole state, the creature was essentially a water animal ; but, after its change has taken place, it is not able to exist under water for any great length of time, and is forced to come to the surface to breathe.

The tongue of the frog is curiously fixed almost at the entrance of the mouth, and, when at rest, points backwards down the throat. When, however, the frog comes within reach of a slug or insect, the tongue is darted out

with exceeding rapidity, the slug secured, carried to the back of the throat, and swallowed.

Both frogs and toads hibernate, — the former congregating in multitudes in the mud at the bottoms of ponds and marshes; while the latter choose a hole in the ground, frequently at the roots of a tree, and pass the winter in solitary dignity.

The skin of these animals has the property of imbibing water; so that, if an apparently emaciated frog is placed in a damp place, it will soon look quite plump.

The common frog is a well-known frequenter of marshy places and the banks of rivers. It is an admirable swimmer, and, from the peculiar construction of its lungs, can remain for some time under water, but is forced periodically to come to the surface for the purpose of breathing.

The bull-frog is an inhabitant of North America. It is very voracious, feeding upon fishes, mollusks, and even young fowl. Its powers of leaping are so great, that an Indian was not able to overtake an irritated bull-frog after it had sprung three hops in advance. It is very large, measuring about seven inches in length.

The tree-frogs are very peculiar animals. The construction of their feet, something resembling that of the geckos, enables them to traverse the branches, and even to hang on the under-surface of a pendent leaf, which it so resembles in color, that the unwary insect passes by, and is instantly seized by the watchful frog. The green tree-frog is the most common, and is plentifully found in Southern Europe and Northern Africa. There are several specimens in the Zoölogical Gardens, which present a most absurd appearance as they stick against the pane of glass forming the front of their cage. —
Selected.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"WHAT are you going to give for Christmas presents?" asked Charlotte Staunton of her schoolmate, Mary Clifford.

"Oh! I don't know yet: I have not thought much about them. What are you?"

"I am going to give papa a pair of slippers that I have embroidered for him; and mamma is to have ear-rings of my hair. I have determined upon a coral bracelet for Aggie. And boys always want knives, you know; so I am going to give Willie and Fred each a knife."

"Those will be beautiful presents; but then they will cost a great deal of money."

That is no matter. I shall tell papa I want some money to buy Christmas presents, and he will give it to me. The slippers are all worked; so I shall only have to pay for making them up. Oh, come down my way home, — do, Mary!" — "I can't, indeed, Charlotte; for I have an errand for mother, in S—— Street."

The girls separated, — Charlotte pleased with the idea that she had dazzled her companion with her generosity; and Mary thinking in her own mind how small the watch-chain she had intended to make for her father, and the pincushion which she had begun for her mother, seemed besides Charlotte's costlier gifts. Her errand accomplished, she went home quite discontented; and, although she knew how very wrong such thoughts were, she could not help murmuring because her parents were not wealthy, and could not indulge her as much as her schoolmate Charlotte was indulged.

The cheerful chat around the dinner-table, and the

noisy joy of her baby-brother at seeing her, did not dispel her discontented mood; and she loitered around the parlor after dinner in a manner quite unusual for her, and spoke to her little sister in so cross a tone, that her mother found it necessary to reprove her.

Mrs. Clifford saw that something was amiss; but she preferred that Mary should choose her own time for telling her troubles: so she bade her go up stairs, and bring her needlework, and sit down by her. Mary complied, and was soon busily *stitching* her discontent into the wristbands of her father's shirt.

"I wish we were rich, mother," she cried at last. "There is Charlotte Staunton, going to make such beautiful Christmas presents; while I, if I make any at all, can only give such as are scarcely worth mentioning."

"Indeed!" said her mother, quietly. "Who has given Charlotte so much money?"

"Why, her father, of course, mother. She says he gives her as much as she wants to make presents with."

"And does she give him a present?"

"Certainly, mother."

"Why does he not go out and buy himself one, instead of giving Charlotte the trouble? He would be sure of getting something he liked in that case."

"Buy himself a present! What *do* you mean, mother?"

"Only, my child, that, if he gives Charlotte the money, I cannot see that it makes any difference whether he or she buys the gift."

Mary laughed. "I did not think of that, mamma. Then, of course, her father makes the presents to her mother and brothers?"

"Yes, unless she takes her spending-money for the purpose. But to ask her father for money to buy presents seems to me a strange mode of proceeding."

"Then, mother, no children can make presents; so I still wish we were rich."

"Yes, Mary: you or any other child can use your time and your ingenuity in making gifts. If you have the wish to give your father and your brothers and sisters pleasure, you can do it without money. Why do you wish to give them any thing at all?"

"Because — I can hardly tell, mother; because they like to receive my gifts, I suppose."

"Exactly so. Now, suppose that your father was able to give you as much money as you desired, or even that you were not obliged to ask him for it, but possessed it in your own right, and that you should buy him a gold watch-chain: do you think he would like it any better than that of simple purse-twist, which you intend to make under Cousin Lucy's direction?"

"No, mother," answered Mary, blushing, and bending more closely over her work.

"And what is Charlotte going to give to her mother and brothers and sisters?" Mary enumerated the various articles; and her mother resumed: "I think our little Carrie will be as much pleased with your great doll, which you have outgrown, and which you are going to dress anew for her, as Aggie Clifford with her coral bracelet; and I am sure that George and James will like a pair of mittens, or a warm knit scarf, as well as a knife. You have money enough to buy all the materials necessary for your presents; and you are sure that they will be as highly appreciated as Charlotte's. Now, why should you be discontented, and desire what you cannot have?"

"It looks so mean, mother, to say you are only going to give a watch-chain or a pair of mittens."

"I thought you said, just now, Mary, that you gave presents to please your friends. It seems, however, that

this is not your motive. You give them in order to boast of them ; and, if they are not costly enough to boast of, you prefer not to give any."

Mary was quite overwhelmed with the real view of the case, presented in its true colors before her eyes ; and her shame and confusion made her cry bitterly for a few moments. At last she wiped her eyes, and said, "I know I have been a very naughty girl to feel discontented. I will try not to do so again. I see that it is just as you say. If I could have outdone Charlotte, I should have been very glad to have boasted to her of what I meant to do. I wish, mamma, you could tell me some way in which I might punish myself."

"I think you will not need punishment to make you remember ; but, if *you* think so, why not tell Charlotte, the next time the subject is mentioned, what you are going to give, and prepare yourself to meet with indifference any contempt she may express for the smallness of the gifts ? "

This opportunity offered soon after ; for Mary, having commenced some mittens for her brothers, needed some worsted to finish them, and asked Charlotte one day to accompany her to a store to procure it. Charlotte admired the mittens. "I mean to make some," she said. "I know the boys will like them a great deal better than knives."

Mary was astonished to find that Charlotte did not despise any of her gifts. In fact, she wished she was as industrious as Mary, and knew as well how to make appropriate presents.

And Mary was still more convinced that her mother was right, when, a few days after Christmas, Charlotte told her that Aggie had broken her bracelet, and lost a number of the coral beads. But, more than this, Mary had been taught to feel, that, in foolishly wishing, and

making herself unhappy, she was sinning against her heavenly Father, and rebelling against his will. She never again found herself wishing for the indulgences and the luxuries of her schoolmates, without the remembrance of the lesson which her Christmas gifts had taught her.

Are there any among our little readers who feel that such presents as they can make are not worth giving? Let such learn a lesson from Mary Clifford, and remember that not the costliness of the gift, but the good-will of the giver, makes its real value.

EDITOR.

KEEPING A QUIET MIND.

(Concluded from p. 230.)

"Ah, Phenie!" said Mrs. Roberts, starting up to welcome her young visitor as she entered. "I am glad to see you. I heard the doctor speaking to some one, but supposed it only a passer-by. How goes on all at home?"

"Oh! well enough, — the same as usual. I wanted to come here this afternoon, but Aunt Delia could not spare me." There was a touch of weariness and disappointment in her tone, which Mrs. Roberts instantly detected, though she seemed not to observe it.

"For once, I am much obliged to Aunt Delia," she said; "for I was out this afternoon. I want to tell you about it." And, in simple words, she went on to speak of a poor patient of her husband, whom he had wished her to visit, — of her poverty and illness, her patience and submission, — until the young girl forgot her own little trials in interest for another. But Mrs. Roberts had not forgotten; and after an hour's pleasant conversation, during

which all trace of discontent had vanished from Josephine's countenance and mind, she said, kindly, —

“Phenie love, what has troubled you to-day?”

“Troubled me? Oh! nothing to speak of. I forget all my little vexations when I am with you. I wish I could always stay here.”

“I'm sure I should like it, Phenie; but, as it cannot be, let us see if I can help you to bear the vexations. What were they?”

“Nothing more than usual. But you know Aunt Delia has a way of numbering up beforehand how many things there are to be done, till it seems a great deal, whether it is or not; and she keeps us in a continual bustle, until I do not know which to do first, and I grow hot and excited. I do believe I'm terribly cross sometimes, though I don't wish to be. I'm not unwilling to do the work, if I could take things as calmly as you do,” she added, looking up with fond affection.

Perhaps there is nothing more beautiful than the attachment of a young girl to an older female friend; the blending of confiding trust with reverence and love; the innocent admiration which sees only truth and goodness, and finds its own greatest pleasure in pleasing its object. And how great an influence may be exerted by those who have the gift of thus attracting young hearts! an influence which may be, which often is, the means of drawing the youthful heart upward from earthly friends to the great Exemplar and Friend, whose love can never fail. And, alas! sometimes this influence is used for evil. Mrs. Roberts was one who looked upon every good gift as coming from God, and to be used for his service; and her interest in Josephine was the greater, that she herself had been left motherless at the same age.

She answered the young girl's earnest look with an

affectionate smile, and said, "Phenie, were you at church last Sunday afternoon?"

"No: Mabel was not well, and I staid at home to take care of her."

"I am sorry: I think you would have been interested in the sermon. This was the text: 'In returning and rest ye shall be saved: in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' Perhaps that is what you want, Josephine, — a quiet mind, and a confiding trust in Heaven, to help you to endure the little annoyances of every day."

"But how can I keep a quiet mind, dear Mrs. Roberts? I do not think I am naturally very tranquil."

"So much the more need of effort on your part, dear. In the morning, when you pray, let that be an especial petition; and then — you can form some idea, I suppose, of what your duties will be — arrange them in your mind as far as possible, and go quietly to the performance of them. Do not worry yourself with fears of not having all done: if there are any for which you really have not the time, they are not your duty, and your conscience need not be troubled. Perhaps you may be obliged to leave something half done, to assist your aunt in something else: this something else is then the present duty, and is to be done without any interfering thoughts of the one left undone, which can be completed by and by."

"And if things keep coming, so that the half-done duty remains half done all day?"

"Then let it remain so. If other things are more important, that is no neglect of yours. But, Phenie, you've no idea how much more one can accomplish by keeping a quiet mind, and thinking of one thing at a time. I remember, when first I kept house for my father, I was very much worried and perplexed, and could not make things go right, as the saying is; and I grew excited and irritable.

My father noticed this, and one day he inquired into it. So I told him all my perplexities. He smiled kindly, and told me not to be troubled, but to do as well as I could, without fretting, and let every thing else go; promising not to complain, even if he went ragged and hungry, so long as I did my best and kept tranquil. 'For after all, my dear Sophy,' he said, 'these little things that we call comforts and luxuries are not to be weighed against the wear to the soul that they cause.' I took his advice, thought over my duties, and decided which were the most important and must be done, and did them faithfully; and it was not long before my troubles vanished, and I found I could easily accomplish all that was necessary. It very often happened that I did not accomplish all that I wished; but I would not allow myself to feel troubled. My father was a clergyman, and we had many calls and frequent visitors; and I was inclined to be anxious lest our daily fare should seem mean and poor to them. But my father never would permit me to be worried. 'We'll make our friends welcome to whatever we have, Sophy,' he would say; 'and a welcome from a cheerful, tranquil heart is better than a feast with a worried mind.' So that was my experience, Josephine; and, as I have learned the value of a quiet mind, perhaps you may."

"And you are never troubled now?" asked Josephine. "You always look as if nothing could disturb your peace."

Mrs. Roberts drew to her the Bible which lay open on the table, and read from it, "'Commit thy way to the Lord: trust in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' There is my secret, dear Phenie. I can but do my duty: God will take care of the rest."

Josephine lingered till Dr. Roberts returned; then, with

a softly whispered "Thank you! you have done me good," she departed.

"She is a pretty creature," said Mrs. Roberts to her husband, as their visitor closed the gate; "and she tries so hard to do right, that one cannot help loving her."

"She has fallen into good hands," answered the doctor. "I don't know any one who can help her better than you can, Sophy."

Josephine had no opportunity to test her friend's advice for some days; for either her duties were easier, or her resolve made them seem so. But one morning Aunt Delia told her that she was obliged to go away for two or three days, and should leave the house in her charge. "I shall be back Saturday night at farthest, Josey," she said; "and I'll trust to you to get along till then."

So Aunt Delia departed; and her niece, with some misgivings, assumed the responsibilities of the household. She succeeded very well, with such assistance as Mabel and Philip could give, until Saturday morning came, when a fear seized her that her aunt would find things neglected. She began to grow a little nervous as she thought of the many things to be done; and, by the time the children were sent to school, her mind was in a tumult. She was almost ready to cry outright when little Mabel re-entered.

"Josey, Mrs. Roberts wants you to go to ride with her this afternoon. She called me in to tell me; and, see! she sent you this little rose off of her pretty bush. At half-past three, she said."

"Tell her I will go if I can," answered Josephine, taking the rose from her sister's hand, and, greatly to the child's surprise, kissing it. "I will have you to remind me, dear little rose," she said, as she put it in a glass, and set it where her eyes would often rest upon it. "Perhaps I

cannot do all, and go ; but I can, at least, keep a tranquil mind. Now for the first duty."

And, the first duty done, she turned to the next, not allowing herself to be excited or hurried. Dinner was not quite ready when Mr. Carroll came home. "Are you in a hurry, father?" she asked. "I am sorry ; but I have not been able to get along quite as fast as I should have liked."

"There's not the least haste, my child," he answered. "I am glad you are not fretting about it. I would rather lose my dinner than see you so flurried and nervous as you were this morning."

"Ah ! I forgot then," she said, smiling ; "but it is all right now."

All right it certainly was ; and when her work was entirely completed, and all things in order, she found, to her surprise, that she had sufficient time to rest, and yet be ready to accompany her friend in the ride.

"How has the day gone, Phenie?" asked Mrs. Roberts, as they drove from the door.

"Well, thanks to your white rose. It recalled me to myself ; for I was growing very much excited."

"I wanted to come and help you, darling," said her friend ; "but I thought it best not. I fancied the day's lesson would do you good ; and yet I wished to send you some intimation that I did not forget you in your trials."

Josephine's brightest smile thanked her ; but she said only, "I think the lesson *has* done me good. I shall remember, in future, that 'in quietness and confidence' must be my strength."

A. A.

CHRISTMAS.

WHY do our hearts always bound at the mention of Christmas? and why do we look forward to it with delight through all the year? Not surely for the gifts we hope to receive, or for the merry gatherings which will delight our social nature. No; not for these alone; although each is pleasant in its way. Neither do we value it because of the hearts which we shall gladden by our charities; although we all know how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

If the almost world-wide customs of showing our love to our friends by appropriate gifts, and of relieving the poor by especial alms-giving, were done away with, and even if no family meetings were held, still Christmas would be of itself the brightest, the best day of the year.

The song of the angels rings in our ears, the moment our eyes are opened to its light. We hear their sweet "Peace on earth;" and our hearts are bursting to join their solemn and joyful ascription, "Glory to God in the highest!" How the words of prophecy and of holy writ come crowding upon our minds! — "He shall be called Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace." "Fear not; for unto you is born a *Saviour*."

In these words — a *Saviour* — are hidden all the wealth of meaning, all the joy which we cannot express. Christ came to *save* us. Darker than the midnight which precedes the brightest dawn was the world before his coming. Sin had separated mankind from God; and they feared him as a Judge, and knew not how to love him as a Father. But he had prepared a way for his people to return to him; and that way was his blessed Son. He

brought us the glad tidings of salvation. He has opened our spiritual eyes, so that we cry, "Whereas I was blind, now I see!" He has shown us that it is we who are unwilling to ask God's pardon, not he who is unwilling to pardon us. He has taught us that to follow in his path is the only way of peace and happiness. He has brought us so many and such beautiful promises, that the tears of gratitude swell to our eyes as we repeat them; and we know that what he has promised he will perform.

Oh! should we not, then, hail this day with a joy too deep for words? Should we not fill our hearts with the exceeding love of him who left the bosom of the Father, and brought us these "glad tidings"? Should not we strive to let that love shine out in all our dealings with our fellow-men? Should we not feel that the soul which such a Redeemer came to save is an inestimable trust, and one which our whole endeavor should be to present pure to our Maker?

But on this day let us not dwell on our own sins, but on Christ's perfections. Let us turn our eyes, weary with beholding "the sin, impiety, and scorn upon the earth," to the Son of God, who, eighteen centuries and a half ago, "took upon himself the form of a servant," and came, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Let not one voice be dumb, from the little child who can just lisp the holy name of Jesus, to the aged man whose soul leans upon the words of Christ, even more than his feeble earthly body leans upon his staff. Let us talk of him together; let us learn to love him more, by hearing how precious he has been to our friends in joy and in peace, no less than in temptation and sorrow; and let us unite with all the saints above and below in the new song, — "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever!"

EDITOR.

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHO ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE; FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

LET us place ourselves, in imagination, in a far-distant country and time. This is Rome, the imperial city. It is in the height of its power, its pride, and its sin. The multitudes are thronging the streets; but pleasure, rather than business, seems to be in their thoughts. They are dressed in holiday garb; their faces wear an expression of interest and excitement; their steps all tend in one direction. It is toward the amphitheatre, where are exhibited all the shows and spectacles, combats of men and fights of beasts, which constitute the highest delight of this highly-cultivated but savage-minded people. To-day a remarkably attractive exhibition has been announced: thirty Christians are to be required to sacrifice to Jupiter; and, if they refuse, are to be put to death in sight of all the people.

The hour has come, and the prisoners are led forth. One after the other, with calm and fearless mien, passes by the altar of Jupiter, and, refusing with a look, a word, or a gesture, to obey the exhortation of the priest, and cast incense into the flame there burning, goes on to await his death. And to each death comes; for there is no eye to pity, and no hand to save: in various but terrible ways — by the sword, the scourge, the fire — did all yield up their lives in support of their faith. But you can see among them no terror nor shrinking; you hear no shrieks nor lamentations; you hear the hymn of praise and the shout of victory. They rejoice in the midst of their tortures that they are accounted worthy to suffer; and bless God that the word of his promise is sure, and "great is their reward in heaven."

It is fearful to think that such scenes of cruelty were ever enacted ; but the world had not then learned to know Christ. Their gods were gods who delighted in blood, who treated mortals with contempt and cruelty, and exacted the severest penalties from all who refused to worship them.

But years roll away. The gospel of Christ has spread far and wide ; whole nations are called by his name ; they emblazon the cross, the sign of his suffering love, upon their banners ; they profess to be governed by his precepts. But how many have joined the ranks, and taken the name of his followers, to whom he will say in the last day, "I never knew you : depart from me, ye who work iniquity !" They are busy doing a work which they call God's ; but what is this work ?

Do you see this dark, gloomy building, the very appearance of which is enough to fill one with terror ? It is the prison of the Inquisition. If we could enter it, we should see rows of horrid cells, dungeons where the light of heaven never penetrated, chains and fetters, and fearful things which we cannot name. We should see these cells filled with captives, suffering imprisonment, torture, and death — for what ? For righteousness' sake.

Yes, here, in a Christian country, men are practising upon one another horrible cruelty in the name of Christ ; doing in his name deeds the most abhorrent to his spirit. These men and women are here because they read the Bible ; because they believed in a God of love ; because they would not pray to the Virgin or the saints, but to their Father in heaven. Yet they are not forsaken in their hour of need : they "know in whom they have believed." The God whom they have obeyed supports them ; the Saviour whom they have confessed is waiting to receive them. They are "not afraid of them who kill the body, and after that

have no more that they can do;" but they believe in the promise, that "theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

But you will perhaps say, "These things took place in Catholic countries, where the priests have assumed the right of judging for others what is the will of Christ and the law of God, and claim the right also to punish all who think differently. Protestants have protested against this assumption: they assert the right of every one to read the Bible for himself, and believe and practise what he finds there. Surely, then, Protestants will not persecute one another for righteousness' sake." Will they not? Let us see.

We will take our stand on the wild, cold, wintry coast of New England, and watch the landing of a band of men and women upon this inhospitable spot. What do they seek here? There is nothing before them but forest, rocks, and snow; none to receive them with words of welcome; no green fields or fertile valleys to entice them.

"The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the dark sea-foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home."

They came from homes of comfort and of wealth, from families and friends, from a cultivated and civilized country, to meet cold, storm, poverty, labor, and suffering, wild beasts, and wilder men. And why? *Persecution* drove them to it. Yes: Protestant England refused to allow them to worship God after the dictates of their consciences. They were fined, imprisoned, banished; so they have come to this desolate country, hoping here to be allowed to rest. But persecution could not daunt their spirits: they feared God rather than man, trusting that the blessing should be theirs.

And the blessing was theirs ; not only a spiritual, but a temporal blessing. They prospered and increased ; they helped to found a nation which is now the mightiest in the world, — a nation which professes itself Christian, Protestant, and *free* in every sense of the word. It is the American's proudest boast, that he belongs to a "free country." Here, then, there can be no persecution for righteousness' sake ; here every one may worship God, obey his conscience, and profess his belief, with "none to molest nor make him afraid." Is it so ?

Is it true that every one can live and speak as his conscience bids him, even when it leads him to do and say things which are opposed to the opinions or prejudices of those around him ? How long is it since a brave Christian man was imprisoned for weeks and months because he kept the golden rule ; because he did as he would have been done by, and informed a fellow-creature that she was *her own*, and not another's, and had a right to go where she pleased with her children ? He did not break any human law ; he only kept one of the plainest of Christ's commandments : yet he suffered for this. How long is it since one of our noblest and best men was nearly murdered, was injured perhaps for life, for raising his voice in behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden, for speaking words of truth and right ? And, among those who have suffered and are still suffering robbery, imprisonment, outrage, and death, upon our Western borders, how many are there whose sole crime is love to God and man ?

No, my young friends : even in America, now in the nineteenth century, the spirit of persecution is still alive. It will never die so long as pride, selfishness, and all evil passions, remain in the world. It develops itself even in the young. How often are boys and girls ridiculed, reproached, made to suffer many petty forms of persecution,

because they will not disobey their consciences, nor do what they consider wrong! While there is persecution, there must be martyrs; and, if we should be called, let none of us shrink from enrolling ourselves in that glorious band. If we would be Christ's disciples, we must be willing to *take up the cross*, and follow him: we must have the martyr spirit, the spirit which would rather die than deny him, else we are not worthy to be called by his name. Then, if the trial come, in whatever form it comes it will bring the blessing with it; and let us not fear nor murmur, but rejoice, if we are enabled to apply to ourselves Christ's triumphant assurance, — "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven."

M. M.

THE BARNACLE FAMILY.

I SUPPOSE that those of my readers who live near the sea-shore are more or less acquainted with a genus of shell-fish known as the barnacle. It would not be strange, however, if those who reside at some distance inland had never seen any thing of the kind. At all events, reader, whether you have or have not seen these barnacles, I hope that, the very next time you have an opportunity, you will examine them. If you will look carefully at almost any portion of the wharves that have been for a considerable time exposed to the sea-water, you will find the surface incrustated with a little shell of a conical form. This is a barnacle. Those you will be likely to see are quite small, though they are found sometimes very large.

The barnacle is a curious species of animal creation. You would not suppose, if you did not examine one with care, that it was worth your attention. But I could satisfy you that it has a mouth, a stomach, a liver, and other organs of digestion.

There is a remarkable kind of barnacle, not so often seen on the wharves, but more frequently on logs of wood which have drifted ashore, or on the bottoms of vessels which have been a long time at sea. It sometimes does great damage to a ship. This member of the family is called the stalked or duck barnacle. Its shell is divided into five pieces, and the stalk on which it grows is of a reddish color. The shell itself is very pretty and clear, with a bluish tint. Take it altogether, I regard it as one of the most curious of all the shell-fish family. Barnacles of this species are often seen in clusters, not only on floating wood, but also on the keels of ships. In China, a delicious dish is made of these shell-fish, which, in boiling, turn from red to white. They are described as resembling the lobster in flavor. The animals which make these shells are very beautifully formed, and have arms like little feathers, which they put out between the valves of their shells, when they catch their food. No one, to look at any of these barnacles, could imagine that they were once active creatures, swimming vigorously and freely about in the water, instead of being fixed to wood or stone. But, in their first period of existence, they were covered, only with a thin crust, and had limbs and tails which adapted them for making their way in the watery world, in which they were, for a period, to find their residence. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

RAILWAYS ON THE CONTINENT.

As the railway system on the Continent is different from ours, I will describe it to you. The first thing is to buy your passenger-tickets; then your baggage is put upon the scales, and your passage-tickets demanded. There is a clerk in a little box, who makes the record. The weigher cries out in a stentorian voice, "Two passengers for Paris, first class, five packages, one hundred and forty kilograms." The clerk says to you, "Here are your tickets, sir: four francs and a half to pay." So, paying this sum for extra baggage, I take my receipt, and have no more trouble with it. *Nota bene.* — You cannot be too careful to be sure that you are right in this respect. A friend of mine was on his way to London from Paris. He went to the station, and, ordering his baggage inside, told the porters it was for London. Arrived at Folkstone, he found to his dismay that his baggage had not come. He had neglected to get his tickets, because he did not know; and there he and his wife had to stay at Folkstone till they could send to Paris for their baggage.

All the baggage is numbered: the several packages of each one bear the same number. On arriving at Paris, we are driven into a room and shut up; in another room the baggage is all assorted; after which the doors are thrown open, and a grand rush takes place. Each one finds his own trunks and valises all together. I was ordering a porter to take mine out to a coach, when an officer put his "huge paw" upon it. "Restez, restez! Où sont vos clefs?" (Stop, stop! Where are your keys?) "Mes clefs? Que veut on de mes clefs?" (My keys? What do you want of my keys?) "Nous allons examiner pour

l'Octroi." (We are going to examine for the Octroi.) So a custom-house officer opened my large trunk, and asked me very civilly if I had any thing to declare. On my answering in the negative, he closed it; and the rest were passed without trouble. To understand this, you must know that every thing, to an egg, that enters Paris and all other cities, for consumption, is charged with an Octroi, or town-duty; so all passengers entering by railroad or otherwise are examined. Every time we rode outside the walls of Paris, when we returned an officer came to the carriage and asked if we had any thing to declare; that is, any thing liable to duty. With us they were always very civil; and, merely glancing inside the carriage, ordered it to pass on. There are officers at all the entrances into Paris; or barriers, as they are called here. At Lyons, they said nothing to me; at Marseilles, they only asked the question, without opening any thing. And now we had got as far as the station, and had purchased our tickets. We are next admitted into a room, each class by itself, where all remain till within five minutes of the time of starting; when the doors are opened, and a rush takes place for the cars,—no, carriages: you never hear of cars in Europe. There is room enough; and we are soon snugly fixed in a first-class carriage. Now again I must digress to say a word about carriages. There are three classes,—first, second, and third. In England, we always rode in the first class; but, when we were at Reigate, I went up to London and back every day; then I took the second class. As there is no lining or cushions, the noise is tremendous; and this is the great objection to riding in them. Here the second class are cushioned,—which is, so far, an improvement on the English: but there are no divisions; and, in case of necessity, the passengers sit as close as possible; which *may* be agreeable, and *may not*, particu-

larly if you have for next neighbor some one fond of garlic, — no uncommon thing among Frenchmen. So few, comparatively, ride in the first class, that we have plenty of room.

Well, we have started from Boulogne. For some distance the road is diversified by sand-hills and sand-plains. Twenty miles from B., we come in sight of the sea again; afterwards we had it more interesting. There are some noted places on the route, particularly Amiens; but we did not stop. We arrived at Paris, a hundred and seventy miles, in about six hours. — *Selected.*

CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

LIKE mists on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee.
In the grave of our fathers
How soon we shall lie!
Dear children, to-day
To the Saviour, then, fly.

How sweet are the flowerets
In April and May!
But often the frosts
Make them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade:
Are you ready to die?
While yet there is room,
To a Saviour, oh, fly!

When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord :
He slept in his smile,
And rejoiced in his word.
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh :
Oh ! seek him in youth ;
To a Saviour now fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure ?
Then lean on his breast ;
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
" If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die ! "

THE SHARK AND THE TURTLE.

THE author of "The Voyage to India," a late English work, thus describes a combat, which he once witnessed in the Straits of Malacca, between a shark and a turtle: "One day, while lying at anchor and whistling for a breeze, the steward rushed in with the strange announcement, that a shark and a turtle were engaged in a fight alongside. Doubtful and amazed at the account of so unusual and unequal a combat, we all rushed on deck ; and there, sure enough, we saw an immense shark, and a turtle of venerable antiquity, if one might judge by his size, and the profusion of barnacles and other parasites with which he was deco-

rated. Without respect for his age and Quaker-like habits, the shark made furious charges at poor turtle, who opposed the dangerous jaws of the enemy with the full front of his back, on which no impression could be made. On one occasion, the turtle did not turn sharply enough, which cost him the greater part of one unlucky flipper. Indignant at the perversion of such aldermanic banquet to the voracious and indiscriminating appetite of a shark, our skipper intervened with a harpoon, but with such ill-judged aim that it fell but-end foremost, instead of on the point: whereupon, in our disappointment, we would gladly have pitched him after it. It, however, answered the purpose of scaring away the shark for a few moments; which the turtle made the most of to scuttle off to the bottom, where he was safe from the attacks of his ravenous admirer." — *Selected.*

TRUE ANECDOTE OF A CANARY. — A lady, a few weeks since, carried her canary-bird into an adjoining apartment to place his cage in the sun, and returned to her own room. She was presently surprised to hear him make a low, chirping sound, as he was accustomed to do when children were near; and, as the room was vacant, she went to ascertain the cause. A *large doll* was on the window-sill near his cage; and, when she removed it, he followed it with his eyes, and ceased his song when he could no longer see it!

EDITOR.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WINTER is now fairly here, with his ice and snow and piercing cold; but with his long, pleasant evenings, his splendid sunsets, his brilliant starry nights, and his frolics of every description. We all hail the winter with joy, even though it is the time of our hard work, and though we must devote many of its hours to study, or to providing for the welfare of ourselves and others.

We have loved to think that the pages of our magazine have relieved the tedious hours of a stormy day, beguiled the long evening, or amused the little invalid debarred from the sports of his companions; and, from knowing that they were welcome in some homes, have hoped that they might be in others.

Six years, children, we have come in this way to your homes. We have tried to interest you, not so much for your amusement as for your improvement. We have earnestly desired that you might all become *Christian* children; and this has been our single aim in these pages. Other magazines contain, perhaps, more amusing stories; but we have endeavored in ours to show what a Christian child should be, and to help the "little travellers Zionward."

If we have not done this, the responsibility and the opportunity have now gone from us for ever; for we shall no more enter, through this book, into the homes and hearts of our readers. We have found it exceedingly pleasant to hold communion with you in this way, and to let our experience with children be woven into stories and sermons for your benefit; but our communication with childhood must be henceforth more limited. The kindly personal

interest which we have learned to feel towards all our readers can never be abated, because our heart has spoken to the hearts of you, little ones. Whether in the warm South, the fertile West, or among the bleak hills of our own New England, the readers of the "Child's Friend" will always have a claim to our love. May the experienced hands into which the magazine will fall, and the child-loving heart of the new Editor, help you with as much affection, and more skill than we have done!

As you look back, children, over the year which is so nearly at its close, our heart goes with you. If we have sustained any feeble resolution, if we have aided you in overcoming any fault, we are truly thankful for it; and we look forward with you to the bright new year which is coming, with more than usual interest, because we shall no more be beside you. Could we sum up all the pleasant memories of the past, and all the glad anticipations of the future, into one wish, it would be that you might all be gathered into the fold of the good Shepherd. He is waiting, children, to receive you; he is watching with the deepest love to lead every one of you, that will seek his guidance, to the bosom of the Father; he has bidden you to come to him in some of the sublimest and most touching words he ever uttered. Children, will you not obey his call? Will you not give yourselves up to him now, in the morning of life, to be led in the only sure way of peace and happiness? Let not the new year dawn upon any of our readers who have not resolved that they will live as becomes the children of the good and holy Father. And that he may look down and smile upon every effort to do right, and may fit you for his heavenly kingdom, is the sincere prayer, as it is the parting wish, of your friend

THE EDITOR.



